

JULY 1906

10 CENTS

SMITH'S MAGAZINE



FAITHFUL ART STUDIES 40 PAGES PRINTED IN COLORS

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE

COVER
DESIGN
BY
FLORENCE BRADLAND NEWPORT

The feature of the June number of AINSLEE'S is the concluding instalment of "Mr. and Mrs. NEVILL TYSON," the remarkable story by

May Sinclair

Author of

"The Divine Fire."

The novelette is a fascinating story with the rich coloring of Creole life in New Orleans. It is entitled

"Made in Heaven,"
and its author is Vincent Harper.

The June number will also contain the second in the series of racing stories by

W. A. FRASER

The list of short stories, more absorbingly interesting than ever, includes tales by CAROLINE DUER, RICHARD W. CHILD, FRANCES WILSON, FREDERICK G. FASSETT, and PARKER L. WALTER. Two brilliant essays by MARY MANNERS and ROBERT STEWART effectively supplement the fiction.

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WHAT THE EDITOR HAS TO SAY—

WHEN you meet a man with a strong personality, you recognize it the moment that you grasp his hand. You listen respectfully to every remark that he may make, no matter how trivial it may be. It isn't what the man says, always, that brings him attention—it's what he is that counts. The mysterious and indefinable thing that we call personality must be taken into account everywhere in everything that we do. No one knows what his own personality is like—otherwise we might all be able to "see ourselves as others see us." When we see a man with unusual personal charm and force, we recognize talent and perhaps genius in him. When we find an author who can put such a personality on paper, and make him live in a story, we decide that it amounts to something resembling genius on the part of the author.

THE author who can create for his readers a real and strong character has made a permanent addition to the world's goods. He has made something that will give unalloyed pleasure to an incalculable number of people. He is as much a public benefactor as the inventor who creates property in a material way. The magazine that introduces a new personality in fiction to its readers

fulfills its highest function. Next month we will introduce you to "Captain Sproul of Scotaze." Mr. Holman F. Day, already well known to the American public, has created this character for you. He is a real personality. He lives and breathes. He is certain to occupy a niche in the fancy of those who have favorite characters in fiction. We won't attempt to describe him to you. You will have to meet him for yourself. The story in which he is introduced is one of the best that we have ever secured for this magazine. That means, to say the very least, that it is well worth reading.

WE have heard a great deal of talk about the building of the Panama canal. Every one who has interested himself in the subject at all has his own opinion as to how it should be built; but scarcely any one actually knows the plan that is to be followed, the difficulties to be met, the length of time that it will probably take to complete the work. No magazine has yet published an absolutely authoritative article on the subject. We are enabled to do this, and next month, in a short, clear, and comprehensive article, Mr. C. H. Forbes-Lindsay gives the outline of the plan and difficulties of the biggest engineering feat of the century. By training and experience, Mr.

What the Editor Has To Say—Continued

Forbes-Lindsay is enabled to give the first accurate account of the work that has ever been published.

is a tale of American life of another sort entirely.

FROM this on, we have decided to use fewer serial stories in SMITH'S MAGAZINE. We believe that the serial has its place in the magazine, and at least one serial of importance will be continued in its pages; but we need more room for shorter stories, in spite of the fact that we are publishing the biggest ten-cent magazine on the market. Next month's issue, which will be the midsummer number, will contain more than the usual amount of short fiction. Every story that it contains will be of exceptional merit and interest. "Love and the Pedestrians," by Anne O'Hagan, is a delightful comedy of American life with a touch of real feeling to give it strength and character. One of the most charming and graceful love-stories that we have ever secured is "The Knight of the Glass Slipper," by Kate Whiting Patch, which will also appear in the August SMITH'S. Edwin L. Sabin will contribute another of his Tiddles-Toddles Tales. In this particular story the twins conduct a raid on a walnut-tree belonging to a pillar of the church. There is a delightful story for children by Carmen Sylva, called "The River with Grains of Gold." Any one, whether adult or child, will be caught with the indefinable charm of this folk story. "De Cla'r Pitcher," by Letitia Wrenshall, is a story of Southern life, and "The Transformed Lawn-Party," by Frank N. Picknell,

THE fiction alone in the August number of SMITH'S would make it an unusually strong number, but there are other features of equal interest. Channing Pollock has contributed an article on "The Great White Way." "The Great White Way" is Broadway—surely one of the most interesting thoroughfares in the world. Mr. Pollock is himself well known both as a dramatic critic and playwright. He knows Broadway and its inhabitants well. He has, moreover, the faculty of putting his personal impressions on paper so that they become personal also to the reader. The illustrations by Mayer will help to give the reader the best possible impression of the strange world in which the actor lives.

DID you ever receive a love-letter? Did you ever write one? Those who would answer these questions in the affirmative form practically the whole population of those who are able to read and write. Lilian Bell is an authority on love-letters. She will discuss them in next month's issue of the magazine, telling you what you should say in them, when you should write them, and when you should not. There is a clever scientific article entitled "Around the Earth with the Moon" in the August SMITH'S. It shows new possibilities opened up by modern travel. Any one going on a honeymoon, and wanting a full moon through the whole month, will do well to read this.

B. M. BOWER'S

"Chip, of the Flying U"

THIS tale is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the living, breathing West, that the reader is likely to imagine that he himself is cantering over the grassy plains and imbibing the pure air of the prairie in company with Chip, Weary, Happy Jack and the other cowboys of the Flying U ranch. The story is a comedy, but there are dramatic touches in it that will hold the reader breathless. Pathos and humor are adroitly commingled and the author seems to be as adept at portraying one as the other. The "Little Doctor" makes a very lovable heroine, and one doesn't blame Chip in the least for falling in love with her. The book reviewer's task would be a pleasant one if all his work had to do with



such wholesome and delightful stories as "Chip of the Flying U." If this book doesn't immediately take rank as one of the best sellers we shall lose faith in the discrimination of the American reading public. Beautifully illustrated in colors by Mr. Charles M. Russell, the greatest painter of cowboy life in America.

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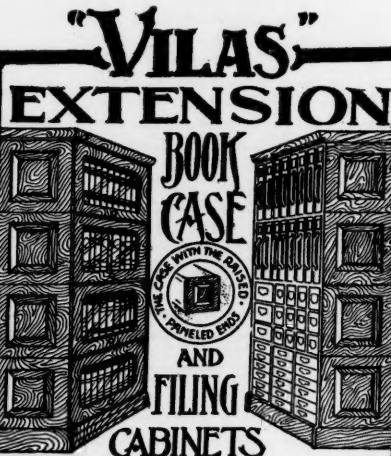
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SMITH'S MAGAZINE

Vol. III A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME No. 4

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Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this Magazine either wholly or in part.
Entered as Second-Class Matter, at the New York Post Office, according to an Act of Congress, March 3, 1879, by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE.

Don't be afraid to take THE POPULAR MAGAZINE home to your family. It's clean.

The Popular Magazine

FOR JULY

This is the time of year when the circulation of magazines almost invariably shows a falling off. Just why this should be so it is hard to say, but so it is, and publishers have grown to expect it. So far as THE POPULAR is concerned, however, this year proves to be an exception to the general rule, for we are now printing more copies than ever before. At a very conservative estimate, at least 300,000 people have been added to the circle of POPULAR readers during the past twelvemonth—on the whole, a very satisfactory record.

"THE MEN WITH THE SCARS"

Being the personal narrative of three weeks in the life of a young American: and his connection with the House of the Red Owl and the Men who were Scarred. Sounds interesting, doesn't it? The July POPULAR will contain this remarkable novelette. The author is *Howard Fitzalan*, who wrote "The Mysterious Heathwold" and "The Blucher of Wheat."

"THE ROCKSPUR NINE,"

A Story for Our Young Readers

by *Burt L. Standish*, will be another noteworthy feature. This new serial story has to do with a young men's baseball nine, and it is so interesting and so well told that we believe many of our adult readers will find it enjoyable, as well as the host of young men who are enthusiastic admirers of THE POPULAR MAGAZINE.

But there is ample reading matter in THE POPULAR for those who do not care to read "The Rockspur Nine." There are the other two serials—"A Plunge Into the Unknown," by *Richard Marsh*, and "The Malefactor," by *E. Phillips Oppenheim*, both powerful stories. There are also

ELEVEN GREAT SHORT STORIES

Among them you will find *W. B. M. Ferguson's* "Sissy Jones and 213," a story told by a bell-boy of a hotel, both humorous and exciting; *Louis J. Stellmann's* "The Ten Fifty-eight," a railroad story; *Kenneth Harris's* "The Majesty of the Law," a tenderfoot's adventure in the West; *Cecil Whittier Tate's* "The Frozen Circle," a tale of the arctic regions; *B. M. Bower's* "The Lamb," a "Flying U" story; *Charles Steinfort Pearson's* "Above the Barriers," a racing story; *Phillip C. Stanton's* "An Unscheduled Ascension," a circus story; *Louis Joseph Vance's* "The Black Pope," a "Faraday Bobbs" story; *George Bronson-Howard's* "A Prince for a Pawn," a "Norroy" story; *W. Bert Foster's* "The Dunderhead," and *Scott Campbell's* "Marked Void."

The July POPULAR MAGAZINE will be on sale everywhere June 9. Better ask your newsdealer to save you a copy. Price, 10 cents a copy; subscription, \$1.20 per year.

STREET & SMITH, 79-89 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 3

JULY, 1906

NUMBER 4



MRS. INEZ SHANNON
AND CHILDREN
In "The White Cat"

Photo by Otto Sarony Co.,
N. Y.



Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS BONNIE MAGIN
In "Twiddle-Twaddle" at Joe Weber's Music Hall



Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS PAULA EDWARDES
In "The Princess Beggar"



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MISS SELENE JOHNSON
In "The Squaw Man"



MISS SUZANNE HALPREN
In "Tammany Hall"



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MISS SUE STEWART
A member of the Klaw & Erlanger operatic organization



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MISS FERN WINARD
In "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway"





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ETHEL GREEN
In "Happyland"

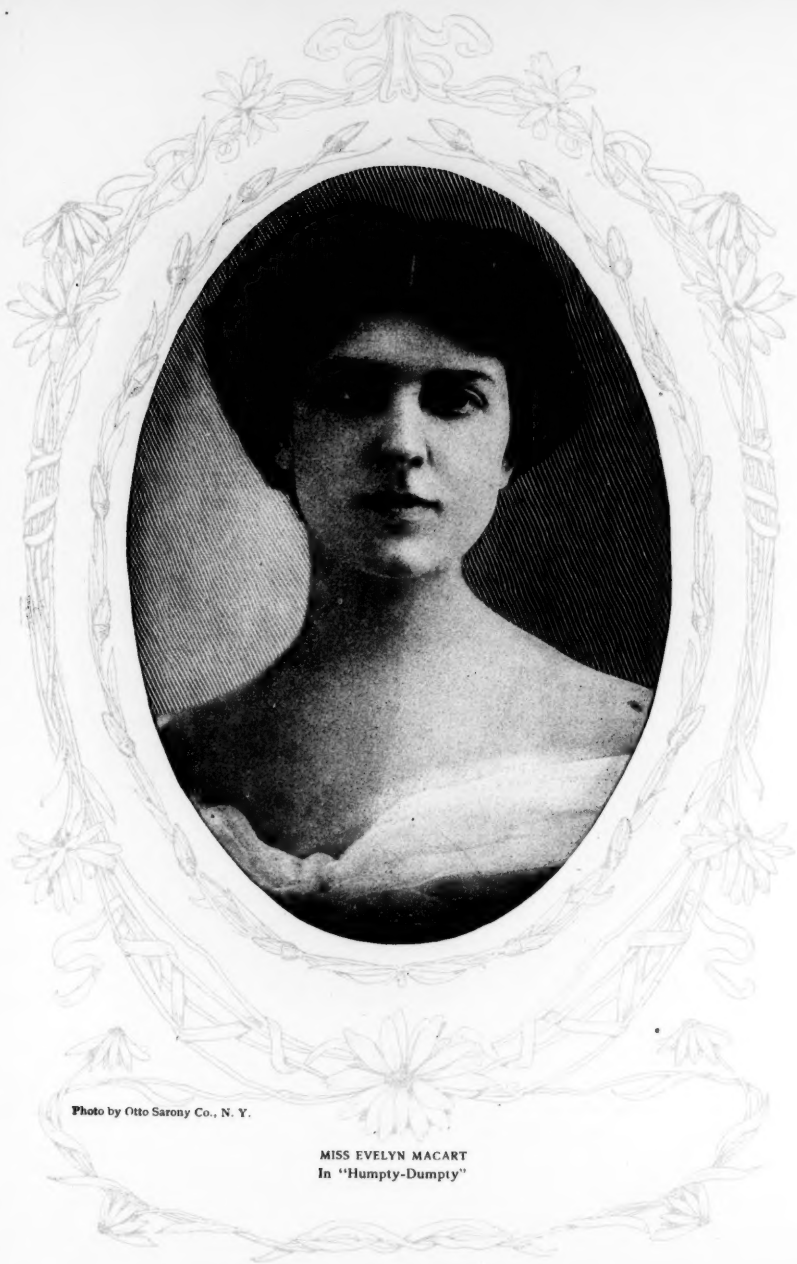


Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS EVELYN MACART
In "Humpty-Dumpty"





Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS CLARA LIPPMAN

Who wrote "Julia Bon Bon," and with her husband, Louis Mann, is starring in the play



Photo by Longdon, Chicago

MISS NEVADA MAYNARD
In "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway"



Photo by Thors, San Francisco

MISS GERTRUDE THURSTON
In "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway"



MRS. LESLIE CARTER
A recent photograph of this well-known actress



Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS TRULY SHATTOCK
In "George Washington, Jr."



EXPRESS YOURSELF

By Charles Battell Loomis

SOME people tell me that these things I'm writing from month to month are sermons. My, oh, my! I never thought I'd live to write sermons. It only shows the truth of what the poet said: "Perhaps it may turn out a sermon, perhaps it may turn out a song." Well, if I'm turning out sermons, I hope my congregation will turn out to hear them.

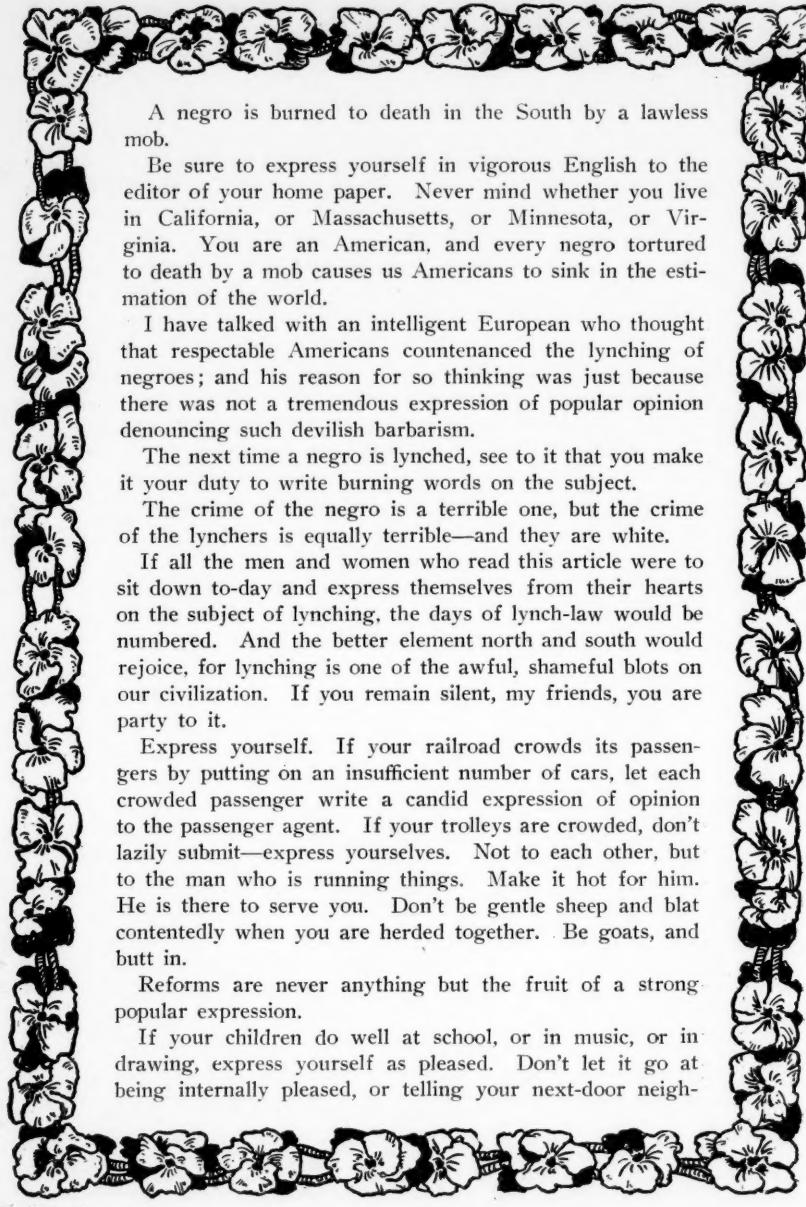
Brethren, the thought that I wish to expand this lovely April morning—it won't be April when you read this, but it is April in her sunniest mood now, with mocking-birds singing and buzzards lazily sailing through the soft air, and North Carolina darkies going to work or shirking work, according to their several dispositions.

Let me see, where was I when I lost my thread? Oh, yes! the thought upon which I wish to enlarge is this: express yourself. Get into the habit of expressing yourself.

What is public opinion? It is the consensus of popular expression. How are we to get at public opinion on any given subject if each man, each woman, declines to give his or her opinion?

You want some law passed. What do you do? Nine times out of ten you do nothing. The thing to do is to write to your congressman. Never mind if you are shaky on punctuation, or if your spelling is a poor attempt at "Carnegieized" spelling—write your letter: free your mind, and you will have become a better citizen.

An artist draws an illustration that really illustrates a story. You like his work; it gives you distinct pleasure. Return the pleasure to him. Express yourself. Tell him how much you like his illustration. He may not answer your letter, but you may rest assured that he will enjoy reading it, and will do better work because of it.



A negro is burned to death in the South by a lawless mob.

Be sure to express yourself in vigorous English to the editor of your home paper. Never mind whether you live in California, or Massachusetts, or Minnesota, or Virginia. You are an American, and every negro tortured to death by a mob causes us Americans to sink in the estimation of the world.

I have talked with an intelligent European who thought that respectable Americans countenanced the lynching of negroes; and his reason for so thinking was just because there was not a tremendous expression of popular opinion denouncing such devilish barbarism.

The next time a negro is lynched, see to it that you make it your duty to write burning words on the subject.

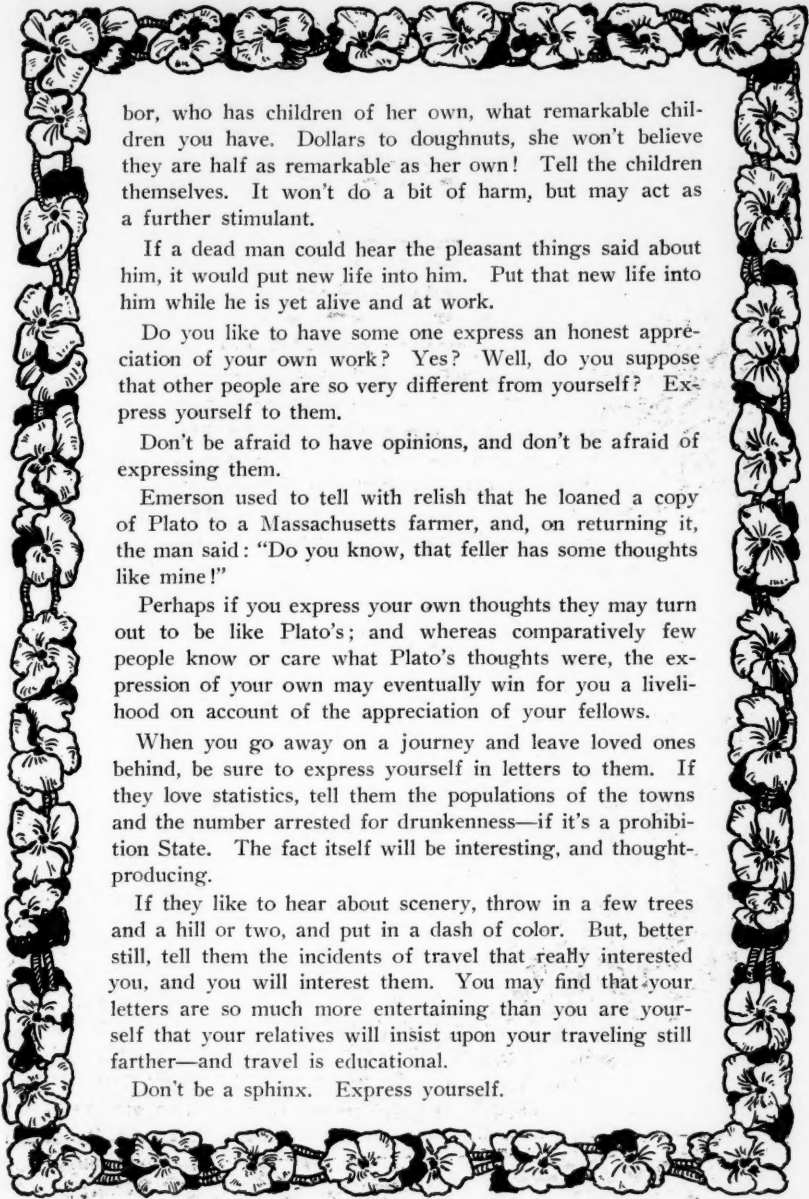
The crime of the negro is a terrible one, but the crime of the lynchers is equally terrible—and they are white.

If all the men and women who read this article were to sit down to-day and express themselves from their hearts on the subject of lynching, the days of lynch-law would be numbered. And the better element north and south would rejoice, for lynching is one of the awful, shameful blots on our civilization. If you remain silent, my friends, you are party to it.

Express yourself. If your railroad crowds its passengers by putting on an insufficient number of cars, let each crowded passenger write a candid expression of opinion to the passenger agent. If your trolleys are crowded, don't lazily submit—express yourselves. Not to each other, but to the man who is running things. Make it hot for him. He is there to serve you. Don't be gentle sheep and blat contentedly when you are herded together. Be goats, and butt in.

Reforms are never anything but the fruit of a strong popular expression.

If your children do well at school, or in music, or in drawing, express yourself as pleased. Don't let it go at being internally pleased, or telling your next-door neigh-



bor, who has children of her own, what remarkable children you have. Dollars to doughnuts, she won't believe they are half as remarkable as her own! Tell the children themselves. It won't do a bit of harm, but may act as a further stimulant.

If a dead man could hear the pleasant things said about him, it would put new life into him. Put that new life into him while he is yet alive and at work.

Do you like to have some one express an honest appreciation of your own work? Yes? Well, do you suppose that other people are so very different from yourself? Express yourself to them.

Don't be afraid to have opinions, and don't be afraid of expressing them.

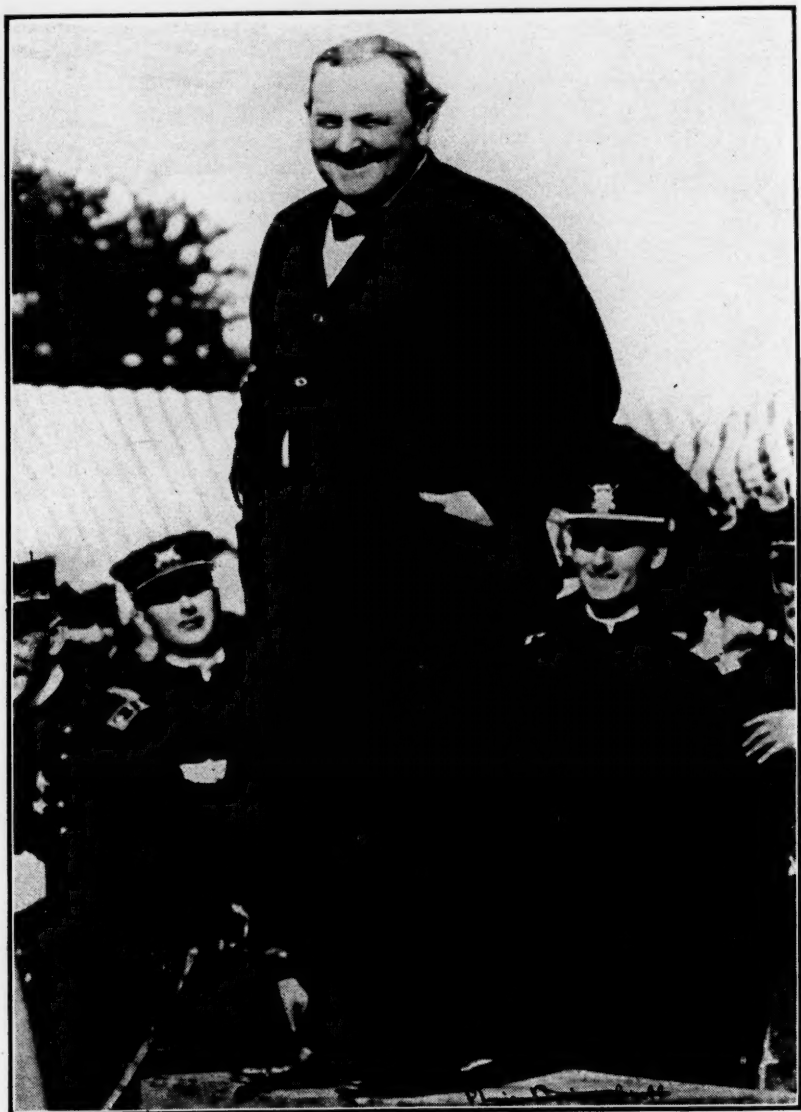
Emerson used to tell with relish that he loaned a copy of Plato to a Massachusetts farmer, and, on returning it, the man said: "Do you know, that feller has some thoughts like mine!"

Perhaps if you express your own thoughts they may turn out to be like Plato's; and whereas comparatively few people know or care what Plato's thoughts were, the expression of your own may eventually win for you a livelihood on account of the appreciation of your fellows.

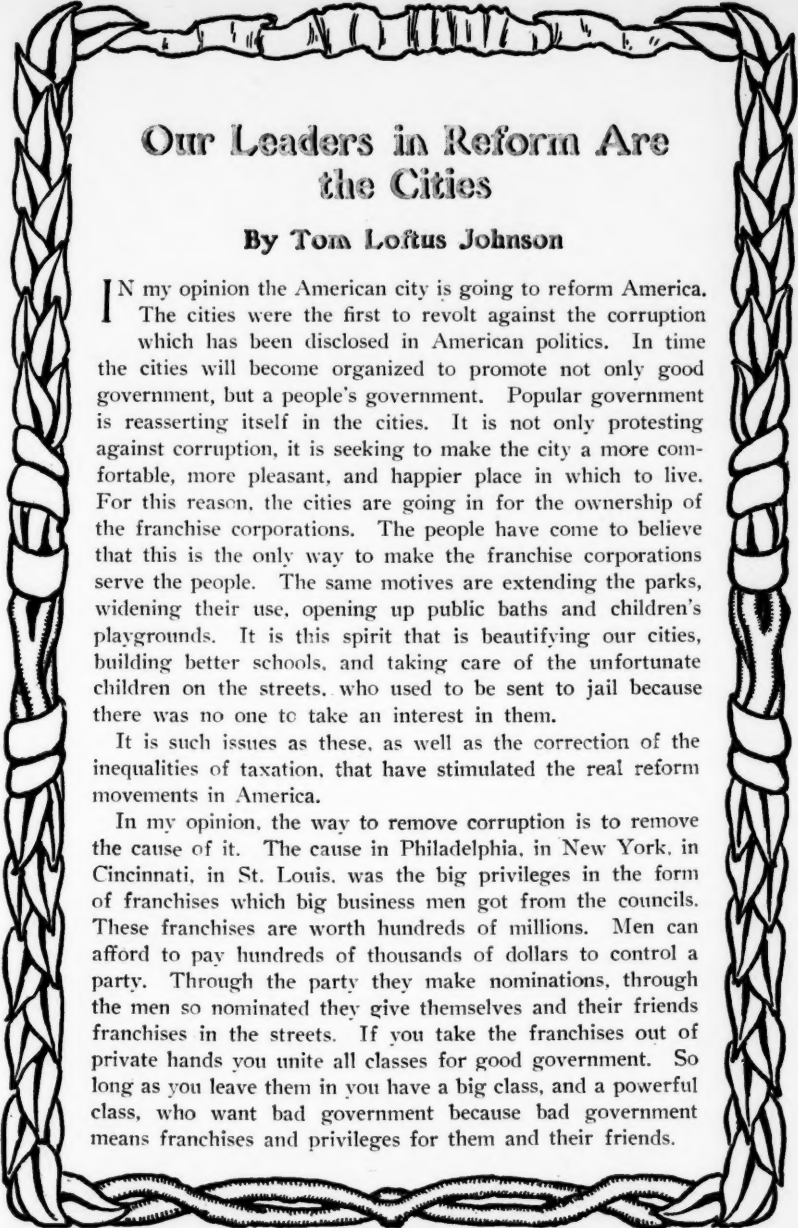
When you go away on a journey and leave loved ones behind, be sure to express yourself in letters to them. If they love statistics, tell them the populations of the towns and the number arrested for drunkenness—if it's a prohibition State. The fact itself will be interesting, and thought-producing.

If they like to hear about scenery, throw in a few trees and a hill or two, and put in a dash of color. But, better still, tell them the incidents of travel that really interested you, and you will interest them. You may find that your letters are so much more entertaining than you are yourself that your relatives will insist upon your traveling still farther—and travel is educational.

Don't be a sphinx. Express yourself.



WHEN TOM JOHNSON MAKES A SPEECH



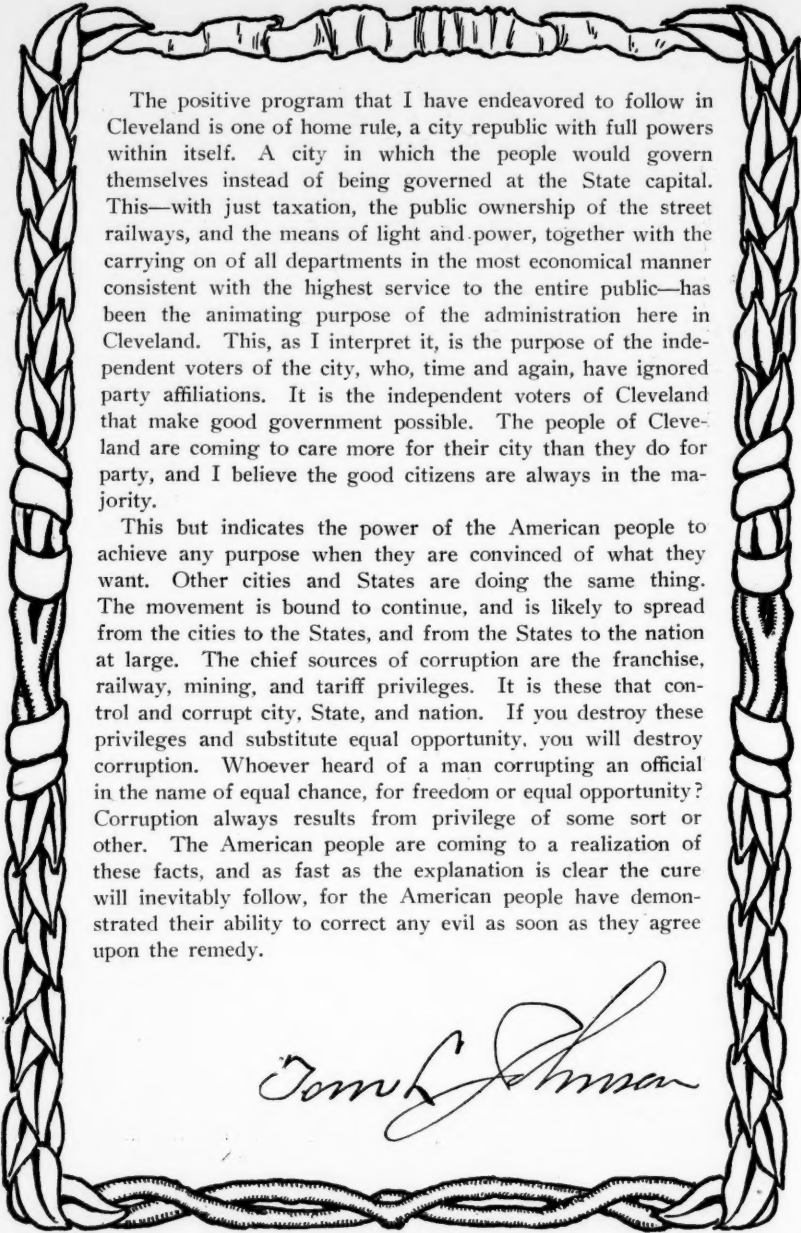
Our Leaders in Reform Are the Cities

By Tom Loftus Johnson

I N my opinion the American city is going to reform America. The cities were the first to revolt against the corruption which has been disclosed in American politics. In time the cities will become organized to promote not only good government, but a people's government. Popular government is reasserting itself in the cities. It is not only protesting against corruption, it is seeking to make the city a more comfortable, more pleasant, and happier place in which to live. For this reason, the cities are going in for the ownership of the franchise corporations. The people have come to believe that this is the only way to make the franchise corporations serve the people. The same motives are extending the parks, widening their use, opening up public baths and children's playgrounds. It is this spirit that is beautifying our cities, building better schools, and taking care of the unfortunate children on the streets, who used to be sent to jail because there was no one to take an interest in them.

It is such issues as these, as well as the correction of the inequalities of taxation, that have stimulated the real reform movements in America.

In my opinion, the way to remove corruption is to remove the cause of it. The cause in Philadelphia, in New York, in Cincinnati, in St. Louis, was the big privileges in the form of franchises which big business men got from the councils. These franchises are worth hundreds of millions. Men can afford to pay hundreds of thousands of dollars to control a party. Through the party they make nominations, through the men so nominated they give themselves and their friends franchises in the streets. If you take the franchises out of private hands you unite all classes for good government. So long as you leave them in you have a big class, and a powerful class, who want bad government because bad government means franchises and privileges for them and their friends.



The positive program that I have endeavored to follow in Cleveland is one of home rule, a city republic with full powers within itself. A city in which the people would govern themselves instead of being governed at the State capital. This—with just taxation, the public ownership of the street railways, and the means of light and power, together with the carrying on of all departments in the most economical manner consistent with the highest service to the entire public—has been the animating purpose of the administration here in Cleveland. This, as I interpret it, is the purpose of the independent voters of the city, who, time and again, have ignored party affiliations. It is the independent voters of Cleveland that make good government possible. The people of Cleveland are coming to care more for their city than they do for party, and I believe the good citizens are always in the majority.

This but indicates the power of the American people to achieve any purpose when they are convinced of what they want. Other cities and States are doing the same thing. The movement is bound to continue, and is likely to spread from the cities to the States, and from the States to the nation at large. The chief sources of corruption are the franchise, railway, mining, and tariff privileges. It is these that control and corrupt city, State, and nation. If you destroy these privileges and substitute equal opportunity, you will destroy corruption. Whoever heard of a man corrupting an official in the name of equal chance, for freedom or equal opportunity? Corruption always results from privilege of some sort or other. The American people are coming to a realization of these facts, and as fast as the explanation is clear the cure will inevitably follow, for the American people have demonstrated their ability to correct any evil as soon as they agree upon the remedy.

Tom L. Johnson



THE CITY HALL, CLEVELAND, THE SCENE OF JOHNSON'S LABORS

Reform in the Making

Tom Johnson and Cleveland

By Henry Harrison Lewis

IT is queer how many sides there are to this subject of reform in politics and reform in commercial corruption. It is like the different efforts made to cure an insidious disease. There are allopaths and homeopaths, Christian Scientists and mesmerists, each with a different idea of the case, and each with a different treatment.

There is just as much variety in the treatment of corruption. The only unity is in the fact that all are working for the common good of the people. The citizens of Kansas, for instance, are fighting a great trust which they

consider the crowning evil of the hour. In Missouri they fought boodling, which, to the good people of that commonwealth, is the very center of the canker of corruption. In Wisconsin the stolid Germans and their brother citizens have selected the inequality of taxes and the abuse of railway rates as the cause of all their troubles, and in Cleveland, Ohio, I found the citizens of that community working out their salvation along the lines of government ownership of privileges and franchises.

Each particular situation possesses

extreme interest not only to a student of economics, but also to the fathers and the mothers of our American homes; and I am willing to confess that I found the situation in Cleveland interesting and picturesque from almost every point of view.

The citizens in Cleveland, championed by Tom Johnson, seem to be creating something. They are not iconoclastic, like their brothers of Kansas, who are endeavoring to slay the Standard Oil octopus; nor fighting skirmishers, like the people of Wisconsin, who, under the leadership of Robert La Follette, are working to destroy partiality in tax rating. In Cleveland we find a clearly defined campaign of reform. The people there believe they have discovered a universal panacea for corruption, especially that connected with civic government and politics, and they are rebuilding their municipal structure after a systematic plan.

I was in Cleveland during the election campaign. The city was deep in the throes of political discussions. Men talked on the streets and in the hotel lobbies, and even in church, about the impending election. Crowds gathered in the public square and discussed Johnson and what he had done, and Boyd, the rival candidate for the mayoralty, and what he promised to do if he was elected.

The barber who shaved me said: "I'm against Johnson because he's had a good thing long enough. Why don't he let some one else have a chance at the graft?"

One of the city firemen whom I

chanced to meet stated that he wouldn't vote for Johnson—"I think he's honest and he's trying to give us good government, but he's a democrat and I'm a republican. I wouldn't vote for St. Peter if he was here and running on the democratic ticket."

A merchant on Euclid Avenue probably voiced the sentiment of the better class of citizens. His business had been established more than thirty years, and during that time he had taken a personal interest in the city government.

"My opinion of Tom Johnson and the present city government?" he said.

"Well, Johnson has his faults, but they are as nothing compared with his political virtues. He has the advantage of honesty and sincerity, which means a great deal, you know. I am fully convinced that he is trying to do his level best. Our



EUCLID AVENUE—A SAMPLE OF CLEVELAND'S RESIDENTIAL SECTION

home government here has its shortcomings, but on the whole it is the best we've had during my time."

I wanted an opinion from the other side, and sought out a lawyer who had served a term in the council and who belonged to the opposition party. He frowned when I mentioned Tom Johnson's name.

"All I want to say is that we are tired of the man and his efforts to control the city," he said. "He's building up a bigger machine here than Tammany. He has bluffed enough people in town to give him control, and he is using that control to fasten a dog-collar around the necks of the rest of us. He's a machine politician, and it's time we threw him out."

The situation was becoming interesting. Here were two men of equal intelligence, equally prominent in civic affairs, with totally opposite views. To one Johnson represented good government and honest endeavor; to the other a typical "boss" and a machine politician of the worst type. Which one was right?

I went to the City Hall.

While on my way I summed up all that I knew personally and had heard about the man who seemed to hold the destinies of an important American community like Cleveland in the hollow of his hand. The story was not an unusual one. A great many Americans are listed in the same category as Tom Johnson. To be born in poverty and rise to wealth through native shrewdness and hard work seems to be common enough in this country of great possibilities.

Johnson was born July 18, 1854, at Georgetown, Kentucky; was educated in Indiana, and became a clerk in the office of a street railway in his sixteenth year. If this were a personal sketch of Tom Johnson, I would like to tell you how he absorbed the first germ of his interest in street railways—an interest that was destined to make of him one of the foremost men in that line of industry in the country. I would like to tell you how, even at the early age of seventeen, something in him caused the boy to see the crudities of street transportation in those days, and to perfect improvements and to make inventions, until at twenty-one he became the head of the entire street-railway system of Indianapolis.

I know all this because I was there at the time and rode in Tom Johnson's "bob-tailed" cars and dropped my nickels in the wonderful money receivers bearing his name as inventor. While he was serving as a clerk at a few dollars a week, the street-railway "system" of Indianapolis began at nowhere and ended almost any place. The lines ran from the business center out to the residence districts without interconnection. When Johnson surrendered his control there was a continuous line

across town, with transfers and other modern facilities.

In time Tom Johnson sighed for other worlds to conquer. His peculiar development made him a searcher after trouble. He simply had to have an obstacle to overcome. When the street-railway problem in Indianapolis had been solved he began to lose interest, and presently set out in pursuit of another problem. He went to Cleveland.

The car lines in that city offered sufficient inducements for good work, and Johnson repeated his Indianapolis achievement. He became identified with the city, and in time ran for mayor. Long before his election as chief executive of Cleveland, it is interesting to note, Johnson had bitten of the apple of knowledge planted and grown by Henry George. It is said that "one day, at the height of his money-making career, the newsboy on a train offered him a copy of Henry George's 'Social Problems.' Johnson was pushing it away, when the conductor, happening to pass, said: 'That's a book you ought to read, Mr. Johnson.' So he took it, and read it. It threw a flood of light, especially upon his business; and he read more of Henry George, met the man, became a disciple, and managed one of the great single-taxer's political campaigns."

This anecdote may seem irrelevant, but it is not. The simple act of that train boy in offering Henry George's book to Tom Johnson was responsible for conditions in Cleveland to-day, and if it were not for the fact that Johnson read the book, this article would not have been written.

It is necessary for me to tell you about Johnson's career down to the time when he became mayor of Cleveland; otherwise you would not have a clear idea of my subject and the lesson offered by Cleveland to those of us who are interested in safeguarding our homes and our nation otherwise. It is interesting to know that while Johnson was advocating municipal ownership of franchises and privileges after reading Henry George's book, he did not change his own methods of doing business.

During one of the public debates held by Johnson and his opponent last October, Johnson was accused on the platform of being insincere; of claiming principles he did not possess. There were seven thousand people present, and it was a critical point in the campaign.

"You say that cities should own their public utilities and that public-service corporations should be thrown out of business," shouted the rival candidate. "You speak of bribery of councilmen and bribery of State officials and you prate about corruption funds. You ought to know all about it, Mr. Johnson. It wasn't so many years ago that you bought franchises and worked in devious ways yourself. That's how you made your millions. And now you are posing as a reformed man, I believe!"

It was Johnson's turn. He stood up and slouched to the center of the platform and began to laugh. His broad, good-natured face was set in a grin. The audience laughed with him, and, finally, Johnson, jerking his thumb toward the former speaker, said:

"He's right—he's dead right, my friends. I am a reformed man. The Lord knows what I did when I was making my pile! But I want to tell you now"—drawing himself up and speaking solemnly—"that that part of it has nothing to do with what I am trying to work out in this city of ours. I may have bought privileges; I may have been a bit too eager in my efforts to get things; but I am on another kind of tack now. I am fighting the privilege buyers and the franchise grabbers in the interests of the good citizens of this town. I know the game, and I guess I know how to fight. If you think I am the less fitted for the battle because I used to buy franchises myself, don't vote for me. If you think I can give you a business administration from a business man's point of view, and help you to conduct your public utilities for the benefit of your own pockets, and not the pockets of a corporation, then just drop your little ball for me."

This, then, was the kind of a man

I went to see that day at the City Hall—a man who had started in poverty, worked and schemed his way to a fortune of many millions, and who was now trying to set a city right in its methods of civic administration. Having made his "pile," and with no further incentive in that direction, he had taken up another obstacle to conquer. I had heard that Tom Johnson always had been a man with a single purpose. At first it was the improvement of street railways, then development in steel, then something else, until he found his ambition to become mayor of Cleveland, and to give it municipal reform.

The City Hall of Cleveland is a disgrace to the community. It is old and gloomy and dirty. They are about to build another hall—in fact, a whole group of municipal buildings—on an ideal site along the lake shore; but to the stranger who doesn't know that, a first impression of the city government is not reassuring.

The mayor's office is on the second floor at the end of an unkempt corridor. The visitor enters the secretary's office, and if he has ever seen the interior of other municipal buildings, he looks about him in astonishment. The room might have been the lounging-place of a warehouse or any one of a thousand indifferently furnished offices. There was nothing to indicate that within a few feet would be found the chief executive of a city of almost a half-million population.

"The mayor is in," the secretary told me. "Just go through that doorway."

He did not offer to take my letter of introduction, or to announce me in any way. The door was wide open, and I could see many men wearing their hats and smoking, as they would on the streets. A burst of laughter came from the other room, and presently several men appeared, still laughing.

"All right, Tom," one of them called back; "we'll do it. You've got them running, and they'll end up in the river when the votes are counted."

I waited until the crowd had thinned out, and then sought the mayor. In the center of the corner room was a long



TOM JOHNSON AT WORK IN HIS OFFICE

wooden table. Back of it stood a cheap, roll-top desk, and leaning in a chair against this desk, with his feet upon the table, was a stout man, ruddy of face, marked with shrewd wrinkles about the eyes, and with curly brown hair, somewhat tinged with gray.

His position was one of ease—the ease of a man who enjoyed throwing himself down upon a solid, roomy chair at some particular spot where he could elevate his feet and rest. He was talking with a man who had something to sell. I think it was a magnetic or electric blanket, guaranteed to cure nervousness. Mayor Johnson examined it, asked several questions, then hesitated. The man said something in a low voice, and Johnson nodded. The business was concluded.

"I didn't want the thing," said the mayor, after the man had left; "but he wanted the money. Probably I'll find a chap who is nervous. Well, what can I do for you?"

When I left the office I had an idea of what Tom Johnson is fighting for, and a better knowledge of his character. Both are interesting, but we must take up the first.

I have said before in this article that the people of Cleveland believe they have discovered a certain panacea for municipal corruption. They have come to believe, under the teachings of Mayor Tom Johnson, that almost all bad politics and thieving in public offices and stultifying of the public conscience, with its never-ending trail into the homes of the people, come from the question of privileges.

By privileges is meant the right to run street railways, to furnish the lights and water for a city, to pave the streets and dredge the harbors and furnish heat and power. Privileges are franchises voted generally by a city council, and these franchises carry with them the power to make enormous sums of money for private corporations. It is

said, for instance, that the public franchises of Greater New York are appraised at upward of two hundred and thirty-five million dollars, which is a confessedly inadequate valuation. The real or market value of these public franchises has been computed at four hundred million dollars, which actually exceeds the total indebtedness of Greater New York. A pretty tidy sum to be scrambled for and to bribe for, isn't it?

The conditions which confronted Tom Johnson when he became mayor of Cleveland were common to almost all American cities, and they are common in most of them to-day. They are clearly explained by a young Cleveland lawyer, Frederic C. Howe, who said in a book recently published by him:

An examination of the conditions in city after city discloses one sleepless influence that is common to them all. Underneath the surface phenomena the activity of privilege appears—the privileges of the street railways, the gas, the water, the telephone, and electric-lighting companies. The connection of these industries with politics explains most of the corruption; it explains the power of the boss and the machine; it suggests the explanation of the "best" citizen and his hostility to democratic reform. Moreover, it shows much light on the excellence of some city departments and the inefficiency of others, for the interest of the franchise corporations is centered in the council, in the executive departments, and in the tax-assessors. It does not extend to the schools, libraries, parks, and fire departments—departments which are free from the worst forms of corruption.

But the city council awards franchises. It fixes the terms and the regulations under which the franchise corporations may use the streets. The executive enjoys the veto power. He controls permits and exercises an influence upon the council and public opinion. The assessor determines the appraisal of property, as well as the taxes to be paid. All these powers are of great importance, and their control is of great value. The privilege of tax evasion may amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars every year. In the larger cities it is measured by millions. The franchises themselves are even more valuable than the tax evasions; there is scarcely a city in America of over twenty-five thousand inhabitants in which their value does not exceed the amount of the municipal debt.

As a comprehensive instance of the great value of franchises, it is said

that the Third Avenue Metropolitan Railway system in New York valued its franchise at one hundred and sixty-one million dollars—or more than two and one-half times the amount of the money actually in the system, and twenty million dollars more than the city's net debt in 1898.

The franchises enjoyed by this single corporation exceeded the total indebtedness of the most heavily bonded city in the world. This indebtedness was represented by water-works, aqueducts, fire and police departments, parks, streets, docks, sewers, bridges, lands, hospitals, correctional institutions, schools, colleges, public buildings, armories, court-houses, museums, and all the many investments which the city had made. And this corporation was only one of the many franchise corporations of the city!

When one recalls that each large city has more than one railway system and other privileges like gas, electric light and power, telephone companies, and water-works, it is small wonder that men like Tom Johnson, who have dabbled in franchises, should recognize in them the most fruitful source of corruption known in America.

For more than a decade the civic contest in Cleveland has revolved about street railway, gas and electric lighting franchises. Election after election has turned on these issues. The party in power had been used to secure and protect franchises of the local street-railway corporation and relieve their property from taxation. For years the city council was dominated by these influences, its members even being selected and practically elected prior to the primaries. Money in immense sums was spent by the corporations to influence municipal legislation. These were the conditions confronting Tom Johnson when he began to direct Cleveland's destinies in 1901.

It is significant to note that he was elected mayor on the platform of lower fare, municipal ownership, and equitable taxation. The people of the city, tired of the long reign of franchise grafting and general corruption, said, through

their ballots, that they intended to clean house; that the practise of permitting corporations to furnish transportation, light, water, and other public utilities had been tried and found wanting.

On the part of the citizens there were no exalted hopes that municipal ownership would prove entirely satisfactory from the start, but it was worth trying, and they had faith in Tom Johnson. They had listened to him on the stump and had carefully weighed what he had told them. They said, in effect: "Go ahead and see what you can do. The theory is right; now prove that it is practicable."

He had promised three-cent fares to the citizens, and he set about at once to redeem his promise. As one of the foremost authorities on street-railway transportation in the world, he knew that ample profit could be made by the companies at that price. His plan was not to demand a reduction in fares on the part of existing companies, but to invite competition from outside the city. He succeeded in inducing competing capital to construct and operate street-railway lines on a three-cent fare basis; a franchise was granted for the use of the streets, and the work of construction commenced.

In the meantime the existing corporations had not been idle. Utilizing all their powerful influence, they succeeded in bringing injunction after injunction and temporarily prevented the city from using its own streets. When these injunctions finally were vacated, the charter of the city was overthrown by the courts, and Tom Johnson shorn of much of his power. The history of this fight between Johnson and the city on one side and the corporations on the other is extremely interesting, but it cannot be given in an article of this length. Not only the city, but the State of Ohio was involved, and the fighting-line extended down to Cincinnati and Cox, and up through the State capital,

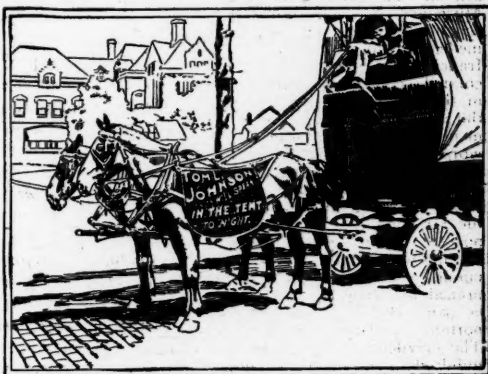
with ramifications in every section of the commonwealth.

"We never will have justice and three-cent fare until there is a new governor and a brand-new deal in this State," Tom Johnson told his people.

He was right. There is a new governor of Ohio to-day, and Cleveland has its three-cent fare.

Mayor Johnson believes firmly in municipal ownership. Apparently his sole ambition in life is not only to make Cleveland the first American city to get good government, but to prove in Cleveland what other cities can do to throw off the evils of corruption. He believes that the ownership by the city of all public utilities will not only benefit the city financially, but, what is far more important, remove the greatest existing source of corruption.

Johnson's first attempt at real city ownership was in connection with the water-works. He selected that department as a proof that municipal operation was worth while. When he was elected a tunnel was being constructed far out into the lake, but there was so much corruption and political scheming



ONE OF JOHNSON'S CAMPAIGNING PROPERTIES

that the whole proposition bade fair to end in great loss and disaster. The mayor realized that the first essential was a competent man, one who was not involved in politics and who could "make good" in every detail. He se-

lected Professor Edward W. Bemis, a man from another State, and backed him up despite the protests of the party. Bemis discharged all the henchmen and conducted operations on business principles. The result was a system that completed the tunnel, saved waste, reduced expenses alike to city and consumer, and effectually proved that city ownership meant something, after all.

The public works department was taken in hand and the effort of a paving-brick combine to run things in their own interest was checked. The dredging contracts were taken up. Cleveland's location on Lake Erie and at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River makes her harbors of the utmost importance. The largest ore docks in the world are located at the mouth of the river, and there is an immense lake traffic to be cared for. The dredging of the river and harbor is an important matter, and its cost to the city forms an item of considerable expense. Mayor Johnson has proved that the work can be done more cheaply by the city.

In the matter of lighting, which is a subject of great moment to every community, a municipal electric lighting plant is being constructed, natural gas as a fuel has been introduced from the fields of West Virginia, and the price of artificial gas has been reduced to seventy-five cents a thousand feet.

From the viewpoint of economy Cleveland's water plant stands as an undeniable argument in favor of municipal ownership. The plant is valued at \$9,141,266, with but \$3,557,000 of bonded indebtedness against it; and including as earnings the water supplied to schools and public buildings for fire protection and the like, it earns nearly three-quarters of a million dollars annually, after meeting all charges.

To me probably the most interesting results of Tom Johnson's work are found in the attitude of the citizens and in the appearance of the city itself. The standard of citizenship seems to be higher there than elsewhere. I would say also that the pride of place—the local patriotism—is more apparent in Cleveland than it is in most cities and

towns I have visited. Citizenship in Cleveland and citizenship in many other cities seem to show the difference of feeling displayed by the house-renter and the house-owner.

Tom Johnson and his people appear to own their city. They never tire of good work in its interests. The parks, for instance, have been beautified and so connected that they form one continuous breathing-spot and recreation-ground for the benefit of all. There are no restrictions, no "Keep off the grass" signs to remind the children that the good green earth is a monopoly and not for them. The streets are wide, the sidewalks spacious, and the residential districts probably the finest on earth.

To-day the city's educational system is unsurpassed anywhere. Its library development has been brought down to the people. Several years ago a commission was appointed to furnish plans for a new arrangement of public buildings. The selected design calls for an expenditure of fourteen million dollars for public purposes, with from three to five millions more for a terminal railway station, music-hall, museum, and the like.

There is intelligent care of the poor, as well as intelligent guarding of the criminal. The underlying motive of the city's policy is to save self-respect wherever possible, and to help the offender to an opportunity of living a normal life. The beneficent result of Mayor Johnson's policy is shown even in the correction of youthful offenders. There is a juvenile court where children are placed under the jurisdiction of a special judge, who is aided by hundreds of men and women probation officers who have volunteered in this work; and supplemental to this is a boys' farm school, where the city aims to care for the most recalcitrant of the children. It can be said in truth that in Cleveland, under the auspices of municipal ownership, there is an increase in the comfort and happiness of the people.

When all is said and done, is that not the aim of all of us?



He took her to the park Sunday afternoon, when every one else was to be seen.

Love's Elect

By Mary Louise Milmow

THE pretty blonde at the lace-counter tossed her waved and pompadoured head a little bit scornfully toward Mayme, who stood at the glove-counter—calm, quiet, and patient.

"Nobody never takes you anywheres, do they, Mayme?" asked the girl, with a sort of wondering curiosity. "Friend of mine took me to 'Ponce de Leon' last night, and he said he'd take me to the show to-morrow night, but another boy's coming to see me, and I don't think I'll go."

Mayme felt strangely hurt. The opening remark had struck a long, untouched chord in her being, and set it vibrating.

It was perfectly true. "Nobody never

took Mayme anywheres." The summer season had opened, and every one was enjoying the places of amusement—the parks, the car-rides, the summer theaters—every one except Mayme. The change of season brought her nothing better than a change of raiment. She followed out the dull routine of her life in just the same manner, with nothing to break the barren monotony of work and meals and bed.

Not that she was unhappy, but Hattie's careless words had given her a sudden lonely, outcast feeling—had shown her life to be a dull, cheerless affair, different from other lives, and in some sort a reproach to her for being so.

Hattie still rattled on with her happy, inconsequential chatter.

"Did you know that three of the girls was engaged? Didn't? Well, they are. Never mind who told me. I heard it. And I wouldn't be s'prised if there was another engaged soon. Oh, I didn't say who. No, I haven't got no new rings. That's one a boy gave me two years ago. I wonder who's goin' to be the old maid here? Why, Mayme! You've got a gray hair—did you know?"

Yes, Mayme knew, but she hadn't minded, had not thought she *could* mind like this. She suddenly realized that life was rushing past her, leaving her behind. The girls of her own age were marrying, or were already married, and gone from the old store. New ones were coming, with their youth and their freshness and happiness; only she was left alone, still in the same place where she had been six years before, still fitting on gloves, still mending the rents made by impatient fingers, still mechanically pleasant to her customers, only perhaps a little more proficient, a little higher-salaried, than at first.

All day the store looked dingier, and felt hotter, and the customers seemed more exacting and more difficult to please than ever before.

"What's the use of it all?" Mayme thought, when six o'clock came at last, and she put on her old black straw, with the faded violets, that had been her best the year before. "What's the use?"

It was her first conscious rebellion against the emptiness of her life.

But life has its surprises, after all. Sometimes we come to a sharp turning, and wonder how we ever could have been bored by the dreary sameness of the way. Such a one came to Mayme that night.

She had gone up to her room to rest a little while before supper, when the landlady came in, breathless with suppressed excitement. She was a large, motherly Northern woman, who took a lively but kindly interest in all her boarders' affairs.

"Say, Miss Park, a man come here to-day and wanted you. He was from the country, and he wanted to see you

real bad. I never see anybody so het up about anything. I told him you was down to the store, but he wouldn't go; seemed afraid to resk himself downtown like that, so he said he'd come back to-night."

Mayme stood perfectly still, astonished and puzzled.

"I don't know who it could be, Mrs. Bayer, unless—but what would he want to see me for? Didn't he leave any name?"

"No, he didn't, and I never thought to ask, but he was real good-looking, big and red-headed, and an awful red face; and he had a band of crape round his hat."

"Oh, then I know. It's Mr. Jamison. His wife died about eight months ago. He comes from my old home. He and father were right good friends. It's nice of him to look me up."

Mayme never thought to make any change in her toilet for her caller. He arrived early, and she greeted him with her usual amiability, cultivated by long habit into a sort of second nature.

Mr. Jamison seemed flattered with his reception. Finally he proposed that they go to the theater. Mayme was tired and blue, and didn't want to go, but she remembered Hattie's remark of the morning, and how it had stung her.

"All right," she said. "I'll go."

She rather enjoyed it, after all. It was a change, a break in the routine, and, as chance would have it, Hattie was on the car as they came back.

"Mayme's got a feller," whispered Hattie, all over the store, the next morning. "He took her to the show last night, and say, Mayme looked real nice in her glad clothes."

It came to Mayme's ears, of course, and she felt a sort of gratification that her charms were vindicated at last. After all, she was as other girls, since some one had distinguished her with his attentions.

Mr. Jamison spent two weeks in the city, and Mayme did not want for pleasure a single evening of his stay. He took her to the park on Sundays, where every one else was to be seen, and

where the band gave open-air concerts afternoon and night.

He took her to the theater, and bought her large bags of candy. Mayme would have preferred it in boxes, but then she could not complain of a little thing like that, when his intention was obviously so good.

At the store she enjoyed a pleasurable amount of notice. All the girls quizzed her a good deal about her "feller," and she had to explain the whole history of Mr. Jamison's friendship with her family, of his marriage and

"You must wait a little," she said, pushing him away, as he offered to follow up his words with a kiss. "I must think over it. It is good of you to care for me."

He had not said exactly this, but she took it for granted. Love and marriage were to her a simple sequence of cause and effect; the one presupposed the other.

"I'm goin' back to the farm to-morrow, Mayme," he said. "I want to know before I leave."

"I'll let you know in the morning. I'll



The pretty blonde at the lace counter tossed her wired and pompadoured head scornfully toward Mayme.

subsequent bereavement, and to assure them that he meant nothing by his present courtesies to herself.

In all honesty, Mayme did not think the man was in love with her, or had any serious intentions with regard to her. In spite of her twenty-six years, she was peculiarly child-hearted, and she took all his attentions in perfect good faith; simply as evidences of old friendship. Therefore, it was with something of a shock that she received, the day before he left, his proposal of marriage. It was the first outright proposal that had ever been made to her, and it dazzled her a bit at first.

let you know for sure—yes or no. Just let me think it over."

So it was agreed.

When he was quite gone, and the gate had closed behind him, Mayme fled upstairs to her room in a sort of panic. Her call had come. Her release from the dreary work at the store, from anxieties about her future, was offered her. The soft allurements of home life, of wifehood, and probable motherhood, were held out to her.

As his wife she would be comparatively well off. At least, she would have a home and an assured future. She would avoid the stigma of old maiden-

hood, so bitter to all women. She would have her part in the world, and no one could taunt her with her unimportance. She thought these things over one by one, weighing and calculating them carefully; yet there was no answer in her heart.

"It will come to me," she thought; and she bathed her face in cold water, and lay down, open-eyed, to think it out.

Her window was raised, and the blind stood open. The house was situated on the outskirts of the town, and from her window she could see a wide common, intersected by little white paths, vaguely marked in the moonlight. Far away was a group of low hills, pine-topped. She fancied that the wind, blowing in at the window, brought her a faint odor from their distant branches.

Her mind wandered away from its problem. It went groping out after a vague, sweet, remembered something—something that was quite in accord with all this soft, ethereal beauty; something kept, like precious things, deep-hid in her soul, and seldom brought to the surface of conscious thought, but no less

present, no less strong, no less a factor in the molding of her life.

Eight years of her life rolled back. She was a girl of eighteen—in love. A golden head a little above her own was bent before her in the moonlight. They stood on the lawn at the old home, with the dew lying like silver on the long

grass, and the wind bringing down to them the scent of pines and the sound of rustling leaves, sighing as if beneath a weight of joy.

"Mayme," said a voice all music—deep, sad, thrilling music, to her ear, "I am going to the war—Mayme—Mayme!—will you—"

The voice broke off, and another one, loud and harsh, called Mayme in.

That was all, but she remembered the day she went with the other girls to the station to see the soldier boys

start out, and the look in the gray eyes that clung to hers to the last.

She remembered keenly the sense of loss and desolation that followed his departure, and how she lay awake long hours on just such moonlit nights as this, and thought of him, and wept for the blessed sight of him, and finally stole down softly on her knees at the



"You must wait a little," she said, pushing him away, as he offered to follow up his words with a kiss.

bedside and offered up little, broken prayers and tears for his safety. She remembered—but was it memory, after all? Had she ever forsaken her girlish love, or was it just laid away for safe-keeping?

In all the years she had not heard from him, but the old love remained undimmed, and by its transcendent luster the thing she had contemplated looked base and utterly abhorrent to her. If Mayme had never loved, she might have married Jamison and been ordinarily content, but having once dealt in the pure gold currency of the soul, she could not now accept its counterfeit.

The clock on the mantelpiece struck two.

Once more the odor of pines seemed to pervade the room. Mayme went to the window and leaned far out, stretching her arms toward the dimly marked horizon.

"My dearest love, my dearest love! God keep you safe for me, and bring you to my heart again some day. And I will wait—and I will wait!"

The wind had sunk. There was a wonderful stillness everywhere. All

nature seemed accordant with her cry: "And I will wait."

A verse she had read somewhere long ago came insistently to her mind:

To the Elect of Love—or side by side
In raptest ecstasy, or sundered wide
By seas that bear no message to or fro
Between the loved and lost of long ago.

She had read it once with just a shade of regret that she was not one of those; but now it came to her that she, even she, with all her poverty and loneliness, with all the cheapness and sordidness of her life, was, after all, one of Love's Elect.

Her heart had given its answer.

In the morning Mayme penned Mr. Jamison a kind little note, and sent it by a messenger. She did not wish to see him again; and he accepted his dismissal quietly enough.

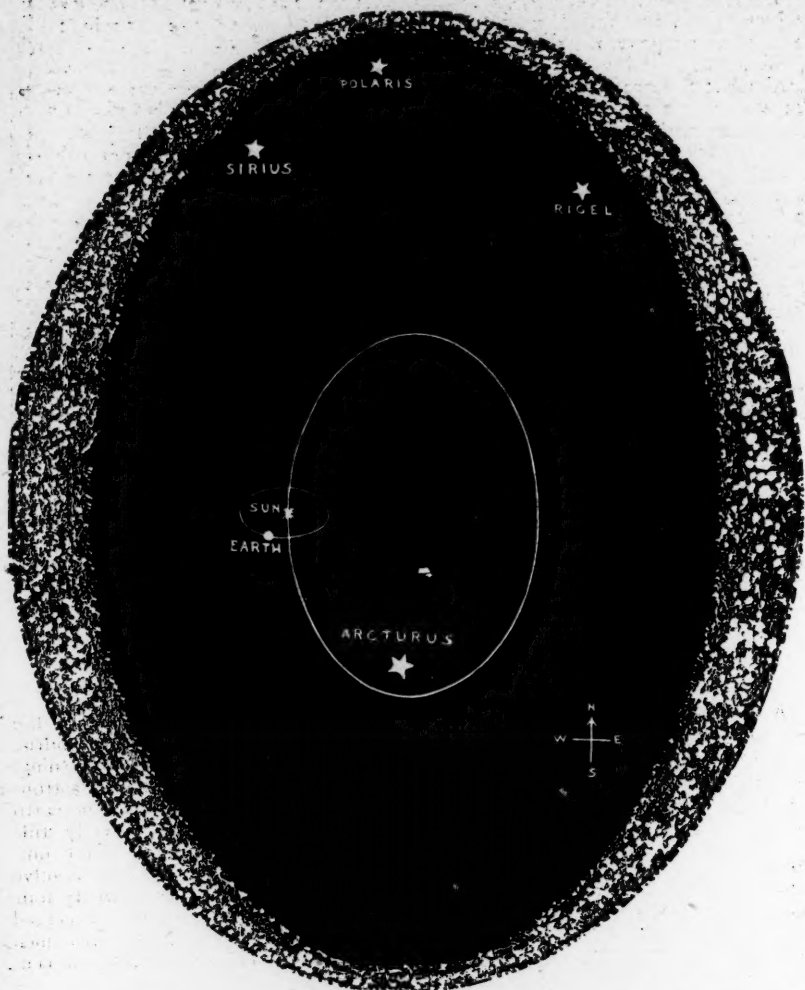
She took up the old routine with a brave, strong heart. In the store, life still rushes and swirls about her. New faces come and go. Other girls pass out from her side, into Love's promised land. Change comes upon change, but still Mayme stands behind the glove-counter with a beautiful patience in her eyes.



To-day

HEAR me now! For Time is flying,
And the beating of his wings
Drowns the vows of love undying,
Dims the light where Memory clings;
All the saddest songs of sorrow
Are the dirges of delay,
And our hearts may lose to-morrow
What our hands may hold to-day!

When a green grave by the river
Claims the last of love and you,
And Death's hand has dried forever
All our wreaths of rose and rue;
When above your silent sleeping
Pitying pine boughs moan and toss,
And the moonbeams, pale with weeping,
Fling their snow-white arms across;
When the one star that was nearest
Dims and dies a world away,
How am I to tell you, dearest,
What you will not hear to-day?



The above drawing is supposed to represent, in a very crude way, the remarkable theory which Prof. Leroy Tobey, the astronomer, has advanced concerning the earth's movements in space. The outer rim of this drawing is intended to represent the Milky Way, which, as all astronomers agree, is an immense ring of stars. The black within this rim is the space in which the earth is supposed to find its movement. Arcturus is a great sun moving in one portion of this space, about which our sun, with all its planets, in turn moves. The diagram in this space represents the earth's path around the sun, and the sun's path around Arcturus, all within the Milky Way.



THE CONSTELLATION OF BOOTES

This constellation was called by the Greeks Arctophylax. By the ancients Arcturus, the great sun about which our sun is now supposed to move, was placed on his breast. By the moderns it is placed on the skirt of his coat.

Where the World is Going

By A. Frederick Collins

FALSE prophets have predicted the end of the world a good many times, and the end has not only not yet come, but it is not likely to come for some twenty-five thousand years, if the Arcturian theory formulated by Professor Leroy Tobey is accepted.

At the end of this long period of peace and prosperity, in which the earth will journey as an attendant of the sun from one side of the Milky Way to the other, the crusty sphere will be subjected to the destructive influence of a heat akin to an electric furnace; but whether its inhabitants will be burned up, or whether they will be able to escape by virtue of their superior intelligence, the reader can best judge from the following text.

A hundred years or so before the birth of Christ, and when Alexandria, Egypt, was famous for its learning, Ptolemy invented his system of astronomy, which was, briefly, that the earth is a sphere; that it stands perfectly still; and that, being the center of the universe, all the heavenly bodies revolve about it once in every twenty-four hours. These hypotheses were accepted without question by all the wise men until the beginning of the sixteenth century.

About this time a young Prussian mathematician and astronomer, Copernicus by name, began to think that too much importance had been attached to the rôle the earth played in the universe, even though it were the abode of giant intellects; and he came to the con-

clusion that the old Greek astronomers were right, after all, in their surmises that the earth was *not* the hub of the heavens—Ptolemy to the contrary notwithstanding. Then he proceeded to prove that the earth and the other planets of the solar system revolve about the sun, which is their center; and that the rising and setting of the heavenly bodies are due to the turning of the earth on its axis.

Following the brilliant Copernicus came Kepler, a great mathematical astronomer, who calculated and explained the paths, motions, and distances of the planets. Then Galileo appeared on the scene of action, and he was the first man who ever gazed upon the moons of Jupiter, the spots on the sun, and other marvelous sights, for the telescope—that mighty instrument for magnifying celestial objects—had just been invented.

Less than a year elapsed after Galileo died when Sir Isaac Newton was born; and it was to his remarkable genius the world owes the proof that the force which draws the apple to the earth is the same as that acting through the impalpable ether, and which holds the sun and the planets into one gigantic solar system. Having demonstrated this fact, it follows, therefore, that gravity, as the force is called, controls the movements of the distant stars as well as the nearer planets; and that they are all bound together by the same intangible agency.

Just as the planets revolve in well-defined orbits around our sun, so also our solar system—which, of course, includes the earth—is traversing a path

around a mightier sun, moving through space at the rate of five hundred million miles per year.

The question is: where are we bound for? Having a free pass and being on board the wagon hitched to a star, we should like to know our destination. More than this, we are inquisitive about the ultimate future of the earth and the myriads of people who will inhabit it. We are aware that there are some stars which are as many times larger than our sun as this shining sphere is larger than our earth; and that by Newton's

law they must exert a tremendous gravitational pull upon it; and, further, that this is the cause of the sun's present rate of speed through interstellar space. Some of these suns are too far away to have much effect upon the one that gives us light and heat, but, on the other hand, there are others that are near enough to greatly influence it.

One of these star-suns is Sirius, sometimes called the Dog Star; it is the brightest star

in the whole visible heavens, and is situated in the mouth of the constellation of Canis Major or the Greater Dog. Though estimated to have more than thirteen times the magnitude of our sun, yet through the most powerful telescope it shows merely as a point of light, and appears no larger than when seen by the unaided eye.

Sirius is over fifty trillion—50,000,000,000,000—miles from the small sphere where we view it as a speck of light. But there is really nothing gained by expressing a distance so great in miles, for it is simply inconceivable to the human mind. An easier and cer-



PROF. LEROY TOBEY

His theory is that the sun, with all its planets, moves once about the other sun Arcturus, every 104,000 years, bringing great seasons of heat or cold lasting thousands of years. This is his answer to the question "Where is the World Going?"

tainly a clearer way to express it is to say that it takes light, which travels at the rate of 186,500 miles per second, eight years to reach the earth from Sirius; so we may safely infer that it is a long way off.

Sirius, however, is not nearly large enough to exert sufficient gravitational force upon our solar system to make the latter travel around it in a prescribed orbit, though it undoubtedly does have a tendency to attract our solar system to some extent.

Canopus, in the constellation of Argo, the next brightest star to Sirius; Vega, in the constellation of Lyra; and Rigel, in the constellation of Orion, are other suns many fold larger and brighter than ours; but Vega, with its immense weight and mass, is not sufficient to do more than swing our solar system around it in a parabolic line; and Canopus and Rigel, while quite large enough to rule us, are too far distant from the path we are now traversing to influence us to any great degree.

There is a star, though, that controls our sun just as surely as our sun controls the earth. According to Professor Tobey, that star is Arcturus. Arcturus, let it be known, is a star of the first magnitude, in the constellation of Bootes, and is a noticeable object in the northern heavens; but whereas Vega is only one hundred times as large as our sun, Arcturus is one thousand times as large; and it is toward this far-off star that our solar system is rushing with the terrific speed of five millions of miles per day.

Will our sun and its attendant planets approach Arcturus like a comet from outside space, coming from we know not where, and then, when the two are almost at the point of colliding, swing gracefully around and go away, never to return?—or will the sun move around the gigantic star, like a periodic comet around our sun, in an ellipse, having a regular period of rotation so that the exact point in the heavens where it will be at a given time can be accurately calculated?

Professor Tobey believes in the latter theory, and backs it up with figures

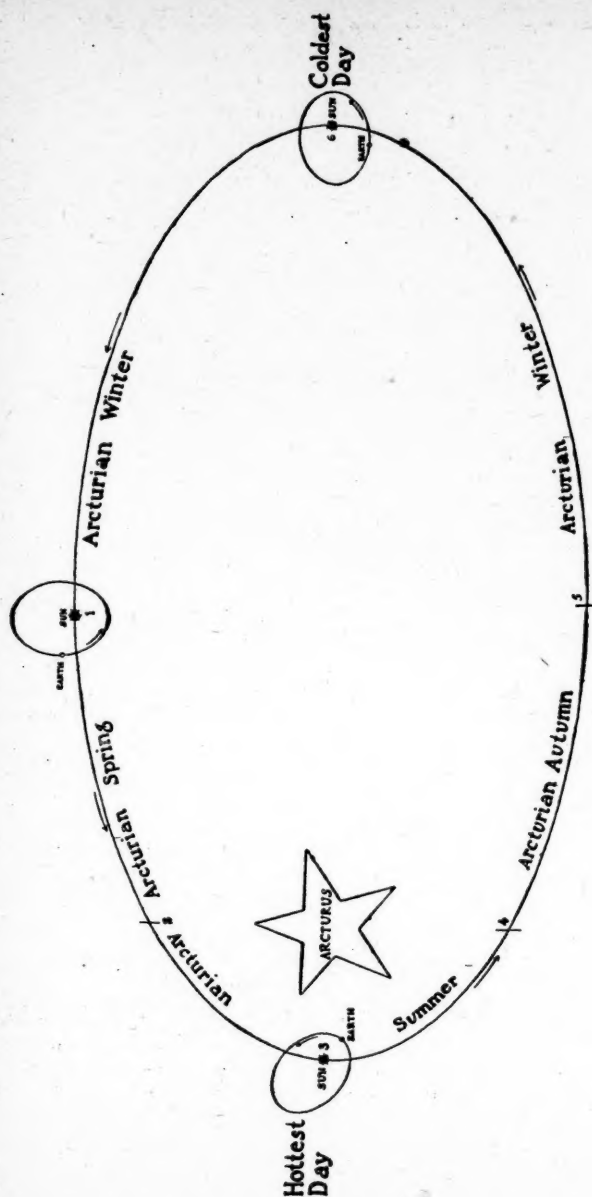
that seem to leave little room for doubt. A computation of the orbit of our solar system around Arcturus shows that it requires approximately one hundred and four thousand of our years for it to complete the circuit; or, in other words, we are being whirled toward it at the rate of one hundred and eighty-four thousand miles per hour. We are now about midway between perihelion, or the point nearest Arcturus, and aphelion, or the point farthest from the sun, as a reference to the diagram will indicate.

The Arcturian orbit is divided into four seasons, just as is the earth's orbit around the sun—that is, spring, summer, autumn, and winter—but these seasons, instead of being produced by the inclination of the earth's axis, as are the solar seasons, are caused by the actual distance of the earth from Arcturus.

Thus our earth, in its relation to the guiding star, Arcturus, entered, on March 21, 1905, a glorious spring that will continue for eighteen thousand years. During this cycle those who scan the heavens may not see the great star grow brighter and brighter, for a lifetime is far too short to note such changes in the universe, but astronomical history will reveal the fact that from a mere point of light it has grown in brilliancy until it rivals Venus. Like this planet, too, it will cast a shadow on a moonless night, and will be visible in the daytime to the naked eye.

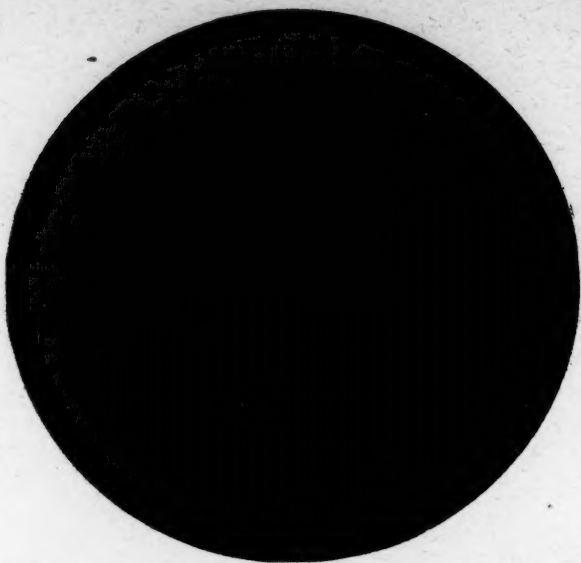
When the earth shall have ended its Arcturian spring and begins its long summer of eighteen thousand years, which will be on June 21, 19,905, Arcturus will appear to our inhabitants not quite as large as the sun, but it will quite outdo the moon in luminosity, and on nights when it is visible there will be no demand for electric lights, and Broadway by night will be almost as bright as by day.

During the eighteen thousand years of spring there will be greater possibilities opened for the advancement of mankind than ever before, and by the time the summer arrives man should be pretty nearly civilized, if it is intended he should ever be; and, what is more to the point, if he expects to remain on



THE GREAT ARCTURIAN ORBIT

1. The beginning of the Arcturian spring, which occurred March 21, 1905.
2. End of the Arcturian spring, 18,000 years later, i. e., June 21, 19,905.
3. The earth will be nearest Arcturus, August 8, 28,905, the hottest day in 104,000 years.
4. The Arcturian summer ends September 23, 37,905.
5. From 4 to 5 represents the Arcturian autumn, 18,000 years long, ending December 22, 55,905.
6. A long winter, lasting 50,000 years, reaches its greatest fury at this point, March 15, 86,905, the temperature dropping to absolute zero. The earth passed this point last time February 8, 23,095 B. C.—quite a few years ago.



earth in a living state he must needs know many things about protecting himself from light and heat that he knows nothing of to-day, as will be seen presently.

When the Arcturian summer begins, then will the prophet—if his fellow beings have permitted him to survive his failures—predict the end of the world; and with some reason, for the light, which is as great a factor in destroying mankind as the heat, will slowly but surely increase.

Should science, eighteen thousand years hence, have failed to teach man how to protect himself from the tropical effects of the light and the equatorial results of heat, he will indeed be in a bad way, for the seasons now caused by the inclination of the earth's

axis will all be alike, and Hades itself will be a comparatively cool place when August 8, 28,905, arrives and the Arcturian midsummer is at its height.

The inventor of the theory believes that the peoples of the earth may by this time have learned to fly from one planet to another, or, at least, from the earth to the moon, à la Jules Verne. Once there, they could generate their own atmosphere, tunnel into the cold orb, and live there, away from the dazzling light, the terrific heat, the terrible invisible rays, throughout the millenniums of the awful summer, and until the Arcturian autumn begins—on September 23, 37,905.

The summer season of eighteen thousand years will



THE EARTH, THE SUN, AND ARCTURUS COMPARED

The small circle represents the earth, the next one the sun, and the large one Arcturus. The circles do not show the relative sizes of the bodies by any means, since the sun is over 100 times as large as the earth, and Arcturus is over 1000 times as large as the sun. They are merely intended to give a vague impression.



THE RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE EQUATORIAL CONSTELLATIONS

By the aid of this rude map the reader can, by observing the heavens overhead and a little to the south, on a clear night, readily ascertain the location of the giant star, Arcturus.

have destroyed everything man has builded on the earth's surface, and if any of his kind have survived by any device they will then be able to come forth from their hiding-places and begin life all over again.

On December 22, 55,905, the sun—and, consequently, the earth—will occupy relatively the same position in the Arcturian orbit it does now, but with this difference, it will be on the opposite side of the Milky Way; it will then have just entered upon its season of winter, whereas now it is beginning its spring career. Then another new set of conditions will prevail, for if, as Professor Tobey says, our sun receives its energy from Arcturus, as the earth does its supply from the sun, then the entire solar system will be led so far beyond the pale of influence of the mighty Arcturus that a winter extending over fifty thousand years will result.

When this takes place Arcturus will again be seen as a mere point of light in the galaxy of stars; and as the solar system swings around its one hundred and four thousand years' orbit, the earth's winters will grow colder and colder, the ice which millenniums ago was melted from the polar caps will begin to form again at those points, continuing to extend until the equator is reached. By the time January 25, 82,905, arrives, our sun will have about the same luminous properties that our moon has now, while the heat it emits will be proportionately decreased, and the earth will be enveloped by a covering of ice of from one to five thousand feet in thickness.

Again will mankind have to take refuge in the bowels of the earth, which, having been thoroughly heated during the preceding summer, will serve well to propagate the various living species. Small wonder if, under these untoward

conditions, the highly developed civilization that had been brought about in the past fall of eighteen thousand years, should retrograde, and intellectuality and refinement should give way to brutalism and savagery.

Professor Tobey points out that the liquid-air temperature of the Arcturian winter may be modified by our solar system drawing nearer to some of the stars in the Milky Way, which would shed both light and heat upon our earth. This very thing, he assures us, is what took place during the last time the solar system was at aphelion, or the extreme end of its orbit opposite Arcturus, when the coldest day occurred—February 8, 23,095 B. C. It was then that the last glacial period, which has ever been a mystery to geologists, took place.

Under the circumstances, it is not difficult to account for the existence of savages, since the fittest that survived must have had to fight desperately for their lives; and as food was at a premium, man's sense of justice would have been deadened, and a little time would have reduced him to cannibalism as well. The result of such an existence must have been—as prehistory evidences—that those who did survive were magnificent specimens of manhood physically; but the light of intelligence must have dwindled away, even as did the light from the noble sun, Arcturus.

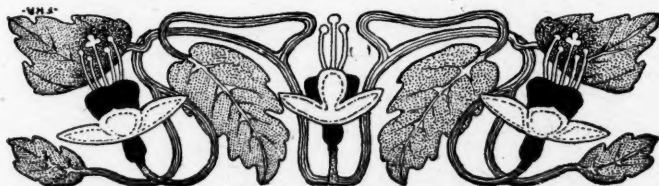
When the fifty-thousand-year winter was over, the energy of our sun grew, and the survivors naturally became sun-worshippers. The evolution of animal

and plant life necessitated the use of implements, and thus we have the prehistoric stone age. Then came the finding of the metals—metals that in all probability had been used over and over again thousands of years before by a higher type of man.

As the sun became stronger the dormant faculties of the existing race woke up, and, by improving each moment, practically all the savage tribes of the earth were either educated or exterminated—chiefly the latter—until by the time the Arcturian spring was reached, namely March 21, 1905, we find a fairly intelligent and law-abiding people, albeit there are yet sweatshops and polygamous nations.

Though man still possesses some of his savage ancestral traits, he has learned how to make the energy of the sun do his work to a certain extent. He has made many wonderful inventions, such as the printing-press and the linotype machine, the telegraph and the telephone, the automobile and the electric car; but these are crude and imperfect devices compared with what he will have when he enters upon the Arcturian summer eighteen thousand years from now.

When this time comes he will have progressed so far that he will in truth have become a god; but whether he shall perish and the scheme of repopulating the earth shall be begun all over again, or whether he shall survive throughout eternity, the great wonder-worker, Nature, alone knows—and she won't tell.





WE saw a head thrust in the doorway; the door closed on its neck.

It was so high that we wondered who was standing on a chair. Cheek bones that went up, mustache ends that went down, long thin nose, and sunburn all over; that is the face that looked in so long that we were well acquainted with it before a camel's hump of an Adam's apple and a high collar with a red ribbon for a necktie followed. Then came lankness that ended in trouser ends crumpled from being pushed into boots.

He looked around as if our office, which was only the Brooklyn edition of a New York newspaper, were one of the marvels of the world; and then, by a series of angles, just as you would fold up a metal ruler by its joints, an angle at his ankles, an angle at his knees, another at his waist, he sat down.

I paid him no attention. "Doc" White began to write, and Foster studied a notebook. We were on salary and were not straining our eyes for extra work; we never saw callers who might have stories that some one would be sent out on. But young Bingler, who was on space, looked interested. The more he wrote the more he was paid; and that boy had a vocabulary that would astonish if not pain you;

for "mundane sphere" he was paid twice as much as for "earth," so polysyllabic he always was, and of a man slipping on a banana peel could write a book. A generous young fellow, but space-writing makes one so mean that he had been known to turn "Smith" into "Smithers" for three more letters. You can figure out that gain for yourself; sixteen hundred words to the column, and for a column four dollars and a half.

Said Bingler: "Well, is there anything we can do for you?"

The caller rose and rose and kept on rising. When all of him was in a straight line, he asked:

"Are you the editor?"

That was flattery, indeed; Bingler was so young that the last caller had thought him the office boy.

Said Bingler: "Well, no, I can't just say that. But the editor is busy and I'll do as well."

"Then can you give me a job? I've been on several Vermont papers and want to catch on down here."

Said Bingler, shortly: "There are no vacancies." Of course a space writer would say that. Bingler would be glad enough to see the staff cut in half, whereas we on salary had been grumbling for a month. Bonner had been

discharged for using his position for something not unlike swindling, and no one had taken his place.

"There's no doubt about the vacancy," grumbled Foster; "but that specimen would never do."

Now, I'm practical and don't go in for sentimentality, but I must admit that I can be sympathetic when I have a good business reason for being sympathetic.

"Why don't you give him a chance?" I asked. Another man would take the navy yard at least from my burdens, and burdens have no attraction for me.

I said: "There's the editor inside that partition; speak to him."

"Need anyone?" said the city editor. "Not at present. I have three men more than I can keep busy now." Just like him to say that! How about me, I wanted to know! I certainly was not of the unoccupied three, and, leaning back, I thought bitterly of my burdens.

The spun-out Vermonter returned to his chair. Well, it was at Bonner's desk, and he was in no one's way; so, if he wanted to rest, let him.

He seemed to be having a pleasant time of it. He had a large and bulgy scrapbook with him. And, looking over newspaper clippings in it, he chuckled. Then he must have found something funnier yet, for up went a bony hand and he hid his mouth with rows of knuckles. He tried to read more, but positively had to shut that book; seemingly there were such humorous things in it that he could not read and control his mirth.

The city editor—"Old Buttons" we called him—stirred uneasily, coming out to walk up and down the aisle between desks, as he would after sitting too long.

He stopped before the figure convulsed over the scrapbook, and darted out a long finger that bent backward at the tip, which was his way of beginning when he had anything to say.

"I believe I told you I had nothing at present."

"Oh, yes."

"Well?"

"Well, I'm waiting; just waiting.

Perhaps you'll have something in the future for me." He returned to the scrapbook, but what he read there was seemingly so humorous that he had to snap the covers and gaze at the ceiling to conceal his delight.

And Old Buttons went back to his roll-top desk. So unaccustomed to being disregarded was he that he seemed at a loss; it was an experience for which he was not prepared.

I was pleased with Vermonter and the uneasy city editor; they helped to while away the time until evening, when I went out to report a political meeting and a speech. Not that any reporting was necessary. Just describe any meeting you've seen and the description will do. As to the speech—it was in type-writing, but there were not copies enough to go around. Bungway of the *Standard* got a copy, and I went with him to his room to take it down, both of us agreeing at what points to interpolate "Applause!" "Laughter!" "Great applause!" Had a pleasant evening, taking a nap in Bungway's operating chair, bought because it was a bargain; formidable looking but comfortable.

Went back to the office, where Tinkler, the night editor, asked me how near I got to the meeting; the long-drawn Vermonter was still there.

At eleven o'clock in the morning, he had not gone. Foster, who as emergency man had closed the office, said that the caller had spent a pleasant night, refreshing himself from a bundle of ham sandwiches and reading his scrapbook.

Said Foster: "It's chuck filled with his own stories written for Vermont sheets, he told me. I couldn't be bothered to read them, but he says they're not at all bad."

Old Buttons strode out into the general office. His stride seemed to indicate fear that another defeat would cost him his authority over the staff.

"Didn't I tell you yesterday that I had nothing for you?"

"You said 'at present.'"

"Well?"

"Well, that was yesterday."

"Now, see here, there's nothing to-day."

"Then perhaps there will be to-morrow."

I began to hope. Perseverance will do a good deal, you know; and if he could only wear Old Buttons into taking him on, there would be a burden taken from me. The truth is, I had as much to do as any three on the staff, and not a cent more for it. Between you and me, I'd have written his stories for him, just to show him how to write, for the sake of having another man. I believe I have said I am a pretty practical fellow, but I'm not without my grain of human kindness, and I began to plan to help the poor devil. You know yourself that it was not right that I should have to do the work of three men.

But Old Buttons!

The old fellow looked at the Green Mountain stack of joints.

"To-morrow never comes; you'll be tired waiting," he said.

Of course we laughed more or less heartily at that, and the old fellow's self-respect was restored so that he could go back and look over marriage announcements in search of notices a year or so late, which is the way most of our romances were found.

I went to the vacant room next door and took a little nap on two chairs, for I had been brutally overworked; and, as there was no assignment for me, it was evening before I returned to the office. Went to a hospital, where I

had a smoke and a nip with the house surgeon, who convinced me that reports of negligence and cruelty were unfounded. Sent out on something else, as you may be sure. Always something for me to do, poor drudge that I was!

It was midnight when I got back to the office. Vermonter was looking over his scrapbook, lifting knuckles to his long, thin grin.

The night editor suddenly chuckled. He was up to some of his nonsense, for he looked at Foster and me for moral support.

Said the night editor: "You want an assignment, my friend?" Night editor was not much of a position; dignity was too trying, and he had to turn to a little pleasantry now and then.

Vermonters went up like the lengths of a telescope and saluted.

"Well, you go down to this address and see Mr. Grayson. Ask him about the comet, and don't come back without a good interview. We have a cut to go with it."

Ethan Allan stepped over chairs,



"I believe I told you I had nothing at present."

desks and a newspaper rack to make a straight line for the door.

I said: "Don't count on me, when that fellow comes back. I don't want any 'Continental Congresses' and 'Great Jehovahs' thundered at me! You can play Ticonderoga with him by yourself." For I very well knew old Grayson, who went to bed every night at nine o'clock, was frenzied by the sight of a reporter, and was made rabid by the mere mention of astronomy, because a star expert had run off with his daughter. Old Grayson did not know a comet from a moon.

Ethan came back in an hour.

"Well?" said the night editor. He looked to assure himself that we were still there.

Said Ethan: "There's no use handing in that interview; it's unfit for publication, and would use up all your blanks. I punched him in the eye, though just easy, to brush his teeth out of my chest." To this day, of that interview we knew no more.

The simple fellow went back to his desk, seeming to think that, having had an assignment, he had a right to be there. To one of my worldly wisdom and experience it seemed pitiable to see the uncouth, ingenuous fellow down here, where he could never take care of himself, and could never learn the sharpness of city ways.

Next morning was Thursday—pay-day. The boys were making out their bills. Green Mountains was still there. Bingler turned in a roll of columns pasted together, as long as one of those ribbon paper strips we made swords and guns of when very young. Green Mountains got a bill head from the office boy and, dating it, wrote on it. He went to the roll-top desk and handed it in.

Then Old Buttons glared.

He said: "Young man, I've been easy with you, letting you sit here out of the cold, thinking perhaps you didn't know much of city ways, but impertinence is going too far. What's this bill for? You charge for wearing out a chair? Just take that trunkful of humor of yours and find the way to the stairs, if

you haven't forgotten; it's so long since you came in."

Green Mountains, with lean face devoid of expression, stood holding out the bill.

Old Buttons snatched it.

"Forty cents? What for?"

"Last night I had an assignment that brought no space, so I'm turning in for time."

"It's true," said I, though trying to protect the night editor. "Tinkler had something brought in about the 'ring' and thought it a fake, and had no one else to send out."

Old Buttons growled: "Mr. Tinkler had no business to do that; he should have waited for some one to come in. Where were you? Asleep somewhere again?" Then turning to the Vermonter, he cried: "By heavens! you want an assignment?"

Said Green Mountains: "By heavens, I do, but prefer it without comets or stars!"

"Then," said Old Buttons, "then——" He meant to give the fellow something that no one could do. Not an impossibility could he think of; so he said, good-naturedly: "Here, go out on this clipping. You may be able to work it up. If you can handle this satisfactorily, I may have something else. I have three men more than necessary, but you may try pot luck."

I followed Bennington Monument to the hall, and asked him what the assignment was. One likes to find out about things when having nothing else to do.

Monument showed me the clipping: a pet dog buried by sailors in the navy yard. And, between you and me, Old Buttons must have thought it over and picked out that assignment purposely. It was the hardest kind to write. If bungling with a humorous story, at the worst one will be guilty of only nonsense or farce. But pathos! It's a precarious plunge through mawkishness and falsity to pathos lying beyond. Few ever get beyond.

"Well, good luck to you!" I said. But to myself I said: "Such a story

could never be written by this map of Lake Champlain."

Now, whether it is in the best of taste or not, the truth is, that pathos is in my line. I have written stories that have brought tears to my eyes. I have written stories that have made me exclaim to myself: "After all, you must be a pretty good fellow to have such depth of feeling as this!" To be sure, Old Buttons did not share my opinion of me—I am frank, you see. He held me strictly to facts and routine, so that very seldom had I opportunities. And there was I, longing for just a bit of pathetic work now and then, as I have known those in serious walks to turn at times to jest and nonsense, or, if comedians, to yearn for tragedy.

I would do something generous. I really wanted to help this poor, green fellow, for the truth is, that I could no longer stand the strain of doing three men's work, and unless there was another on the staff, likely enough I should break down.

I had covered my morning's work, having returned from a tour of the municipal buildings, where I sat and gossiped with janitors to while away the time. For several hours I could have a little greatly needed rest.

Do you know what I did? Run down from overwork as I was, I sat down and wrote the dog story myself. No one would know, for I can write two hands; my naturally ornamental style and the cultivated newspaper hand of fat, squatty letters easily read.

The subject interested me from the beginning. I wrote it emotionally; I wrote it straight from what I felt. On my word, I had never before done anything so good, and I have never done anything so good since. You know how it is—I'm trying to be simply frank and not boastful—but at least once in his life even a tyro may be moved so that his work may be as good as that of a master of the writing art. I'm no tyro, of course, but we'll say that something like this was the way with me.

So I wrote about the little dog and



— GED HERRING —

"At any rate, give me back my stuff!"

its fate, and the sailors, hard and rough, but with hearts that could be touched, after all.

I was still writing when Maple Sugar returned, having written and rewritten.

His scrapbook was still under his arm, though he dared not look at it for fear of doubling his forehead to his knees.

He whispered over my shoulder: "Was it only something funny I could turn out what would jolt your ribs, but I must say I've got a good story, as it is."

I really felt sorry for him. Even his conceit, which is a failing that I detest, seemed mere ingenuousness. He little

thought what I was doing for him, through pure compassion and no other motive; I finished my story, having taken great pains, which seemed more than he was capable of, just as he was writing the last page of his. Up in the right-hand corner I signed his name, which I had learned, for it was in enormous letters on his scrapbook, and placed the copy on the desk of the copy reader, who was too busy to look up.

And then trouble! In a moment the obelisk would turn in his story. How account for two? Suppose his should be read first and slung into the basket! It might be months before we should again come so close to having another man on the staff. Of course, I was not sure, but I could feel that my story would give him Bonner's desk, and that his would mean—freighting it back to Vermont!

And there was his story on top of mine on the copy reader's desk.

Old Buttons called me.

He said: "It's about time you had something to do. I should think you'd be ashamed to see Foster doing his work, and most of yours! Well?"

I laughed. Old Buttons would have his joke, though from his glare you would never have believed him joking.

He said: "Make half a column of this new library; here is all the data. Don't let me speak again about this lounging and shifting work off onto others."

Would have his joke, settling on to me, because, of course, I understood him; then, equally of course, he would not admit that I was doing the work of three others. In returning to my desk, I snapped Vermont's story from the top of the pile of copy.

And not a moment too soon. Old Buttons called to the copy reader:

"Mr. Knobscot, let me see that young man's story. Alfred!" and the office boy slouched from desk to desk.

Then both Old Buttons and Knobscot were reading copy.

Old Buttons said—well, the accepted spelling seems to be "Ugh!" It was more like "Rrrjjkww!"

He said: "Oh, dear, dear, dear! What, what, what!"

Vermont could be aroused, after all. He scowled. I glanced at the story I had taken from the pile on the desk. It was something that Foster had placed there while Old Buttons was joking with me. Then how account for the story I had written? For the copy reader was looking it over, and, though I was troubled, I was pleased to see that he was moved by it.

"Rubbish!" shouted Old Buttons. He never had any self-control when looking at bad work.

Said Knobscot: "Well, this business has its compensations, after all! This is great! It's worth the wading and threshing to strike something like this once in a while!" And there I could never have credit, because authorship could not be owned by me.

"Rot! Let this be the last of it! Silly! Foolish!" shouted Old Buttons.

Knobscot, laying down the copy, said: "This is great and real! To come across something like this only once a year, makes everything worth while!"

And angry Vermont cried: "At any rate, give me back my stuff! It's not going to be pasted on your wall to be laughed at the next ten years!

"Ain't mine!" he added, as Old Buttons jabbed the manuscript at him.

"That's mine," he said to Knobscot. "It's all right, is it?"

"The best in years!"

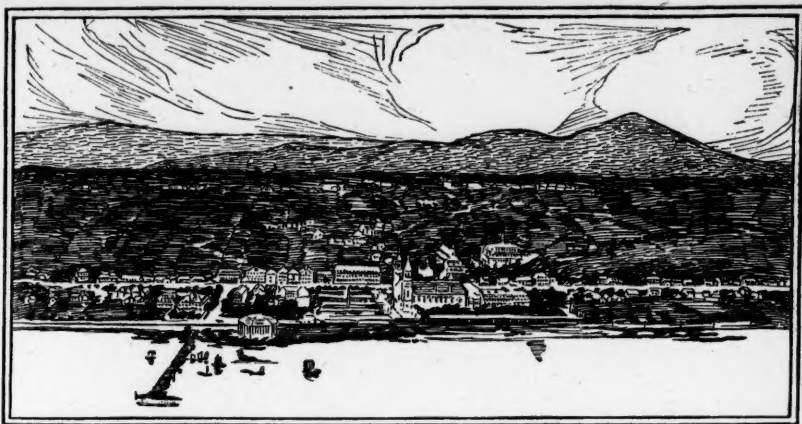
In some way the manuscripts had been mixed, after all.

And, although the office boy was suspected, no one knows to this day who wrote my story. Altogether, it was a pretty good joke on Old Buttons, who had, of course, groaned and writhed purposely, not knowing that the pathetic little masterpiece he read was mine.

Life is disgusting! Vermont is today one of the big chiefs over on the main sheet, and I'm still doing three men's work at eighteen a week. Life is disgusting, is what I repeat!



Every year more Americans than the year before cross the border, to visit the miracle-working shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, upon the banks of the St. Lawrence River, near the city of Quebec, where the now famous Basilica of St. Anne has been erected. Here rest in state the respected bones of the grandmother of Jesus Christ, the patron saint of America, and "Heavenly Queen of Canada," to whom her divine Grandson, devout Catholics believe, has given Canada as an earthly dominion to watch over and protect; while all America shares in the guardianship of the illustrious Mother of Mary. In 1875 but twenty-seven thousand pilgrims visited St. Anne's. Ten years later the attendance had trebled. At the dawn of the new century, so far had the fame of the miracles worked at the American Lourdes spread that nearly one hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims came, prayed, and returned home during three short summer months. More than two hundred thousand pilgrims knelt before the shrine last year, and this season it is expected that the quarter of a million mark will be crossed. As a large proportion of the pilgrims to St. Anne de Beaupré are Americans, a brief account of the saint's introduction to this continent, and her assumption of sovereignty as the only true "American Queen," will, perhaps, be not out of place.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE VILLAGE OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE, CANADA, THE SEAT OF THE WONDER-WORKING RELICS

An American Lourdes

By Alexander Hume Ford

LOURDES, the famous miraculous shrine of France, has been suppressed by an unfriendly government, but in America another such has arisen to take its place, and here a quarter of a million pilgrims annually wend their way from every quarter of the globe, hoping to be cured of diseases that the physicians cannot remedy. The American Lourdes is to-day the most frequented Christian shrine in the world.

When summer comes, bands of a thousand pilgrims each, from Albany, Boston, and other large American cities, begin their march northward, while from every part of these United States independent pilgrims to the number of tens of thousands, Catholics and Protestants alike, undertake the pilgrimage to the little village of Beaupré, upon the banks of the St. Lawrence River, near the city of Quebec, where the now famous Basilica of St. Anne has been erected. Here rest in state the respected bones of the grandmother

of Jesus Christ, the patron saint of America, and "Heavenly Queen of Canada," to whom her divine Grandson, devout Catholics believe, has given Canada as an earthly dominion to watch over and protect; while all America shares in the guardianship of the illustrious Mother of Mary, the "Good St. Anne," who listens to the prayers of pilgrims who come to do her reverence.

Every year more Americans than the year before cross the border, to visit the miracle-working shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, while pious Frenchmen, deprived of their own Holy of Holies, flock to this American Lourdes. In 1875 but twenty-seven thousand pilgrims visited St. Anne's. Ten years later the attendance had trebled. At the dawn of the new century so far had the fame of the miracles worked at the American Lourdes spread that nearly one hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims came, prayed, and returned home during three short summer months. More than two hundred thousand pilgrims knelt be-

fore the shrine last year, and this season it is expected that the quarter of a million mark will be crossed. As a large proportion of the pilgrims to St. Anne de Beaupré are Americans, a brief account of the saint's introduction to this continent, and her assumption of sovereignty as the only true "American Queen," will, perhaps, be not out of place before we complete our pilgrimage to her shrine.

The first English words that fell upon my ears after my arrival at St. Anne de Beaupré were spoken by an American tourist who, spotting me as one of her countrymen, stopped me on the step of the Basilica.

"Oh, please tell me," she broke out impulsively, "who is St. Anne? We are all Protestants, and you know she isn't mentioned in the Bible—we are just ashamed to ask one of the priests, and we don't want to go a way without knowing."

I began to explain in good American, and in a moment a score of Yankee tourists broke from the ranks of the French pilgrims and came nearer to listen—they, too,

were unfamiliar with the story of the saint, but had come up from Quebec to see the miracles. The ignorance of the people concerning America's lone pa-

tron saint was appalling. I had myself just learned her history the day before.

As given in the official guide published by the Redemptorist Fathers, who are in charge of the Parish of St. Anne de Beaupré, and the holy relics at the Basilica, the tradition of St. Anne runs as follows:

Holy Scripture says absolutely nothing of St. Anne, even tradition is vague; but it is accepted that the name of her father was Stollan and her mother Emerentiana, her husband Joachim, or Eliachim, mentioned in St. Luke as Eli. The Virgin Mary was the one and only offspring of the alliance. Immediately after the consecration of the child to the service of the Lord St. Joachim departed from this world; but St. Anne, it is believed, lived to

educate her daughter and, perhaps, look upon the face of the infant Savior.

It is also believed that the body of St. Anne was buried first at Bethlehem,



THIS IS THE GREAT RELIC OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE, A SCULPTURED ARM, CONTAINING IN A SMALL CRYPT, AS SHOWN, A BONE FROM THE WRIST OF ST. ANNE SOME FOUR INCHES LONG, PRESENTED BY POPE LEO XIII.

afterward transferred to Jerusalem, and finally, in the early years of Christianity, the town of Apt, in France, claimed it had become the repository of the body of the blessed Virgin's mother. Suddenly, however, the remains of St. Anne seem to have been forgotten; they disappeared or were lost. No one knew how—no one inquired. Centuries after their loss, Charlemagne, says tradition, stopped at Apt to celebrate the feast of Easter. An unbidden guest in the form of a young noble, blind, deaf, and dumb from his birth, walked up to the altar and made signs to the emperor to dig. Workers were brought, and, under the direction of the deaf, dumb, and blind prodigy, unearthed a secret cell, where St. Auspicious, the Apostle of Apt, had worshipped.

From another crypt streamed rays of light through a wall that was quickly torn down by the workers, revealing a cypress wood shrine enshrouded in a veil on which was written in Latin:

Here is the body of St. Anne,
Mother of the Virgin Mary.

Instantly, as the reliquary containing the body was opened, the young man saw, spoke, and heard, and thus was performed the first recorded miracle over the bones of St. Anne.

The relics of St. Anne in the numerous Canadian churches are all from the famous shrine at Apt. The Basilica of Beaupré contains five of these relics, the first of which was brought to Canada in 1670; more than two hundred years later, in 1877, another relic was added; others again in 1889 and 1891; while in 1892 was added the Great Relic, a bone from the wrist of St. Anne, some four inches in length, presented by Pope Leo XIII. One other relic, a piece of rock taken from

the wall of St. Anne's home in Jerusalem, sums up the miracle-working relics at the now most-visited Christian shrine anywhere in the world.

St. Anne was the patron saint of Brittany, and the hardy fishermen sailors who brought her cult with them to Canada began the erection, in 1857, of the first church at Beaupré dedicated to St. Anne. Miracles are recorded from the very laying of the corner-stone, for one of the onlookers who, to show his goodwill, placed three small stones, was instantly cured of an infirmity that prevented him from working. "It was then," says a document preserved in the seminary of Quebec, "God began to work wonders through the miraculous image of St. Anne, which was placed in the church about the year 1662."

Thrice this church was rebuilt to accommodate the ever-increasing number of pilgrims; and in 1876 work was be-



INTERIOR OF THE BASILICA OF ST. ANNE, SHOWING THE STATUE IN THE DISTANCE AND THE CRUTCHES OF THOSE WHO WERE MIRACULOUSLY CURED



THE STATUE OF ST. ANNE BEFORE THE ALTAR RAIL, WITH OFFERING AT ITS BASE

gun on the Basilica, which has been twice enlarged and does not yet suffice to house all the pilgrims who arrive.

Reverentially the pilgrims remove their hats as they enter the sacred enclosure. To the farthest parts of the village their sonorous chants are echoed; slowly the open space is crossed; and at the portals of the church other priests stand ready to bless those who pass within.

On the great festal day, however, when the greatest miracles are performed, some twenty thousand praying pilgrims stand and kneel before the church.

It is safe to say that the interior of St. Anne de Beauré is artistically the most beautiful on this continent. It must be seen to be appreciated. Wonderfully colored marble columns dazzle the eye, and a carved altar of purest marble claims the mind, until the hundreds of tiny electric lights that tip the radiating halo about the miraculous image of St. Anne burst forth—then nothing within the church seems visible but the life-sized, gorgeously robed "Queen of Canada," standing upon her pedestal of almost transparent onyx. The altar is completely eclipsed.

At night, when the thousands of elec-

tric lights dart here, there, and everywhere among the rafters with marvelous effect, the high altar and its marble dome are resplendent in colored lights—suddenly all is darkness and the great halo about St. Anne shines forth, and the congregation, with one accord, bursts into an Ave Maria that thrills and stirs to the depths of

his soul even the most hardened Protestant. I know, for I have been there—women and men about me of another faith from that of the simple French peasants who burst into song before their patron saint; but one and all seemed to forget for the time being the existence of any deity but "Good St. Anne," the helper of the afflicted—the crutches of those she has succored towering to the vaulted ceiling of her earthly palace at Beauré.

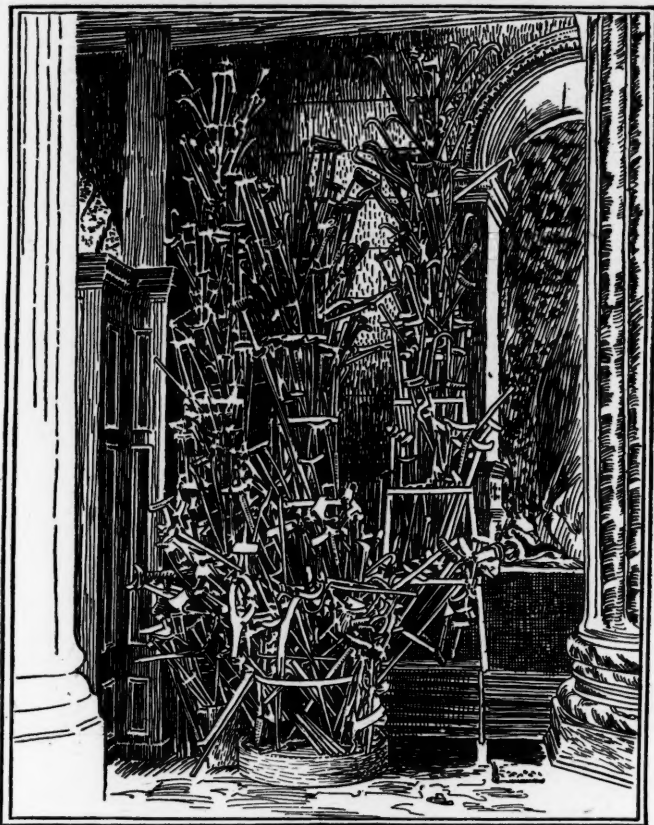
An indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines the church promises each of her faithful children who visit the Church of St. Anne de Beauré; other indulgences that may be secured there during a single day, given for religious and pious duties, relieve the believing devotee of more than a hundred years' service in Purgatory. What wonder that a quarter of a million Americans flock to the shrine of "Good St. Anne" every year, while, the world over, the fame of this church, situated in the most lovely village on the St. Lawrence, is spreading and attracting pilgrims from far-off lands!

There are those who, like the Jerusalem Crusaders of old, travel to Beauré afoot. They arrive footsore and weary, ready to drop with fatigue, but

strong in the faith that brings them to the shrine.

Few wealthy pilgrims stop overnight at St. Anne, Quebec being but twenty miles away by trolley or carriage drive; but those who do not stop a day, or

of English, or, for that matter, much of modern French. For nearly three hundred years the family names in this village have remained the same—the ways are the ways of the fifteenth century, and its customs the customs of



A FEW OF THE TREES OF CRUTCHES LEFT BY THOSE WHO WERE CURED

many days, leave the American Lourdes with no idea whatever of the real life of the strangest village on our entire continent.

Beaupré is a bit of medieval France picked up bodily and transplanted in America. Not a child on the village street speaks or understands one word

bygone days. The narrow ribbons of land that stretch back for miles from the river still constitute the farms originally marked out, with the owners' cottages upon the street that extends almost unbrokenly for hundreds of miles along the bank of the St. Lawrence. Every few miles a parish church rears

its spire, and the name of the street changes, that is all. The parish of St. Anne de Beaupré is the most famous in Canada, if not in America, for it belongs to the entire Catholic body of worshippers upon this continent. Here they come to venerate their "Queen" upon her throne, and here are witnessed the commingling of all nations in the daily processions that end their pilgrimage at the Basilica, or, as it is more devoutly called at Beaupré, the palace of St. Anne.

No matter whether or not we believe as they do, it is an edifying sight to watch the pilgrims to St. Anne during an entire day of their devotions. They begin to arrive early, the bells chime madly, and the church is soon filled. Sonorous French chants are sung by the entire congregation, the wonderful blue and white wax flowers that grow nowhere else in America form a halo about the altar, and from amid the mass of flowering blossoms the procession of priests march with the sacred relics. For hours, perhaps, the devout continue to line the altar rail in turn, to touch and kiss the reliquary as the priest in charge passes back and forth to bless all who do reverence to the bones of St. Anne.

About the miraculous image the afflicted pray and burn candles. Sometimes there is a cure—it is the expected—and no one expresses astonishment. It is merely announced, during the day, that a certain pilgrim left his crutches

with St. Anne. The thousands who receive no benefit are not discouraged—they come again and again and pray and hope. In the village is a man without arms or legs; his little son harnesses his pet dog to a cart and drives his father back and forth to the church daily, that he may supplicate the good St. Anne. There are blind, and maimed, and halt in the parish who have re-

mained there for years, ever hoping that a miracle may happen to restore their lost powers. The pilgrims pass them as they march from the Basilica to the remains of the old church built in 1657, where another seven years and seven quarantines from the tortures of Purgatory may be secured by those who, in the Chapel of the Departed, recite seven Hail Marys. Next is the Chapel of the Holy Steps; each step prayerfully ascended upon bended knees means an indulgence of three hundred days or twenty-three years in all.

It is toward the late afternoon that the procession of the fourteen stations upon the hillside in the cemetery commences. With crosses, crown of thorns, and scourges, the fathers of the order lead the way, back and forth from cross to cross, up the almost precipitous hillside. At each cross there is a sermon upon the station it represents. Hours may be consumed in the devotions of prayer, scourging, and meditations, before at last the gigantic cross at the crest of the hill is reached, and the day is over.



THE FALLS OF ST. ANNE, NAMED AFTER THE MIRACLE-WORKING MOTHER OF MARY

Each of the hundred hotels is crowded, at meal hours, almost to suffocation. After a hearty supper, for the peasant proprietors are generous to their own, the bells of the Basilica clang forth again, and once more the faithful gather in the great square and enter the church. A brief service concludes the day, during which the wonderfully manipulated electric lights run riot, changing every moment as they follow each other around columns and cornices, zigzagging here and there, then die out entirely as the halo about St. Anne suddenly sheds its glory, and the multitude greet her with song, while the sacred relics are gathered upon movable platforms carried upon the shoulders of the most privileged pilgrims, and the great procession begins.

Each of the thousands who fall in line bears a lighted candle, and out into the open air the chanting army marches around the great square where the first miracles were performed, and then a hush of silence as all turn for a long, last look at the church of St. Anne, from the pinnacle of which the saint herself stands in the attitude of one dispensing blessings. The lights are dimmed, and the pilgrims crowd into the great, long trains of cars that await them just without the holy ground.

Priests, or brothers in somber garb, lead in tuneful offices of the church, so that the ride back to Quebec remains as impressive as any part of the ceremonies of the day—then the pilgrimage is over, and the multitude once more turns its face homeward to the four quarters of the globe.

I have visited the shrines of Niko, Japan, besides which there is nothing so beautiful in all the world. I have lived among the holy Russians, in Moscow, and I have visited many of the world's most sacred shrines, but nowhere have I observed such impressive simplicity as at the American Lourdes. Last year when the Albany delegation set a record for gorgeous and impressive ceremonial at Beauré, I felt that my days at St. Anne's had been well spent, and that our country had established an old-world custom on this continent that cannot but prove interesting and fascinating to the student of primitive faith, whether he be heathen, Protestant, or Catholic.

Fortunately, such things cannot be suppressed in this free country—so, "Long live the American Lourdes," and may millions yet witness the simple faith practised by the pilgrims at the shrine of "Good St. Anne," the religious "Queen of Canada."



Any Husband to Any Wife

A SLEEP! The drapery of her resting-place
Sculptures her figure with a touch austere
That brings the gaze to pause, and draws the dear,
Familiar lines with fresh, unstudied grace.
Wondering, silent, for a little space,
With memory coursing many a checkered year,
In reverence I stand beside her here
And seek to read that well-beloved face.
If, stealing on her, calm and slumbering,
Time's fingers brushed one stray lock of her hair,
Or on the brow that I was wont to sing
Drew but a line of evil or of care,
Not Time, but I, must be the guilty thing—
Guiding Time's hand, 'twas I who put it there.

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

MAY EVE

What You Must

BY
INEZ
HAYNES
GILLMORE



A STORY IN THREE PARTS—PART III.

CHAPTER VIII.

MONSIEUR L'INCONNU turned to his other captors. He, for the first time, seemed thoroughly roused. He did not look at the fifth man. He addressed himself to the others, his eyes wandering rapidly from face to face.

"Gentlemen," he said earnestly, "I appeal to you. I seem to be unable to convince the person who—justifiably or not, I don't know, I have no means of knowing—has constituted himself your spokesman. But I hope you will listen to me. I can't seem to prove to him that I am not Boston Harry—there are no means, of course, of proving it to you—if you are, like him, convinced. I can only give you my word that I am not he, and trust to your knowledge of human nature to show you that I am speaking the truth."

He was interrupted by the man with the pudding-face. "Ah, g'wan, Harry," he said; "give us a breeze!"

Monsieur l'Inconnu bit his lips. "I see I don't convince you," he said. "Well, I can only ask you to release me. What earthly good will it do," he questioned reasonably, "if I stay here?"

The one-eyed man turned to their

chief. "That's so, boss," he said. "What's the use? Get rid of them, I say."

"Oh, no," the other disagreed. "I've got my little argument with Harry. I sha'n't have such a chance to talk with him again in a hurry. Let me have it out with him." He turned half-way round in his chair and addressed his companions. "I haven't told you who I am yet, have I? Well, I'll tell you now. I'm John Farrell. I had just escaped from Charlestown when I joined you a week ago. I had to come here; I didn't have any choice. Well, you all know that I was settled fifteen years ago, after the Fenton job, because Harry here squealed. Well, here's my chance to get square with him, and I'm going to do it, even if I send you all to the stir and I go back to Charlestown."

"John Farrell!" his companions repeated surprisedly, and there was suddenly a something in their manner besides respect, a something of admiration, a something almost of awe. They drew together, and there was a short, excited parley.

Silver-Rose listened keenly. Incomprehensible words and phrases were bandied between them. "Chi" and "Cincie" she heard them say, and there

were frequent references to the "queer," to "paper," to "shovers," "beefers," "bundles," "blokes," "bulls." Their discussion lasted for five minutes. And then, suddenly, they were silent. "Go on, John," one of them said; "this is your business—we won't interfere."

"It's your funeral, Farrell," Cig added, "and we'll let you run it—only remember we don't want to be pulled."

"I'll take care of that," Farrell promised smoothly. He transferred his attention to Boston Harry. The others talked in mysterious low tones among themselves, but gradually they became interested in the conversation again.

Boston Harry had watched them carefully. "If you want money," he said to the group, "and you'll give me the necessary time, I'll get for you any sum in reason."

They smiled at this offer, but nobody bothered to take any notice of it. He turned to Farrell. "Do I understand that you all refuse to release me?" he asked.

"That's what we're trying to drive into you," Farrell said, his tones so smooth and soft they seemed almost a whisper.

Here Silver-Rose suddenly obtruded herself. "Shall I scream?" she asked of her companion, in her clear, silvery tones.

She had been, up to that instant, absolutely quiet, but she had listened keenly. At first, after the revelation of her companion's identity, all the possibilities of her adventure had rushed madly back and forth through her mind. The situation had filled her with a terror of him so piercing that it seemed to dry her blood, to render her numb. But the more terrifying turn that the conversation had taken later had had, curiously enough, the opposite effect. It seemed to calm her, as if her fright were so great that it devoured itself. She must be alert, she realized, on her guard, ready for anything. Strange things were going to happen. Much might depend on herself. And after awhile she became aware of a novel mental condition, of a new element in her consciousness. Her blood was

tingling, her pulses snapping, her thoughts leaping with the sense of danger. But the sensation was not an unpleasant one.

The men in the room hitherto had paid little attention to her. It was as if she were invisible to them, or that she seemed a being of so different an order that she failed to interest them. Once in awhile a glance had been shot in her direction, and then withdrawn; and so quickly that she wondered afterward if she had imagined its come and go. Her question brought the gaze of every pair of eyes in the room upon her, and thereafter, openly, they stared at her.

She stood erect, her hands clasping and unclasping, or pulling nervously at her golden chain. Her big hat flared in front up and away from her brow. The situation seemed to have changed her physically, to have exaggerated every tint in her face. It no longer appealed delicately to the sight like an opening flower. She bloomed opulently, like a woman. The close, hot air of the foul-smelling room had brought to her cheeks a flush that seemed actually to flame through her pure skin. Her lips parted and curled away from her white teeth, like a rosebud that had been split and filled with snow. Her eyes were dilated with excitement; they had grown purple—a change that her eyelids, drooping from their weight of shadows, augmented. Her hair had pulled low on her forehead—it lay like a wave of gold there; little, straggling wisps of its abundance crowded about her temples and ears.

Farrell surveyed her with easy nonchalance before he spoke.

"Scream away, my dear; scream your pretty head off," he adjured her affably; "and that's all right—that's all the good it will do you. You're as safe as if you were in a padded cell. If your own father was in the next room, he couldn't hear you."

His words dropped like successive leaden plummets into her heart, sounding there unguessed depths of horror and despair. But, with her eyes on her comrade's face, she continued to ignore him. That face underwent a

swift change at the familiarity that came with their tormentor's words and manner. A look so sinister overspread it—it was as if a black cloud blotted out its expression—a menace so murderous breathed from it, that her own heart contracted.

politely, almost in a detached sort of a way. But the thick bundle of clothes on one of the shake-downs on the floor stirred feebly, revealing itself thereby to be a man.

"Very nice, indeed," Farrell commented suavely, as she paused, ex-



Farrell surveyed her with easy nonchalance before he spoke.

"Scream!" his stern lips commanded. Silver-Rose drew a long breath; then, with all the strength of her vigorous young lungs, she screamed once, twice; frenziedly again and again. There was no movement among the occupants of the room. They listened

hausted; "very pretty. Try it again, my love, I like to hear it. We ain't heard for a long time here the sweet voice of a woman."

"Doesn't the fact that I asked this lady to scream prove to you that I'm not Harry Pryor?" Monsieur l'Inconnu

said. His free look asked the question of his entire audience. "If I had just escaped from State's prison, would I be likely to invite the aid of the police in this manner?"

"I've just been thinking, Harry, what a clever dodge that was," Farrell said. "You know as well as we do that outside this house you can't hear a sound of what's going on inside. You remember the last time we was here together, we had occasion to make a test of that. You surely ain't forgotten our little experience with Cincie Charley? That was over a lady, as I remember—a pretty little lady, too; Charley's sister, weren't she? I didn't like your taste in those days, but I must say you've improved." He stared at Silver-Rose a moment. "Who's your friend?" he asked urbanely.

"Leave the lady out of the question," Monsieur l'Inconnu commanded curtly. "Well, supposing I am Harry Pryor," he went on peremptorily; "what's your business with me? Out with it, and have it over with."

"Then you admit it?" Farrell sneered questioningly.

Monsieur l'Inconnu appeared to undergo a short mental struggle. "I suppose I've got to admit it," he said sullenly.

"I thought you would," the other laughed.

"Well, what do you want of me?" Boston Harry threw at him.

"What do I want of you?" Farrell repeated, in a high, thin voice. "What do I want of you? To wish you a happy New Year, I don't think. What do you suppose I want of you, after the Fenton job?"

"That's not telling me," said his interlocutor coolly. "Still I don't understand."

"Well, let me help you a little," the other suggested kindly. "We went into the Fenton affair together. When we were caught, to save your precious skin you peached, and I went to prison. I paid for both of us. I paid for myself and I paid for you. I didn't kick at the time, but I didn't forget. Now I want you to pay me back."

"What do you want?" the other asked. "Money?"

His tormentor laughed his silent, irritating laugh. "No, dear," he said mockingly. "Money won't pay me—not a little bit."

"What do you want, then?" Pryor demanded.

Farrell brought his ten finger-tips together again, in the position that was, evidently, a mannerism with him. He put his lean, long head luxuriously back against the rickety chair-top. He contemplated Boston Harry with half-closed lids and smiling lips, but there smoldered deep down in his eyes a steady glow, as of a rising fire—it burned through the fringe of his thick lashes. Between his thin, waxy lips flashed the white of strong, wolfish-looking teeth. "That's just what I'm thinking about," he admitted purringly; "just what I'm thinking about."

He continued to meditate with half-shut eyes. The room was very silent; all conversation, even the occasional buzz of comment, had ceased. Boston Harry moved nearer to Silver-Rose. He turned his back upon their audience.

"Don't let anything I say frighten you," he breathed; "I've got to play a strange game."

His eyes were glittering with excitement, but they softened as they rested on her face. "Keep your courage up. Things can't be so bad as they look, and I'll save you some way or other."

"If only," she breathed, with equal quiet; "if only we could put that light out, Mr. Pryor; we're standing just in front of the secret closet. The spring's in a knot in the wood, in the series that runs up from the floor. It's the fifth—just where your hand is."

Pryor contemplated the door fixedly, as if still hoping that he might burst it open. His gaze wandered away from it, and casually he examined the wall back of them.

Farrell contemplated their whisperings with amused indulgence.

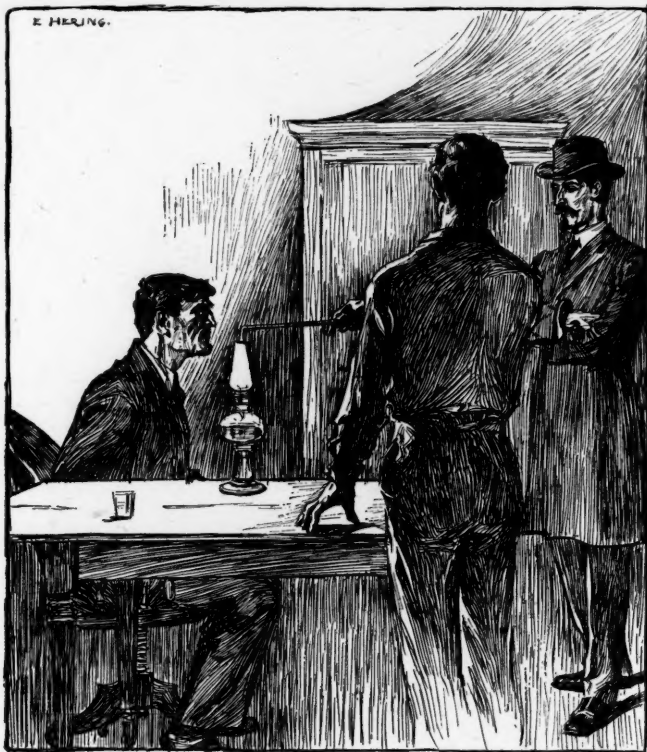
"I don't know," he said tolerantly, "as I can handle the two of you. I guess I'll get rid of one of you. Say,

Cig, take that poker and heat it over that lamp, will you?"

"Say, you ain't going to make this any murder," Cig charged him, his alarmed eyes widening. "I ain't in it, if you do."

There was a little assenting murmur from the others.

body." He paused with the utmost nonchalance, and thought further. "But I can't for the life of me think," he continued, interestedly taking them all into his confidence, "what else I want to do with him. I don't know's I want to bother with both of you. Here," he decided, "I guess I've got to make a



He was still busy, heating the poker over the lamp.

"Oh, no, nothing of the sort," their chief reassured him. He waved his hand airily to the others. "It's only a little lesson I'm going to teach Harry. Those long nights in Charlestown I worked it out just what I was going to do to pretty Harry if ever I got my claws on him again. That's all settled in my mind, and it won't hang any-

choice. Well, I tell you what I'll do," he burst out suddenly, as if seized with a fit of generosity; "I'll tell you what I will do. I'll be perfectly fair and square with you, Harry dear. After I've attended to that little matter of the poker, I'll give you your choice of two things. You can stay here with us, and we'll send the lady away; or we'll keep

the lady for awhile, and send you away. Now, that's a square deal, isn't it, boys? Which'll you take, Harry?"

CHAPTER IX.

Boston Harry's face went white, and it contracted strangely. Farrell watched him appreciatively.

"I guess if you're really consulting me, you can send me away, and keep the lady," Boston Harry decided, after a pause.

"Why, why, why!" the other exclaimed, in a voice filled with pseudo surprise. "That ain't at all what a gentleman should do, Harry. It ain't pretty at all. You jess shock me beyond words. No, come to think of it, Harry, we can't do that. No, Harry, I guess we'll have to send her away, and keep you."

"I refuse to be separated from Mr. Pryor," Silver-Rose struck in clearly, her enunciation as keen as a silver bell.

Farrell fixed his sneering eyes on her. "Oh, do you, my dear?" he said indulgently. "Well, how are you going to prevent yourself from being separated?"

"I'll go to the nearest police station," she asserted, "the moment I am free."

"We shouldn't any of us be here by that time, lovey. My, you are a nice looking girl," he paused to say, as if it had just dawned on him. "I don't see how Harry could bear to leave you. Harry ain't the boy he was once, or he'd never do it."

"You're welcome to her, if you'll let me go," Boston Harry asserted sullenly.

Farrell looked steadily at him. "Is that the way you feel about it?" he said. "All right, then, you shall have you way; it'll suit me to a T. Ain't she a sweet little dear, boys? Looks like a swell, too. I do like blondes—oh, we won't let her regret that she joined us. One of us'll just keep her amused every second of the time. Say, Cig, you've got plenty of peter left?"

"Plenty," Cig promised cheerfully. He was still busy heating the poker over the lamp.

"Well, then, I'll tell you just what the program's going to be. You see, Harry's always been a great boy with the ladies. They always like him somehow, and his heart is so big it can hold any number at a time, as easy as falling off a log. He don't seem to get old, like other men; he looks younger and handsomer now than he did four years ago. Now, I think I'll take this opportunity to fix Harry up so's he won't bother the ladies any more. I guess what we'd better do is to spoil his pretty looks. What I propose is to mark his initials with the red-hot poker on both his cheeks; it'll be a great help to the police, too. Then we'll give him some of the knockout drops, and take him out into the garden and leave him. As for you, my dear, you can stay here tonight. By to-morrow we'll have to leave these pleasant quarters. You don't have to go with us, but by that time I wouldn't be surprised if you was so attached to our company that you'd prefer to."

There was a long silence.

Then Boston Harry spoke. "Gentlemen," he said, and his voice rang out sternly, "I am in your power, and I know it. I'm willing to pay all the penalties of the situation; and I'll pay them like a man. But I want to do the paying myself. Surely you can't intend to revenge on this lady your feeling against me. Gentlemen, I throw myself on your mercy—she is my wife, and I love her better than my own safety and my own life. Only take her away from here, open that door, let her get out, and I'll submit to any revenge that your ingenuity will suggest."

One of his auditors—the little ferret-faced Cig—sneered: "Let her go, that's a healthy idea—and come back with a dozen cops."

"That's exactly what I will do—if you separate me from Mr. Pryor," Silver-Rose informed them generally.

"I'll make her swear on her sacred word of honor not to reveal what has passed to-night," Boston Harry said. "I can make her, I think; and I will make her. Look at her—you know she's different from any woman you

ever saw; you know she's a lady; you know her word would be absolutely good."

"My word would be good," Silver-Rose pronounced deliberately, "so good that no power on earth will make me take that oath."

Boston Harry turned to her. He pleaded with her. "Sylvia," he said, "if you have an atom of mercy in your heart don't interrupt, now that I see a way out. You can fancy what I'm suffering. I can handle these men, once you're off my mind. Let me get you out of here."

She smiled wonderfully up at him. She shook her head. "Not without you," she said.

He groaned. He turned to their audience again. "I can make her swear that," he assured them; "and I will yet. You see the sort of woman she is. You are as safe with her as with each other. Give her," he suggested electrically, and he smiled with the joy that the idea brought him—"give her the knock-out drops. Then we can carry her over to the Wrexmere place, and leave her somewhere near the house. She won't be found until to-morrow morning. They're giving a dance there this evening. Every servant in the house will be busy all night long. You can gag me and leave me here—when you've finished with me."

Farrell shook his head. "She's too pretty," he said casually; "I can't bear to see her go."

Boston Harry thought for a moment. "You want revenge," he said; "and you want it more than anything else in the world. Well, I can understand that feeling, and I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll take her away, I'll agree to shoot myself here before you all—or you can shoot me, if you won't trust me with a weapon. I'll sign a paper, confessing to suicide, if you wish."

"If you agree to that," Silver-Rose turned on her captors, "you'll have to kill me, too. I have, as it happens, plenty of money at my disposal. I'll hunt you all down if it takes every cent I have in the world. I'll swear in court that you made him write that letter, that

you made him kill himself to protect me."

Boston Harry looked at her somberly. Then he smiled into her face. "If you'll give me a revolver I'll shoot her and then myself," was his final proposal.

Farrell's eyes fell to the floor. "Harry Pryor," he admitted, "you've got grit."

"Harry Pryor?" Monsieur l'Inconnu said impatiently. He laughed shortly. "What nonsense! Let's drop that. I'm not Harry Pryor, and I've never been Harry Pryor." He drew his hand over his face for a second, as if to cover his eyes. "Oh, by Jove!" he cried, "it's these things that deceive you, of course." With a double movement of his hand he ripped off his mustache and imperial.

It made a change in him. It drew from the foreign quality of his appearance, and added to the American look that, with every hour, Silver-Rose saw growing more strong in his face. It further displayed a firm chin and a determined mouth, the latter with clean-cut corners.

"Now am I Harry Pryor?" he demanded.

"Of course you're Harry Pryor," Farrell reassured him.

And then two things happened.

The bundle of rags lying on the floor pulled itself up to a sitting posture—a fat, bulbous creature, with the pale-brown bristles of three-days' beard protruding from its flabby cheeks and pendulous chin, the sleep of unnumbered, torpid hours hanging in its watery eyes and its cracked lips. It blinked and scowled, it sighed and groaned, but it looked, through it all, steadfastly at Boston Harry. It looked for a full half minute.

"What yer giving us?" its husky voice promulgated after awhile. "Harry Pryor your grandmother! Harry Pryor had a three-cornered scar under his left eye."

The others started. Their eyes darted swiftly to Harry Pryor's face. In their look Silver-Rose saw swift denial change to uncertainty; saw uncer-

tainty deepen into convinced surety; saw every face grow serious, grow pale with the sense of complication that the new outlook brought.

"By thunder, he's right!" Farrell said.

And then, as they still all stood silent, some rigid, some gaping, the door burst open, and four policemen came into the room.

The confusion was immediate. The lamp was overturned and, miraculously, in its own fall, put out. There was the sound of voiceless scramblings and struggles, then the rush of locked bodies into the hall, their race and pitch down-stairs. In the midst of it there was a slight clicking sound. Silver-Rose felt her companion's arm go swiftly about her. She felt herself being lifted and drawn backward, and she submitted blindly to the power that was compelling her. She felt herself surrounded by a staler air and a deeper gloom. There was another click, and they were alone. She realized that they were in the secret closet.

They stood and listened, his arm still about her, holding her firm and close. The racket in the old house lessened, ceased; the echoes died. The silence, for fifteen minutes, was complete. Then there was the sound of heavy footsteps, and they were conscious that two men had returned to the garret room. She conjectured that they were the policemen, searching with their lanterns every nook and cranny of the old place.

"It was Boston Harry," one of them said; "I could swear to that."

"But how did they get out? Where'd they get out? And when'd they get out?" the other asked.

"That's it," the first man retorted grimly. "They was the first ones to get out; they was safe, and getting safer every minute, while we was grappling with the others. They wasn't the only ones to get away."

"Well, we've got Farrell," the other said; "that's sure."

"And there ain't no reward for him," his companion returned disgustedly.

There was no more conversation, and presently it was evident that they gave

up the search. The heavy footsteps went clumping down the stairs and about the house, as they pursued their last, hopeless, fruitless search.

"We must stay here," Monsieur l'Inconnu breathed into Silver-Rose's ear, "just as long as you can stand the air."

And they stayed, noiseless, moveless, almost breathless, as long as she could stand the air; and, indeed, a little longer. For suddenly, after an immeasurable sweep of time, as, still open-eyed, she gazed straight ahead into impenetrable gloom, that gloom, like a solid block of black adamant, seemed to rise out of space and fall directly on her, crushing her into bleak insensibility. She felt herself collapse—it was as if she shut up, like a fan. She fell forward into her companion's arms.

CHAPTER X.

When Silver-Rose regained consciousness she was being carried swiftly through the garden. She could feel the evening air blowing soft and cool on her face. She stirred languidly, and lifted her head from the shoulder on which it rested.

"Where—where——" she murmured.

"Don't move. You're all right." It was the voice of Boston Harry. "In a moment we shall be over the wall and in your own grounds."

But she was struggling definitely now, and her struggles grew mad as his grip on her slender body tightened.

"Put me down," she commanded.

"Quietly," he urged softly. "I am not sure that we are quite safe yet. Wait until you are on your own estate. I can carry you more quickly than you can walk. You are not strong enough." She relaxed weakly. In a few minutes she felt him lift her over the wall, and then he put her carefully on her feet. But he was right; she staggered as he withdrew his support, and wilted uncontrollably into the arms he quickly held out. Without further ado he threw his arm about her. They walked for a distance into the pine-grove. Suddenly he stopped.

"Perhaps you would like to recover a bit before you go indoors," he explained.

It was a glorious night still—warm

Then she lay for awhile silent, allowing the dark and dew to revive her. When she opened her eyes she stared up into the sky for a long interval. It



He looked down at her for an intent second.

and dry. But the air seemed cool beside the fetid warmth of the garret room or the musty staleness of the secret chamber, and Silver-Rose took long breaths, filling her lungs with it.

was almost as if her gaze got tangled, got lost, among the stars; through the interlacing pine-needles they seemed actually to drip—multitudes of gold globules, pendulous from the purple

sky. The pine-needles were soft to her tired figure, and soothing to her wearied head; but after awhile she sat up, with her back against a tree-trunk.

The light from the house flooded near. If she had turned her head, a shaft would have illumined her face. Her companion stood still all this time. Once he walked away a few irresolute steps, then he came back. At length he threw himself on the ground beside her, and waited.

"Tell me you feel better," he begged finally.

"Who are you?" she asked collectedly.

"The king of the fairies," he replied forlornly.

"Who are you?" she reiterated.

"Monsieur l'Inconnu," he rejoined smilelessly.

"Who are you?" she persisted.

He did not, at first, answer, and the pause grew monotonous. He turned his head away and back.

"I am Harry Eveleth," he said finally.

She was silent.

"Do you believe me?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered quietly.

Another pause.

"Tell me about it, but begin at the beginning," she commanded presently.

"To begin with, you must know," he said, "that ever since that first time I saw you in the Louvre I have been in love with you—hopelessly, of course, but none the less; perhaps, in consequence, the more madly. I tell you this not to be impertinent, but because it is the keynote of everything. I saw you twice in Paris four years ago, as I told you. That was not very much, of course, to account for such an obsession, but I began to theorize about you, to romance about you, to put you, as it were, bodily into my existence." You became the constant companion of my thoughts; you were as inevitable in my life as my very shadow. Of course I knew the whole thing was idiotic; I've had the matter out with myself millions of times. There was no chance of my meeting you, no hope of impressing you if I did meet you. I was as poor as the

Marquis of Carrabas, and perhaps even more infernally proud; and you—oh, of course everybody was at your feet. I read about you from time to time—everything I could find, in short. The papers, you know, had a cheerful habit of engaging you to a new lover regularly once a month. That sort of thing kept up for two years. My infatuation—my unrest—grew rather than diminished. You, in the meantime, had gone back to America. I thought—I even hoped—that that might end it. But it didn't end it; it made it worse. After awhile I couldn't stand it any longer. I decided to come to America for the chance of seeing you. I confess it with shame I had always regarded the United States with loathing. Until you came here I had never had the sign of an impulse to look up the record of my ancestors. That was two years ago—remember, please, that I had been in love with you for two years. Does this prolixity bore you?" he asked suddenly.

"Go on," she said.

"I came to America—it was in the spring recess. You were in New York. I stayed in New York. You went to Washington. I followed you there. There I saw you at a dance, as I told you—that was my third glimpse of you. I went to the dance. I had been doing newspaper work, and I got in that way. Oh, the exquisite refinement of the tortures of that night—to see you dancing with men—any number of them, lucky beggars! Montfort was there—it was his first visit to America. You danced with him three times. There was murder in my heart." He stopped.

"Go on," she commanded.

"You came to Boston. I followed you. You were doing work in Radcliffe. In the fall I took some courses at Harvard. And then suddenly, although we were in the same city, under the same sky, breathing the same air, you dropped out of my life completely. That is to say, I didn't see you again for nearly a year; until the spring, in fact. I haunted the places where I fancied you might be. I have sauntered for hours at a time up and down before

your house. I was always casually just passing Fay House, but I never saw you once—never, not one comforting once. And all the time my hunger for you ate at my heart. I grew morbid, despairing, desperate. Finally there was the rumor in Cambridge that you were going to play *Maire* in 'The Land of Heart's Desire.' I was beside myself. There was no possible way of my seeing the thing—the English Club is so pig-headedly exclusive. The sum and substance of it was, finally, that I bribed the caterer to let me black up and go as a waiter. I actually did that. I went there. I saw you act. I stared at you for a whole evening. I even handed you an ice."

Silver-Rose laughed.

"I wish I could laugh," he said simply. He stopped. "Shall I go on?" he asked carefully.

"Please," she entreated.

"I made all sorts of efforts to see you the next year—that was this last year, of course. But still a malign fate seemed to follow me. Wherever I was you were not; where you were I was not. We were like buckets in a well. The eternal hide and seek got on my nerves. And two months ago I had it out with myself. I had put in, I reckoned, the better part of four miserable years adoring you. I didn't begrudge the adoration; it was the uncertainty of it all that was wearing me out. It was, literally, a chase of a phantom, or a will-o'-the-wisp. I made a mighty resolution to put an end to it. Perhaps I should say that I am, by ambition, a novelist; that I have a trunk full of rejected manuscripts. I received a month ago a big offer—Paris correspondent of the *London Hour*. I decided to accept it; I did accept it. I sail, by the way, on the *Sappho* tomorrow. In the meantime, however, I had got into the Hasty Pudding Club theatricals. They came off to-night, you know. I appeared only in the first act; I had a song. I intended, when my stunt was over, to get out into the audience and watch the show from the front. But when I came off and went into the dressing-room, it came over me very

suddenly, and with a terrible—oh, an aching—sense of desolation that I was leaving you forever. I could not stand the thought that we should be thereafter in separate hemispheres. I am very erratic, as you doubtless have discovered, and the impulse came over me to go out to your house and make one final effort to see you. The idea took hold of me like a kind of possession. It left me no peace; I could not wait an instant; I had to obey immediately. I didn't even stop to take off my mustache and imperial. I had, during the evening, managed to give my arm a nasty sort of cut, but I couldn't take the time to do that up properly. I simply rolled it in a muffler and started off. It seemed like something providential, something psychic, because when I got into my car you were there." He stopped.

"Go on," she commanded inflexibly.

"Here's the part I'm ashamed of," he muttered. "There's no excuse for it," he insisted to himself, "except that I wanted to know you and talk with you more than I had ever before wanted anything. You were almost the first person I noticed after I got into the car. I discovered that you were alone, and the situation nearly crazed me. I cast over in my mind all the possibilities of my opportunity, and I could see only one way out of it—to throw myself on your mercy and tell you the whole history. But I was very averse to doing that. Presently, in spite of my preoccupation, I noticed that there were two men opposite me who were watching, and very furtively, every movement that I made. I realized in a second, of course, that it was my very palpable disguise that was attracting their attention. And then, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, the whole scheme came to me—a way to your sympathy. To pretend that I was in danger and throw myself on your protection. I calculated if the plan failed I would have lost nothing, and if it succeeded I would have gained heaven itself. The rest you know. Of course it never entered my head that the night could end with the awful scrape we got

into." He stopped and groaned. "It's inconceivable, even to myself, that I have the effrontery to ask your forgiveness," he went on quietly; "and yet you must be able to imagine what I feel—to have endangered all that I hold loveliest and most precious, and in such a monstrous way. God, my blood runs ice!" He shuddered. "It's worse now than then. Then I had to think, to act; now I can meditate coolly on the possibilities."

Silver-Rose sat silent, her head still leaning against the tree-trunk.

"Sylvia," he began softly, after awhile, "I'm going to leave you presently, but tell me first that you forgive the way I've lied to you; tell me you forgive me that awful experience in the Eveleth house. If you knew how I've loved you, how I've worshiped you, how I've hungered for a sight of you and thirsted for a sound of you. Oh, Sylvia—Sylvia—" he stopped suddenly.

Silver-Rose stirred at length. "As for what happened in the Eveleth house, that's my own fault," she said clearly. "I made you go into it—I made you take me with you. But as for the lying—well, they say all's fair, you know. I suppose I would have done the same thing in your place."

"Ah!" he uttered. He rose slowly to his feet. He looked down at her for an intent second—at her white face, set in an oval of gold; her big eyes, shining in the shaft of light. "Good-by," he whispered; and he turned and walked away.

"Don't go," Silver-Rose called softly after him; "don't go—yet."

He walked swiftly back.

"You must resemble Boston Harry very closely," she began abruptly.

He laughed a little. "Yes, it's pleasant, isn't it, to discover that you've got a criminal record, and that your picture's in the rogues' gallery?"

"I wonder if they got Farrell?" she mused.

"Oh, yes, one of the policeman distinctly said so. Anyway, we shall read all about it in to-morrow's papers."

"Do you suppose he really would have branded you?" she inquired.

"Oh, very likely," he replied indifferently; "he was a determined duffer; and then he wanted revenge—I can understand that perfectly—I believe in revenge, you know. I am naturally very vindictive."

"And what would they have done to you afterward?" she continued fearfully.

"I haven't the remotest idea. I think very likely the branding would have satisfied him."

"Do you know," she apprised him suddenly, "I wasn't so awfully frightened during our imprisonment—at least not so frightened as I would have prophesied about myself?"

"Frightened," he repeated. "I should say you weren't. You were my despair. I couldn't seem to wake you up to the seriousness of the occasion."

"Of course," she murmured, "at first I was afraid, but more particularly of you; and it hurt me to think that you had deceived me, had allowed me to get in such a position. But when you said you were not Harry Pryor, I believed you. And after that, after my trust in you had returned, I—I almost enjoyed myself. At any rate, I had a sensation that was not unpleasant—a tingling consciousness of peril. I felt that I was living. Oh, I can't tell you how heavenly it was to live—I can't describe it to you. If you could only realize the frightful monotony of my life, its maddening iterations—oh, how it tires me—how it bores me! I am as much on a wheel as any squirrel in a cage."

"Oh, Rose," he quoted under his breath; "'thou art sick.'"

"Egypt's the only place that's never bored me," she pursued her meditations dreamily. "You've never seen stars until you've camped out on the desert. They're sheer white fire—a conflagration in the sky. And the sunsets melted ruby and beryl. And the storms, and the silence—oh, it's different."

She broke off. "Do you know," she said suddenly, in very businesslike tones, "that there's a chance that I may sail on the *Sappho* to-morrow?"

CHAPTER XI.

He threw himself at her feet. "A chance," he echoed. "Come," he pleaded; then a little softer: "Come, dear."

"Why?" she asked, still dreamily.

"Because you must, my child," he said quietly; "because it's your fate to go, and you can't fight fate. Sylvia," he said, "all my life I have known that some time I should have a big moment. I have known that that moment would bring me the bliss of heaven or the pangs of hell. I've waited all my life for it to come, and I've held myself in readiness for anything that it might hold for me. And I say to you now, whatever it brings, I'm glad I've waited for it. It has come, Sylvia—Sylvia—*this is my moment.*"

Silver-Rose started. She stared at him steadily. When he ceased to speak she turned and stared quite as intently away from him. The light from the window fell on eyes that blazed like happy stars.

"Oh, the wonderful coincidences," she murmured at last; "the wonderful, wonderful coincidences!"

"You see—you must come on the *Sappho* to-morrow," he ventured.

"I'm afraid," she whispered.

"Do you recall," he helped her whimsically, "that the fairies may steal new-married brides upon May Eve? And you are, by your own confession, a new-married bride; and I am, by your own selection, the king of the fairies."

She smiled at him.

"Come newly married bride," he quoted softly.

"I—"

"White bird, white bird, come with me, little bird."

"But—"

"Come little bird with crest of gold—"

"I think that I would stay—and yet—and yet—" she supplemented him softly.

"Come little bird with silver feet."

"Let's look at the dancers," she said suddenly, rising.

He sighed deeply, but he followed her.

They found a secluded, vine-wreathed corner in the wide piazza, where, through one of the long windows, they could see without being seen.

It was like looking into a crystal. Many of the long, high walls were merely mirrors, and these alternated frequently with high, wide windows. There were, suspended from the ceiling, three huge crystal chandeliers, of an old-fashioned tiered and bulbous variety. Along the walls there were supplementing sprays of lights, whose flames spurted through calyxes of crystal. It happened that many of the women wore tulle that night—pale pinks and blues and greens. They drifted in the ambient atmosphere like flowers submerged in liquid, like complicated floating bells, that would have arisen to the surface and escaped if they had not been moored to their black and white partners.

Silver-Rose turned to her companion suddenly. "You must be about my brother's height," she said.

"Yes, I have seen him—we must be about the same height," Eveleth assured her.

"And what time is it?"

He looked at his watch. "One to those people in there, eleven to me," he said. "Oh, what will they say to you? What will they do to you?" he groaned.

"Nothing," she said composedly. "I am my own mistress. Now, let me see; there are at least two more hours of dancing. My brother Beaufort is away. Won't you come in and get into his things?—and we'll have a dance together."

He stared at her. "You *do* have ideas," he said dazedly, "but—but is it possible?"

"Perfectly," she announced tranquilly; "the servants will take care of you beautifully; and I'll tell mother I brought you along from Doris'. I'll fix Doris over the phone to-morrow. Do you care?"

"Care?" he said. Then he sighed again, but this time not unhappily.

"Well, come, then," she ordered.

"I'll make a bargain with you," he said ardently. "I'll wear your brother's things if you'll wear the gown I saw you in—in Langwall's studio—that white, crazy affair."

"It's very old," she said.

"Please."

"I don't think it fits now. I'm not nearly so slender."

"Please."

"And I have a new one—a very pretty one."

"Please."

"White tulle," she tempted him; "it's as delicate as a cobweb."

"Please."

She stared again into the dance. "There are a great many tulle," she meditated; "they will take it as another evidence of my eccentricity—my insanity," she added. "Well, I will," she conceded. "Come."

"I hate to leave them," he admitted, with a backward glance.

"Leave whom?" she asked surprisedly.

"Prince Hal and the Princess Daylight."

"Perhaps we shall find them again some time," she suggested softly. "Are you coming?" He seized her hands.

"Tell me first," he begged, "that you will sail to-morrow on the *Sappho*—tell me—oh, tell me." He pressed her hands hard.

Silver-Rose gazed inscrutably into the darkness. Dreams were filling her brilliant eyes; and tired shadows, that her youth rendered pearly, were accentuating them.

"Perhaps," she said, at length.

"My little Daylight, my heart of gold, my *lune de miel*," he whispered; and suddenly his words broke away from their English cages, softening into a flood of Italian diminutives. His arms went gently about her. Her lids drooped, but she did not stir. He drew her closer to him, and their lips met in a long kiss; soft as velvet, fine as fire.

(From the *Boston Herald*, Sunday, May 2.)

Among the passengers on the *Sappho*, sailing from Boston yesterday, were the Samp-

son-Somersets and their two daughters, Barbara and Muriel. At the last moment Miss Sylvia Wrexmere very unexpectedly joined their party.

(From the *Boston Herald*, Sunday, May 2.)

The dance given by the Wrexmeres at their house in Brookline the evening of April 30 was the prettiest and jolliest of the season. It took place the night the Pudding play was given in Cambridge, and all the principals appeared at the dance, shortly after midnight. Mr. Henry Eveleth, who made so great a success of his song in the first act, was among them. Mr. Eveleth, it will be recalled, is the owner of the fine old Eveleth mansion in Brookline. He is the son of the late Hamlin Eveleth. Miss Sylvia Wrexmere was detained away from home, so that she was unable to join her mother's guests until after midnight. She was, as usual, the belle of the occasion, although—with the touch of eccentricity that distinguishes her—she appeared in a gown of two seasons back, a white crape, the front ornamented with a cascade of bride-roses that extended from the shoulders to the knees. Mrs. Wrexmere wore purple panne, the Misses Somerset, etc., etc.

(From the *Boston Herald*, Sunday, May 2.)

Mr. Henry Eveleth sailed for England on the *Sappho* yesterday. Mr. Eveleth has just accepted the position of Paris correspondent of the *London Hour*.

(From the *Boston Herald*, May 4.)

Harry Pryor, better known to the Boston police as Boston Harry and Snappy Harry, was captured in New York this morning. He escaped from Sing Sing on April 28, and he has been at large until to-day. A reward offered, etc.

(From the "Looker-On" Column in the *Boston Record*.)

A good joke on a pair of Boston's finest guns is going the rounds and exciting any amount of comment in police circles. It will be recalled that Harry Pryor—or Boston Harry, as the Boston police best know him—escaped from Sing Sing about ten days ago. A reward of one thousand dollars was offered for his recapture. Two of our Boston detectives, remembering that Boston Harry once took refuge in a tramps' roost in the old Eveleth mansion in Brookline, conceived the idea of watching that vicinity closely. They insist that they saw Boston Harry enter the house on the night of April 30, accompanied by a woman. They telephoned for help and raided the place. Boston Harry had either gone, or he got away during the *mélée*. He was captured within a few days in New York. But the curious part of the whole affair is that they did recapture the notorious John Farrell, who had escaped from Charlestown the week before, and had been hiding, in the interval, in the Eveleth

house. Some small fry in the way of petty criminals were also arrested there that night. The men all swear that Boston Harry was not among their number. There was no reward offered for Farrell.

(From the *Boston Herald*, August 30.)

To the tremendous surprise of her friends—and of even her parents, it is whispered—Miss Sylvia Wrexmere was married very suddenly on Friday last to Mr. Henry Eveleth, at the villa of Mr. and Mrs. Langwall at Grez. Mr. Eveleth is the Paris correspondent of the *London Hour*. His first novel, "The Choice," has just been published, and is the literary and financial success of the London season. Mr. Eveleth, it is understood, has been in love with Miss Wrexmere for years, but their friendship

has not been of long standing. It is hinted that it was a case of love at first sight. The wedding was strictly in accordance with the bride's well-known reputation for eccentricity. Only members of the family were present at the ceremony, which, it has leaked out, took place, by stipulation of the groom, by the light of the new moon, out of doors, in the Langwalls' garden. Miss Wrexmere wore what was also the groom's choice, the gown in which she appears in Mr. Langwall's very remarkable portrait: white crape and pearls, the corsage decorated with bride-roses. The groom's gift to the bride, in deference, doubtless, to the occasion, was a set of antique East Indian jewelry. It was made of crescents of dull wrought gold, set with some very remarkable moonstones. The young people went to Egypt on their wedding-trip.

THE END.



The Clinic

THE forty-seventh patient at the Psychological Institute was a woman with a bandaged head and an imperfect heart. The lecturer rolled her over.

"We see here," he began, addressing the students, "a victim of a common but dangerous ailment. The wounds on this patient's head come from knocking. There is an epidemic of this disease in town at present, and it will be well for you to know how to repair the blows of the social hammer. Really, this lady has been severely knocked. You can see the marks left upon the whole frontal area."

He drew up a large iron tank, and inflated the patient with hot air, then produced a small vial.

"The remedy is, however, simple," he went on. "Take two parts conceit and one part revenge, mix, and apply liberally." He swathed the head in the bandage and pronounced her cured of the first complaint.

Then, making a deep incision above the breast, he inserted his hand and drew forth a large conical object.

"The heart, as you see, is broken and scorched on the edges. Science has, you know, pronounced this organ as useless as the vermiform appendix. We shall therefore remove it and put in its place a blank book. The lady will suffer no more, but the public will have to stand the consequences."

Then, after stitching the flap together with bookbinder's thread, he restored the patient to consciousness.

"Oh, I feel so much better," she exclaimed. "And yet, I am different, somehow!"

"True, madam, you *are* different," replied the doctor. "You are now an authoress, so called, and are privileged to use three names."

A month after that her new novel was advertised in the Sunday papers.

GELETT BURGESS.



WET WEATHER

BY WALLACE IRWIN.



I'VE knocked about a thousand ports
In many a far countree,
But the dampest place I ever seen
Is the bottom of the sea;
Both rubber coats and rubber boots
Or umber-ellas stout
Can't keep the rain from soakin' through,
Can't keep the moisture out.

The *Piebald Kate* went down that day
With all that sailed thereon,
And dropped us in an oyster bed,
Both me and Brother John.
"Oh, John," says I, "Oh, John," says I,
"I see it plain as plain——"
"Oh, Bill," says 'e, "Oh, Bill," says 'e,
"It's a-goin' for to rain."

So up we h'ist our umberell'
And donned our coats of gum,
The sea grew cold, the thunder rolled,
And down the rain she come;
The little fishes hurried by
Afrighted and a-fret,
And hid beneath the coral reefs
To keep from gettin' wet.

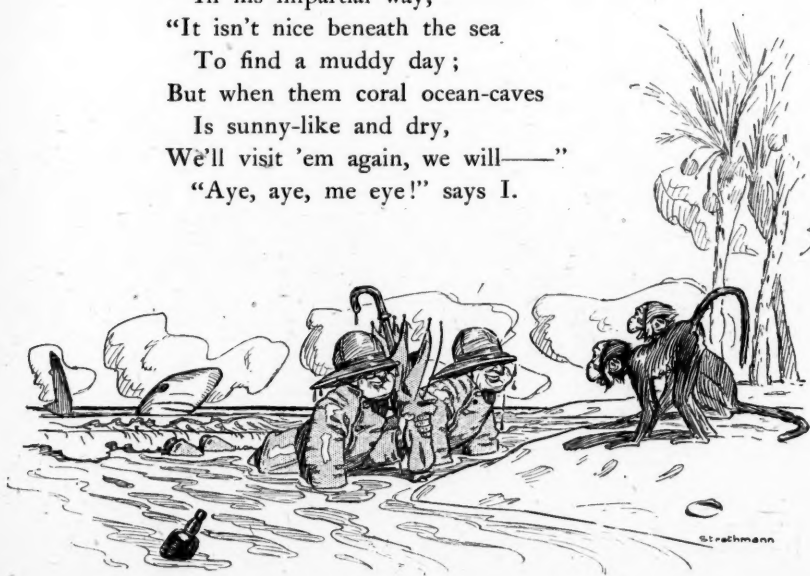
"Oh, John," says I, "Oh, John," says I,
"I'm sufferin' from chills.

The water's runnin' through me hair
And from me shoes in rills."

"Oh, Bill," says 'e, "Oh, Bill," says 'e.
A-holdin' of me hand,
"If we're a-goin' to drown," says 'e,
"Let's drown on good, dry land!"

So closin' up our umberell',
Back through the waves we swum,
Unto the coast of Ballyhoo
Where on the shore we clum.
The sand was white, the day was bright,
The breezes warm and tame;
The sunshine was a-smilin' sweet,
And *we* felt much the same.

"Oh, John," says I. "Oh, Bill," says John,
In his impartial way,
"It isn't nice beneath the sea
To find a muddy day;
But when them coral ocean-caves
Is sunny-like and dry,
We'll visit 'em again, we will——"
"Aye, aye, me eye!" says I.



TIDDLES-TODDLE TALES

EDWIN L. SABIN



V.

The Adventure of the Alley Feud

THE morning sun was warm and bright, shining into the alley and reflecting pleasantly from the sheds and barns and fences bounding that thoroughfare. A fascinating place for a boy was the alley; so deemed Toddles Brown, sauntering comfortably along it, his hands in his pockets, his right cheek bulged by a round candy "sucker," and his eyes on the alert for spoils.

The alley was strewn with disfigured tinware, crockery equally disfigured, appealing carcasses of rodent, cat, and fowl, and other rejectamenta of house and yard. Toddles here and there investigated; turning aside, pausing, kicking at objects of interest, and now and then moved to lift and examine more closely.

In a small dust-heap he found a pencil-stub—a real prize, which he gloatingly stuffed away. In the same heap he rescued from innocuous desuetude a rubber band. Farther on he unearthed a cracked saucer, gilt-rimmed. This likewise he stowed upon his person. Something of a magpie was Toddles.

As he started up again, after a casual scrutiny, he caught a derisive little laugh, evidently intoned for his ears. With the quick antipathy of the roving stag he looked. Across a back fence of two rows of boards, bridging a gap

'twixt shed and shed, he beheld in the yard another boy, presumably occupied with domestic outdoor labor. At any rate, in his hands was a rake.

'Twas a new boy, of visage and figure unfamiliar to Toddles; therefore obnoxious. He must have just moved in; probably he had just come to town. In fact, traces of straw, and a quantity of barrels and boxes about the premises, suggested recent arrival. He was of a bit larger frame than Toddles, and was slightly sturdier. Meeting Toddles' scrutiny, he made a sneering face. Toddles, nothing loath, responded in kind.

"Alley picker! Alley picker!" jeered the boy.

"Shut your mouth! 'Tain't your alley!" retorted Toddles.

"As much mine as 'tis yours," asserted the boy.

"An' it's as much mine as 'tis yours, too. Guess I've lived on it longer'n you have," rebuked Toddles.

"Ya, ya, ya! Alley rat! Aw, I wouldn't be an old alley rat!" flouted the boy.

"Good reason why!" declared Toddles.

"Think I'm afraid to come out?" demanded the boy.

"Good reason why!" repeated Toddles, pleased at having lighted upon a reply that irritated.

"Think I am, do you?" again demanded the boy.

"Good reason why!" reiterated Toddles, willing to abide by the insinuation.

"Bet you I ain't!" said the boy.

"Good reason why!" persisted Toddles.

The boy advanced a few steps, and stopped. Toddles stood stanch—although one foot retreated an inch or two.

"You say that any more and I'll show you!" threatened the boy.

"Good reason why!" continued Toddles.

"If I come out there I'll lick the stuff-in' out of you," informed the boy.

"Good reason why!" answered Toddles, inwardly paling, but outwardly unaffected.

"I can do it, all right."

"Good reason why!"

"Think you're smart, don't you?"

"Smarter'n you are. Good reason why!"

"Dare you to wait till I get where you are?"

"Good reason why!"

"You say that just once more, now."

"Good reason why!"

The boy advanced again resolutely.

Toddles stirred not. The boy put a leg over the top rail of the fence. Toddles bided. The boy put the other leg over. Toddles apparently was firm. Suddenly the boy made a little rush—with great display of ferocity, but with small ground-covering result; as suddenly Toddles stooped and, picking up a stone, hurled it—and ran.

The stone struck the boy on the thigh. Grabbing the projectile from the ground, he made after Toddles furiously.

For dear life scurried Toddles up the alley, dodging and ducking, ten rods; then with an abrupt turn scrambled over

Adams' back fence and raced around the wood-shed and through the next yard.

The stone wasted itself on the fence just beneath him as he piled over. Realizing that out of superior knowledge of the by-ways hereabouts the fugitive had the better of the matter, at the fence the boy stopped, to yell panting invectives and threats at the space beyond him.

Toddles, halting, breathless, yelled back.

"Cowardie! Cowardie!" hooted the boy.

"Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya!" gibed Toddles—from his safe distance.

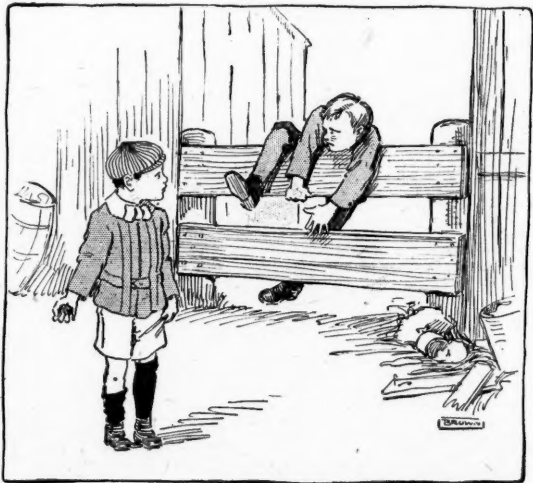
"Dare you to come back. Dare you half-way," taunted the boy.

"Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya!" gibed Toddles, restricting himself to sound without sense save the insulting.

"Just wait till I ketch you!" menaced the boy.

With a final yelp of scorn, Toddles proceeded on through the yard. The boy returned to his own bailiwick.

It seemed to Toddles that so far the morning had been profitable. He swaggered on his way, but with mental res-



The boy put a leg over the top rail of the fence. Toddles bided.

ervation to avoid, for some time, that particular stretch of alley.

Now, in accord with the subtle, telepathic bond of union popularly supposed to exist between twins, Tiddles—Toddles' other self—should have been intuitively aware of the peril which was attached to this portion of the alley. But alas! no. All unwarned loitered Tiddles, unconsciously following, within the hour, the trail of his brother along that delightful highway. And foraging as fancy invited, he was much surprised, not to say annoyed, to have, without premonition, a strange boy spring out upon him, into his very face, and by word and manner intimidate.

"I got you now!" proclaimed the strange boy.

Tiddles stared.

"You know what I'm goin' to give you! I told you, didn't I?" reminded the strange boy.

Tiddles did not recall; but he could guess.

"I ain't done anything," he remonstrated, backing up.

"Aw, no—you didn't hit me with a rock, or nothin'!" sneered the strange boy indignantly, keeping close against him. "And then run off! Say you're sorry. Get down on your knees and beg and double beg."

To Tiddles the idea was repugnant. Besides, he suspected what the error was.

"'Twasn't me," he denied stoutly.

"You're a liar; 'twas, too," asserted the strange boy, pressing upon him with doubled fists. "Have got a good mind to bloody your nose. Say, shall I bloody your nose? Maybe you think I can't?"

No, Tiddles did not desire to have his nose ensanguined. He had been uneasily glancing from side to side, like a cornered cat; and on a sudden he wheeled and bolted. But the boy's fist smote him on the neck and knocked him sprawling, forward. And when he staggered up, still impelling himself onward, the boy struck him again, on the ear, and again on the top of the head; and the boy's foot landed against him hard, behind, at the skirt of his

short jacket; so that, bellowing loudly, Tiddles wended his way down the alley, while the strange boy, his assailant, stood mocking and vilifying.

"That's what you get for bein' so smart!" called after him the strange boy. "Next time you come through my alley I'll give it to you again."

"'T—'tain't your alley," howled back Tiddles.

"You try and see," challenged the boy.

"I'll tell my brother on you," announced Tiddles, over his heaving shoulder.

"Aw, your brother! Who's your brother? I can lick you and your brother with one hand," scoffed the strange boy, triumphant.

"You wait! Jus' you wait!" promised Tiddles; and as the savage throws dust, in token of defiance and contempt, so Tiddles flung a rock with all his force. It went wide of the mark; the strange boy ridiculed the more; Tiddles continued his retreat.

Dusty and tear-stained and vengeful, swayed by grief and chagrin and wrath—a most filling mixture—his excursion ruthlessly abridged, like a maltreated homing-pigeon, Tiddles entered the back gate of his own yard. As he neared the side door, his wails increased in square ratio as the distance decreased. Mother rushed to the rescue, receiving him on the threshold.

"A big boy-oy hit me," wailed Tiddles.

"Where?" asked mother.

"Here!" wailed Tiddles, indicating the left ear.

Mother was properly aghast.

"Why, what made the big boy hit you?"

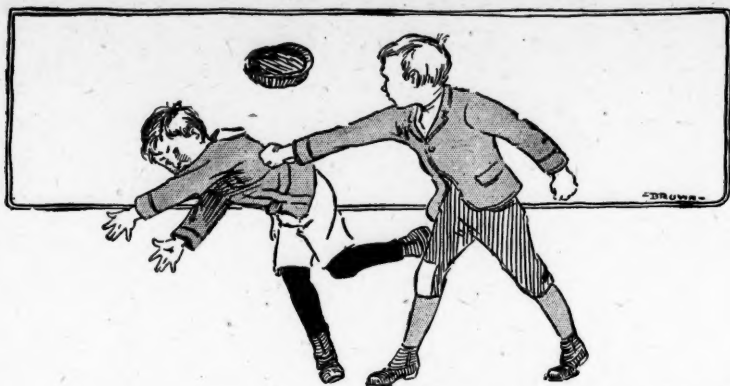
"I don't know-ow," vouchsafed Tiddles.

"What big boy was he?"

"I don't know-ow," informed Tiddles.

"Well, he was a bad, naughty boy," declared mother comfortingly.

The idea! Striking her. Tiddles! 'Twas sacrilege. She had a fitting notion that such a boy should be put in



The boy's fist smote him and knocked him sprawling.

jail immediately. Then she saw herself donning her bonnet and at once seeking out the boy's mother, and warning her to have him punished. Then she determined to wait and tell Mr. Brown, and let him carry the protest. For the present she contented herself with wiping Tiddles' eyes and fondling him compassionately.

"There!" she said. "Now get a cooky and play in the yard. And stay away from the place where that wicked boy lives, so that you won't provoke him."

Munching his cooky, Tiddles wandered into the yard. Toddles, his twin and innocent accessory before the fact to his late misfortune, entered and joined him.

Tiddles' eyes were still dewy, and the course of tears, only widened by mother's wipings, still were visible upon his cheeks; dust was upon the knees of his knickerbockers—not in itself incriminatory, but adding to the strength of the circumstantial evidence.

Toddles looked upon him gravely. "Gimme a piece," suggested Tiddles.

"Naw," denied Tiddles querulously.

He considered that he had earned that cooky, and was entitled to even more in the way of substantial consolation.

"Been cryin'," twitted Toddles.

Tiddles' tears flowed afresh.

"A great big boy jumped on me an' hit me," he lamented.

"What for?" queried Toddles, with excitement aroused.

"Nothin'. I was jus' goin' along, an' he come out an' hit me," quavered his brother.

"Where? Whereabouts, Tid?"

"Up the alley."

"Back of that house where they've jus' moved in?"

"Uh-huh."

"Aw, he ain't big. I saw him. What did you let him lick you for? Aw, gee, Tiddles!"

"He is too big," wailed Tiddles indignantly. "He's twice as big as us."

In proportion as Tiddles was disposed, defensively, to exaggerate, so Toddles was tempted, offensively, to deprecate.

"That kid? That new kid? Aw, shucks! Bet you I could lick him easy! Huh! You wait!"

Toddles' present display of valor was ill in harmony with his flight of an hour previous; but Tiddles did not know.

"He took me for you," he accused aggrievedly. "Wish it had been you; then you'd see!"

"Bet you he wouldn't have licked me that way!" boasted Toddles, strutting.

"You go along up the alley, if you're so brave. You're 'fraid!" challenged Tiddles, stung into chagrin renewed.

"Well—I will, when I want to," deposed Toddles more mildly.

"I'm goin' to tell papa, an' he'll have him arrested," decreed Tiddles vindictively.

His brother eyed him solemnly, watching the last vestige of the cooky disappear. The blockade of the alley was an inconvenient situation. Then, like an Achilles at a council, spake Toddles:

"No; I'll tell you what. Come on into the wood-shed."

In the wood-shed they deliberated.

"See?" concluded Toddles.

"You got to go first," stipulated Toddles.

"Uh-huh. You go first, an' I'll be ready an' come the minute you call."

"Naw, sir; you might not come," objected Toddles, with lively memory of his recent plight.

"I'd come. Hones' I would—cross my heart an' hope to die! You're the one he licked, anyway, so you ought to be the one to go again."

"But he thought me was you," protested Toddles eagerly. "Naw, sir; I've been once. You got to go first."

"All right," assented Toddles, with fine magnanimity. "Then when I get him out, an' we go to fightin', you got to come quick, 'fore he skips in again."

"I'll come," engaged Toddles.

They ventured forth into the alley, and side by side boldly trudged up it, between its warm confines. Gradually

Tiddles fell rearward. At a shed corner he stopped.

"I'll stay here," he proposed.

"'Tain't near 'nough," demurred Toddles in a whisper.

"Yes, it is. See—when you call I'll run 'round an' come out the other side, so's to head him off, maybe."

"W-well," yielded Toddles huskily. "Now you come!" he admonished—singularly solicitous for a youth who could handle the enemy single-handed.

"I will."

Tiddles remained behind, secreted. Toddles, whistling disjointedly, with assumed carelessness, in his fist a rock, proceeded.

The foe was knocking boxes to pieces. The blows of his hammer could be heard. At the fence Toddles halted and looked in. The foe's back

was turned, and he did not note. Toddles delivered his rock; it clattered upon the back porch of the house.

The foe—otherwise the boy—started.

"Say! you'd better not do that again!" he scolded.

"Do it as much as I like," jeered Toddles. "Dare you to come out! Dare you to come out!"

"Want to get licked again, don't you?" suggested the boy. "Aw, criminy! Got licked and run home to tell mama!"

"Didn't lick me," contradicted Toddles. "You couldn't lick a flea."



"Say 'nough," bade Toddles hoarsely.

"Did lick you, and I can prove it," maintained the boy.

He dropped his hammer, and, as before, made a threatening advance movement.

"Prove it, prove it!" flaunted Toddles, dancing about. "Dare you to come out! Take a dare! Take a dare!"

"You'd better shut up, if you know what's good for you," scowled the boy.

"Aw, I wouldn't take a dare! Kid who'll take a dare'll steal sheep," proclaimed Toddles, capering insultingly. He threw another rock.

The boy, dashing forward, with fierce show of aggression, dodged—needlessly—and at the fence halted, according to his tactics, with a leg over.

"Dare me?" he demanded.

Toddles hesitated. It certainly was a big boy—truly formidable! He glanced apprehensively in the direction of Toddles' concealment.

"Uh-huh," he said, but with a marked lack of enthusiasm.

The boy bluffly vaulted the fence, and with fists clenched bore down upon him. The crucial moment had arrived. Toddles blanched, but he stood fast.

"You jus' hit me!" he defied.

"What'd you do?" sneered the boy.

"You jus' hit me!"

"What'd you do?"

Suddenly Toddles darted in and caught the monster about the waist.

"Tiddles! Tiddles! Help, Tiddles! I got him!"

The shrill appeal filled the alley. Tiddles, cowering in covert around the corner of the shed, heard; his response was instant, for blood is thicker than water, and Tiddles was no craven when he once had decided. He sped frantically for the other side of the shed.

Amazed, the terrible big boy was vainly endeavoring to break his assailant's grip; belaboring Toddles' back and flinging him off his feet. To the debris underfoot they floundered, Toddles beneath.

"Tiddles! Come on, Tiddles! I got him!"

Incessant, at times somewhat muffled, sounded the slogan. Out from a narrow passage between shed and adjacent barn—a regular cat hole—squirmed Tiddles, to launch himself on the enemy's back.

Desperately he tugged. The enemy clung, resisting. Toddles, beneath, wriggled and fought.

Resistlessly—slowly, to be sure, but resistlessly—they turned him; aye, they turned him, that enormous creature! They got him down. Tiddles sat on his legs and Toddles, very dusty, sprawled upon his chest, pinioning his arms. All panted. Between paroxysms, Toddles jabbed him on the nose.

"I ain't got any place to hit him!" complained Tiddles, grunting, bending all energies to mastering those restless legs.

"Say 'nough," bade Toddles hoarsely.



"Golly! Didn't we lick him easy though?" crowed Toddles.

The boy heaved mightily—but without result.

Toddles persistently jabbed him with a free fist.

"Say 'nough.'"

"'Nough! I said 'nough!" blubbered the boy, conquered in body and spirit. "Darn you—you're makin' my nose bleed! 'Nough! 'Nough!"

Toddles administered a final jab.

"All right, then. Let him up, Tid," he puffed, rolling off and standing.

Tiddles also arose. The enemy, blubbering, scrambled to his feet; and, blubbering, disheveled, gingerly testing the condition of his nose—which was *not* bleeding—climbed back over his fence

and traversed his yard. At a discreet distance he turned.

"Two against one! 'Fraid to fight me alone!" he accused angrily.

"Ya, ya, ya-a!" replied the twins.

Wofully the boy entered his house by the kitchen door.

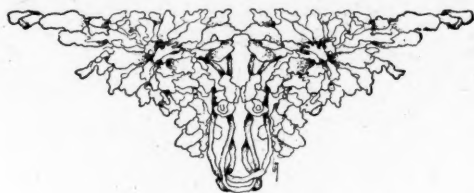
Shoulder to shoulder, mien valiant, self-conscious, the twins retraced their steps down the alley.

"Golly! Didn't we lick him easy, though?" crowed Tiddles.

"If you hadn't come, bet you I'd have licked him myself!" asserted Toddles.

"Bet you I could lick him *myself*, too!" asserted his brother.

Huh!



A Nut-Brown Maid

HER hair was spun by fairy hands,
 Nimble and manifold,
 Of dark bitumen, digged by gnomes,
 And strands of fairy gold.
 They made her damask cheeks of tints
 Loved by the sun and dew,
 With that clear tone that warms and lets
 The rose of health shine through;
 Her eyes are sparkling forest ponds
 Whereto the sun leaps down
 Through depths and depths of forest shade,
 A vivid amber brown.
 Then, as the dainty sculptors traced
 The contour of her chin,
 A glancing finger brushed her cheek
 And pressed a dimple in.
 Her ankle they have made to tread
 A fairy measure round;
 The slim, arched foot that carries her
 Seems scarce to press the ground.
 Elves made the body that I know,
 Perfected, sound, and whole;
 But farther vainly would I seek—
 'Twas God who made her soul!

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

Just to Pass the Time

TO PREVENT CROWDING.

GOTTEM—(*The only young man left at the shore on Monday morning, to hotel clerk*)—Please post a notice saying that I will be in my accustomed place on the piazza to-night at eight. Line forms on the right.

IN OLD "MIZZOURA."

DAUGHTER—Pop says he wants th' Bible a minute.
MOTHER—Yo' go tell pop go chase hisself! He's used up more'n half th' Bible fo' gun-wadding already, and I needs th' rest fo' curl-papers!

THE PICK OF THE LOT.

OLD FARMER BROWN (*growing mellow and confidential*)—When I die, my youngest darter will git a sixth of my estate; my nex' eldest will git a fifth; and my oldest will git a fourth.

YOUNG FARMER JONES (*thoughtfully*)—Waal, Brown, I kinder reckon I'll wait for yer widder; she'll git a third.

THE TEST.

FIRST BOY—Aw, this is no fun!

SECOND BOY—Aw, yes, it is—this is one o' th' things maw licks us fer doing!

TRUE IRISH HEARTS.

MIKE—Will ye marry me, Norah? Oi'm a poor, lonely bachelor who has no home!

NORAH—Sure, thin, Oi'll share it wid ye, Mike, poor bye.

HIS TROUBLE.

"BOB is always full of trouble."

"Can't he rise above it?"

"No; he has to crawl under it: it is his auto that troubles him."

TO MAKE ENDS MEET.

SICK GAMBLER—How much will this operation cost, doctor?

DOCTOR—Five hundred dollars!

GAMBLER—Say, doc, have you got time to play a game of poker with me first?

DRESSING FOR THE CAMERA

BY
ANNE O'HAGAN

SOUVENIRS are frequently painful when looked upon after disillusion has set in, and they are best kept under lock and key. When they are the photographic souvenirs of one's career it is even wise to destroy them. Nothing can give one quite the sense of the hopelessness of trying to retrieve one's early errors as the knowledge that in photographic albums and collections throughout the land she is still to be seen at open-mouthed, pantaletted five, at banged and banged fifteen, at simpering eighteen and sentimental twenty-two. What is the use of trying to persuade the community that one is a sane and cheerful-minded person of no overwhelming follies when every relative's house has one's whole career portrayed as ridiculous? For nine out of every ten photographs, after they have seen their third year, are ridiculous.

Any woman who will summon the requisite moral courage to look over her collection from infancy up, will soon

come to the conclusion that it is not her face but her clothes and her pose that give her the caricature effect her soul deplores. Her dressmaker, the fashion of the particular year of grace in which her picture was taken, and the position her vanity or her photographer led her to assume—these are the things that bring the blush of shame to her maturer cheek.

There she is, for instance, a comparatively unobjectionable infant in her nurse's arms; the voluminous white

frock is really all the picture, and fashions in garments for three months' babies do not change greatly from year to year; but a year or two later, when a disfiguring style of youthful *coiffure* known as the "roach" was in vogue—what a fright she was then! At seven, probably, she sat on the edge of a chair, a sullen-looking little image, with close-cropped hair and a checked pinafore, her unhappy little legs, in their striped stockings, dangling about as easily as two



Sections of an anatomical exhibit.

pieces of wood. At twelve she probably looks like an apple dumpling in a frilled bag, thanks to the flounced and voluminous fashion of that period. At sixteen, with a heavy bang and a skin-tight jersey—the pride of her heart at the time—she looks incomparably awkward in figure and very nearly criminal in face. The bang of that date made the feminine countenance, according to the enlightened view of today, the nearest possible approach to the degenerate.

At eighteen she is probably to be seen sniffing at a rose; at twenty-two, when all her world knows that she was living comfortably in a Harlem flat, her picture shows her descending a magnificent flight of marble stairs toward a palace park; at twenty-four she probably dwarfs the Dutch chair in which she sits by the breadth of her balloon sleeves.

In all such collections which relatives and other foes cherish from year to year there is seldom anything to please even the least vain and self-centered woman; and as she studies the evidences of her early indiscretion, she always

finds that it is not the look of her eyes and eyebrows, the cut of her nose and chin, which is a libel upon herself as she is, but her hair, her dress or her pose that makes her seem so. Yet the chances are ten to one that she will pack her latest evening gown into her bag, do her hair in an exaggerated "flop," pose against a balustrade with a rose dropping from her hair to her shoulder, and another drooping in her fingers, and be deeply grieved five years hence because the picture does not seem like herself as she remembers herself.

In these days of "art" photography two contradictory things may be said: First, there is no excuse for a fashion-plate picture—the photographer is only too anxious to be æsthetic; secondly, there is a temptation toward the over-picturesque, which is worse than the overstylish. To steer between the Scylla of the dressmaker's ideal and the Charybdis of the "artist's" is a difficult matter. The artist will probably, if given his own way, suggest a Greek peplum of white and a fillet of gold as the eternal standards of beauty in dress and hair arrangement. But, without Greek features, they are apt to be a trifle inharmonious, to say nothing of startling, to one's friends who know one chiefly in a flannel shirt-waist and an abundance of hairpins.

One artist photographer in New York, who has managed to preserve a happy equilibrium between æsthetics and styles, gives the average woman some excellent advice on the subject of dressing and posing.

"In portraiture," he says, "whether it be through the medium of painting or of photography, the first thing to be emphasized—the only thing to be emphasized—is the face of the sitter. Look at the enduring portraits of the great artists; the light is concentrated upon the head; below the neck and shoulders there are vaguer tones, vaguer outlines used. To subordinate all his trappings to the man himself is the aim of the great artists—to make him look out, distinct, the one commanding thing in the picture. Below the neck there is nothing to strike the eye, to



A sullen-looking image with close-cropped hair and a checked pinafore.



Materials in which the stripe distinctly shows are an abomination.

distract the attention—garments melt into a background of the same color as themselves. It is the face that is the picture. This is true of all the greatest portrait paintings. There are paintings of persons, of course, where the dress is the thing—the works of the renowned court painters of old, who gave to coronation robes, the cloaks of cavaliers and the frocks of fine ladies a permanent picturesque value; but in all the greatest portraiture the subordination of all details of dress to the face of the sitter is noticeable. It should be so in photography even more than in painting. In the latter the beauty of color may atone for the emphasis laid in the wrong place; in the former this is not possible. There is, therefore, less excuse for it."

This photographer prefers, when only the head and shoulders are to be reproduced, to take what is known as the draped picture. The best way to dress for such a photograph, he says, is to undress. It is not necessary to carry an evening waist in the useful bag. Nothing is so satisfactory as the unfigured net fichu, the broad, plain Liberty

scarf, the soft piece of crêpe—or, failing all these, the square of humble cheesecloth. Any one of these, folded about the top of a perfectly plain, unadorned, low-necked bodice—an under-waist answers every purpose—will, in the hands of a skillful photographer, suggest a frock which is the epitome of grace and beauty—which knows no changing with the changing years. He is emphatic, however, in denouncing that "draping" which does not suggest a dress. Yards of veiling wound around the throat cannot but look ridiculous, he says, on a woman who never appears in such raiment. The place for the fancifully draped shoulders is the cover of a cigarette box, according to him, and not the family photograph album or picture gallery. The frilled fichu of plain net or chiffon must be folded so as to make a "V"-shaped opening, or tucked into the rounded neck of the plain waist so as to fall simply but not theatrically. These are admirable for a young woman whose face shows no lines of age or worry; the delicacy of the fabric requires a corresponding delicacy of line



In the reign of the freak sleeve.

in the face of the sitter. One of the most beautiful photographs in his gallery shows a young woman with a ruffled net about her shoulders and a spray of delicate hyacinth laid crown-fashion across her hair. The feathery flower, the airy drapery and the young, eager face make a perfect picture of spring as well as a lifelike portrait of the girl, and it will be as satisfactory a work of art ten or fifty years hence as it is now.

In the same gallery is another draped picture which the photographer points to with pride. It is of a woman verging on middle age, somewhat worn by the stress of existence. There has been no attempt to conceal the truth about her, but the most has been made of her statuesque pose of head and her admirable outlines. There are no fluttering ends or frivolous ruffles about her, but in soft folds across her shoulders a white fabric has been laid so that the strong sculptured-seeming face rises appropriately from a sculptured-seeming fabric.

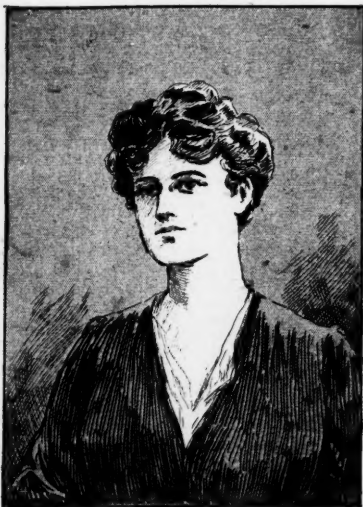
"Not all women," says this photographer, "would seem natural to their friends in a picture which suggests evening dress. They may never wear it, in

which case it is manifestly absurd for them to be photographed in it. After all, a photograph is first a reminder and then a work of art. If they are young, a shirt-waist of the proper fabric is good. In the first place, unless it is one of those stiffly starched monstrosities built on the lines of a man's shirt, it falls in graceful fullness; in the second, it bids fair to be moderately permanent. If the picture is taken during the reign of any sort of a freak sleeve, it is wise to have the photograph blurred below the shoulder line. For a woman past the shirt-waist age—if there are any such—a plain cloth waist, gathered, if possible, a little in front, with a jabot to give grace to the line from chin to waist, is excellent."

Most women, in spite of art and its canons, however, wish to be photographed in the clothes which their dressmakers and their friends declare to be fashionable and becoming. Their best dresses—garments which it is pretended have no place in a well-constructed, modern wardrobe—they wish to have perpetuated as well as themselves. Their black silks, their white satins, their sequin-covered robes that suggest sinuous serpents or scaly fishes—all these they bring proudly before the camera. They even wear their wedding gowns and veils and expect to look well.

When a photographer sees a shining black silk advance into his studio, his heart fails him. The camera seizes upon the gloss of the black stuff and makes it a mass that reminds one of a newly polished kitchen stove. The face above it is almost obliterated and lost in the glare of the garment.

The photographer's agony is scarcely less acute when a black-haired woman comes in and announces her intention of being photographed in dead white. In life there is no such thing as absolutely black hair, but the camera takes the approximately black head, and, ignoring its half-concealed reddish strands, its tendencies toward brown, makes an inky blot. The white gown gives a contrast which is blinding. Between the two, the poor little face, with



The light is concentrated upon the head.

its mere flesh tints, is made to seem a bit of drab not to be considered at all.

At dead white the photographer always balks. It reproduces so dazzlingly as to subordinate everything in the picture to it. Creams and ivories are his delight—they reproduce as white seems to the eye—soft, delicate and lovely. The scarfs which photographers keep in their dressing rooms, in the fond hope of persuading sitters to give up their passementerie and point lace, are always deeply creamy in tone.

Shiny fabrics come next to white in the photographer's list of dislikes—and for the same reason. They have a zinc-like glitter when they are reproduced, which destroys the force and charm of the face. If a photographer really had his own way, his sitters would all dress in the ivories or the grays; a soft gray wool, whether pearly or slaty in its tint, is his delight. It reproduces beautifully—a dark lusterless fabric which subordinates itself amiably to the more important parts of the picture.

To learn the powers of English as a language of vituperation and disdain, it is necessary to hear an "artist" photographer speak of the person who comes to a sitting clad in checks. "She will look," says he, "not like a human being, but a checkerboard or a surveyor's chart. Lines are almost as bad. Anything which divides the figure into sections is atrocious. Of course there are some colors which, different in themselves, reproduce as practically one—creams, pale blues and pale pinks, for instance—all blending into nearly the same tone in a photograph. These are not so bad, but any striped materials in which the stripe distinctly shows are abominations."

Clothes which are becoming in themselves are not necessarily so before the camera. For instance, a slender young woman came to be photographed in a black net gown with pink chiffon velvet, collar, belt and vest. She elected to be taken standing, her train sweeping proudly behind her, and her well-carried figure clear cut against a white background. She was so taken, and the pictures seemed not one slender girl,



In this the height of affectation is reached.

but four sections of an anatomical exhibit. The pink belt took white and left her lower body without apparent connection with the upper, her head unjoined to the body and the two sides above her waist separated by a slender strait of white. Of course, the murderous divisions were painted over to seem less destructive, but even then the picture was not a success.

A stout woman, according to the "artist" photographer, should, if she elects to have a full-length portrait, wear a frock that makes almost one tone with the background, thus allowing attention to concentrate on her face. He prefers dark, unfigured, unglazed material for the gown of such a one, and he seats or stands her against a dark background. The light of the picture thus lies all in her face; and her proportions, even if ungainly, are forgotten.

As for hats, your truly æsthetic photographer will have none of them, if he can avoid it. If he has to have one, he prefers that it should be a Gainsborough or some other picture hat which has had a certain permanency guaranteed it by the great portrait

painters of the past. But as the seasons are few when the Gainsborough is in vogue, there is a certain affectation in wearing one. When the hat surmounts a highly coiffed head and a low-necked bodice, the height of the affected is reached.

In patterns, everything that will form a contrast between the groundwork of the material and the figure should be avoided. It is the color in a muslin or an organdie that makes it charming, not the mere pattern. If the colors are such that they will appear in the photograph as different tints of one hue—blurs of darker cream on cream or of shadow on shadowy gray—they may be permitted. If they will come out merely as black splashes on white or white pepperings on black, they will lose any charm they may have had with the passing of a brief fashion.

Absolutely loose garments are not desirable. The side line of the waist, the slight in-curve from the arm to the belt and out to the hips, are admirable in full-length pictures; but this does not mean tightness over the chest. There a slight fullness of material is always liked, and the blouse front on a foundation close-fitting at the sides is one which photographers find graceful.

As to *coiffures*, whatever follows the lines of the head softly and yet distinctly is sure of a permanent charm which mammoth pompadours, far-reaching psyche knots and towering loops cannot have. Of late years so much latitude has been permitted in hair-dressing that the woman who has her photograph taken for posterity need not fear that she will be ridiculous in its eyes, unless she chooses to. She may "do" her hair as simply as the Venus of Milo and be quite in accord with the dictates of her own age, as well as those of the past and future. She may wear a Madonna part, she may coil her

hair at the back of her head or pile it softly on her crown, and rest happy in the thought of its perpetual appropriateness. The perky little topknot of to-day, however, will probably not be so effective five or ten years hence. Still, if it is not allied with some startling extravagance, like the mammoth encircling puff or the limp, overhanging flop, it will never be absolutely grotesque.

As to poses, again the "artist" photographer speaks: "There is only one excuse for a woman's being taken in character, as it were; that is, if she is an actress and the photograph is meant for an advertisement. There is no law, of course, to prevent a good little housewife from sweeping down an Alma Tadema set of steps with a Queen Louise scarf floating from her head; there is no statute prohibiting any young lady from letting down her hair, filling her arms with wheat and being taken as 'Ruth'; and no one can legally enforce a rule against smiling tenderly at an invisible moon, sniffing a long-stemmed rose, or tilting one's head at a sentimental angle. No one can easily hinder a woman from powdering her hair, putting on patches and panniers and becoming a 'Court Beauty.'"

But the best pose for a portrait is any characteristic one. Few women laugh over their shoulders long enough to make the pose typical, smell flowers permanently, descend steps everlastingly, or dream constantly in the presence of their friends. These stock poses are, therefore, affectations, and as tiresome as affectations always are. To sit up straight, or nearly so, to stand against a chair or by a table—anywhere, where the ordinary woman might ordinarily stand—these are the safest poses permitted her. After all, it is absurd for a person who finds it difficult merely to "look pleasant" to try to look picturesque, also.



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates, which appears to be a record of some kind. The names are written in a cursive script, and the dates are in a more formal, printed style. The list is organized into two columns, with names on the left and dates on the right. The names are: John Smith, James Brown, and William Jones. The dates are: 1812, 1813, and 1814. The list is followed by a section of text that is mostly illegible due to the poor quality of the scan. The text appears to be a description of some kind of event or transaction, but the details are too blurry to read. The text is written in a cursive script, and the ink is very faded. The text is organized into several paragraphs, but the structure is not clear. The text is followed by a section of text that is also mostly illegible. The text appears to be a continuation of the previous section, but the details are too blurry to read. The text is written in a cursive script, and the ink is very faded. The text is organized into several paragraphs, but the structure is not clear. The text is followed by a section of text that is also mostly illegible. The text appears to be a continuation of the previous section, but the details are too blurry to read. The text is written in a cursive script, and the ink is very faded. The text is organized into several paragraphs, but the structure is not clear.

OUR NATIONAL PLAY-GROUNDS

I. THE ADIRONDACKS





LOON LAKE - ADIRONDACKS



TEMPORARY CAMP ON BOG RIVER DURING HUNTING SEASON

OPEN CAMP



SCOTT'S CAMP AT LOST LAKE

PERMANENT CAMP (SCOTT'S) AT LOST LAKE



A LODGE IN THE MOUNTAINS



INTO THE HEART OF THE ADIRONDACKS BY TRAIN

In the Heart of the Adirondacks

By Charles Agnew MacLean

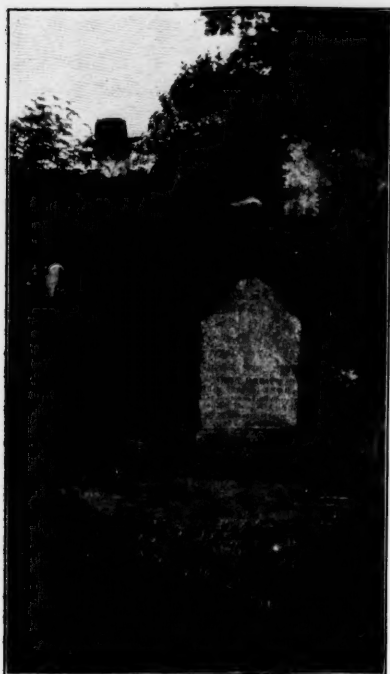
IF you want an object-lesson in man's ability to make his environment ugly, if you want to change suddenly from the newest and most prosaic aspect of man's civilization to nature as she was before man began to scratch up and disfigure the surface of the earth, get aboard the Adirondack train at Utica some summer morning, take a seat beside the window, and look out.

Over Utica, and over all the manufacturing towns in the Mohawk Valley, a mist hangs for a good portion of the time. It is hot and sultry. On either side of the track are unlovely evidences of a settled manufacturing community—big, hulking factory buildings; rows of cottages for the hard-working operators; the Erie Canal, green and sluggish, showing here and there big wooden structures bearing advertisements of office furniture, typewriters,

beer, patent-medicines, whirling past deliriously as the train puffs along.

Between the factory towns stretch the long furrows of cultivated fields, broken by barns and more advertising signs. Behind the fields are hills, with cattle grazing on them, rising on either side of the valley and shutting off all the view and most of the fresh air. The Mohawk River is black and dirty as it hurries past, having furnished power for spinning-mills of all description. It is so hot, so tiresome, that you close your eyes and wonder what is the use of the work that is going on in this valley when it can make the place so dull and unpicturesque.

A moment later you open your eyes and become aware that the train is toiling up a steep grade. A breath of cool, sweet air blows the dust from your face and stirs the damp hair on your



JOHN BROWN'S GRAVE, AT NORTH ELBA, ESSEX COUNTY, N. Y., IN THE HEART OF THE ADIRONDACKS

forehead. You are passing big clusters of trees—the outposts of the forest. The mist and sultry heat are dropped behind. The day is clear and sparkling.

Here there are no factories or houses; nothing but trees and hills, mounting higher and higher on either side of the track. You feel the exhilarating breath of cooler altitudes. In your ears is the sound of rushing water. You are crossing a trestle-bridge, and, looking out, you see the old West Canada Creek flying over a precipice in a sheer mass of snowy foam and boiling away in a chasm beneath you.

The woods are thicker and

wider, the walls of rocks, on either hand, higher and steeper. You may catch a glimpse of a deer in a clearing. You pass another watercourse, jammed full of floating logs. It is the Black River, carrying timber for the lumberman to Lake Ontario.

"Remsen!" "Forestport!" "Onekio Lodge!" sings out the conductor as the train slows up at various clearings in the woods.

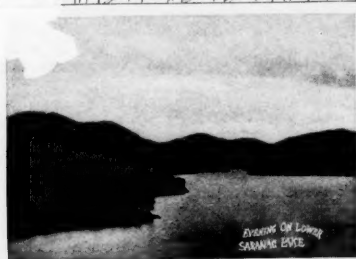
There are no towns here, no people hard at work in a damp, hot atmosphere; nothing but cool green woods, rocky hills, cool, clear air, and outdoor things and people. You are in the Adirondacks.

And now you have various paths open to you. You can stay on the train and go over the newly built road to Racquette Lake, or you can follow the old, natural watercourse into the heart of the wilderness, taking steamboat at Old Forge up the Fulton Chain of Lakes, and crossing by canoe and carry into Racquette and the other larger lakes. Everywhere you go you will find hotels ranging in price from six to sixty dollars a week; and everywhere you will find the widest range of possible amusement, from fishing and mountaineering in a wilderness, to golf and tennis and evening dances at a big hotel.

If you are not in a hurry to get to any particular spot, you will do well to



FARMHOUSE AND GRAVE OF JOHN BROWN, THE LIBERATOR, AT NORTH ELBA, ESSEX COUNTY, N. Y.



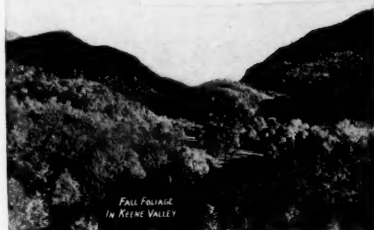
EVENING ON LOWER
SAVANNAH PLATEAU



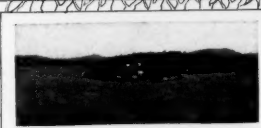
PICTON CHAIN FROM
BALD MOUNTAIN



NEAR LAKE CLEAR



FALL FOLIAGE
IN KEENE VALLEY



TOP OF BALD MOUNTAIN

take the steamer at Old Forge and go up the Fulton Chain of Lakes. From the deck of the little steamer you will have a constant succession of views, changing before your eyes like the scenes in a theater, each a fresh surprise of lake and



BOATING AND GOLFING ARE TWO OF THE DELIGHTS OF SUMMER VISITORS TO THE LAKES

wood and mountain. If you want to get a panoramic view of the wilderness, get off at Bald Mountain, which is a hill that can be climbed without the assistance of a guide, and with practically no danger of getting lost, as there is a well-defined trail running up to the top. Take the road that leads up back of the hotel, and enter the woods at the first cross-trail. It leads into a forest so dense and cool and green that you seem to be in fairy-land.

Over fallen logs, over rocks and mossy ledges, through bog and mire, it leads you, winding this way and that without rime or reason, and every now

and then sloping upward abruptly. Without knowing why, you gradually accelerate your pace, plunge through the brambles, and race along the fallen logs as though a bear were after you.

Perhaps you pause for a moment to drink at a brook, and then hurry on again, with a wild desire to get out of this green labyrinth into the open, where you can see what the country looks like. You are out of breath and perspiring, but

you don't stop till you come to a sudden wall of rock, rising out of the trail in a sharp slope and cutting it off there and then.

In the early spring this is a brawling mountain torrent, but now it is dry, and furnishes the rest of the path to the back-bone of the mountain. You go up the way the water came down, sometimes crawling up on your hands and knees, sometimes surprising yourself by running along narrow ridges of rock with the skill of a tight-rope performer.

Now you are out of the woods in a fresh, chilly atmosphere, the perspira-

tion drying on your face and a stiff wind blowing through every mesh of your attire. Here are mosses, juniper-bushes, stunted evergreens, and a saddle-shaped ridge of rock leading to the topmost summit, where a flag-staff has been erected. Turn around when you get there, and look at one of the most wonderful views to be seen anywhere.

You are looking out upon a sea stretching on all sides into the far distance; dark green near at hand, fading into purple toward the horizon, limitless in its expanse. It is a sea the waves of which are mountains, with scarce a break in the forest that covers them. Below you are the Fulton Chain of Lakes—twelve miles of them, gleaming like mirrors against their green setting. Away to the east there is a drop in the sky-line marking the basin of Lake Champlain. Between you and Champlain there is nothing but virgin forest.

To the north are mountains, crest beyond crest, rising one above the other, toward Mount Marcy, over a mile above sea-level.

This sea of mountain crests,

this wilderness on which you gaze, is six times the size of the entire State of Rhode Island; an unbroken forest, save where the bald summit of some peak rises above the timber lines, or where a few hotels cluster on the shores of one of the lakes.

Looking down upon this mighty forest, you realize, without being told, that man has never trodden in a large part of it, and that any one entering into it without a guide is likely to be



ADIRONDACK
LODGES OF
WELL-KNOWN
PEOPLE
UPPER ST REGIS LAKE



F.W. VANDERBILT'S



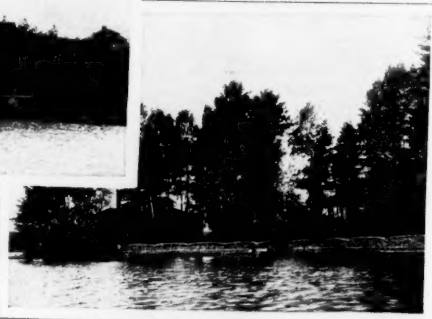
ANSON PHELPS STOKES



G.H. EARL'S



A.M. IOTHRUP'S



W.W. Mc ALPINE'S

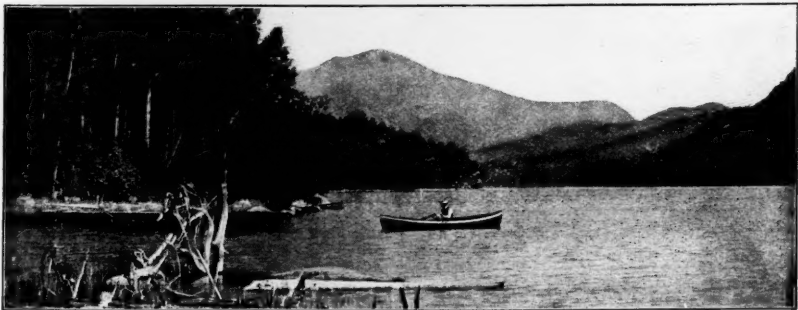


lost for days; yet all through the Adirondacks, along the line of the lakes, you will find summer hotels, equipped with telephones and electric light, with all the luxuries that one associates with Newport and Palm Beach. Nowhere else can you find the spiritual enjoyment



that nature offers so close to the creature comforts that civilization provides.

Right in among the higher peaks of the Adirondacks lies Saranac Lake, nine miles long, with summer homes and hotels scattered around its banks. If you visit one of the big hotels, such as



PHILO SCOTT, KNOWN AS "UNCLE PHILO," ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN GUIDES AND TRAPPERS IN THE ADIRONDACKS, AND HIS HAUNTS ON LONG LAKE

the Saranac Inn, the Waubeek, or the Saranac Club, you can live with all the comfort that you would enjoy in a big New York hotel. You can have your bath in the morning, patronize the barber, eat a breakfast with Florida grapefruit as a first course, communicate with the world over the long-distance telephone or telegraph, play golf or tennis, and in the afternoon perhaps tramp into a wilderness where deer and squirrels and bears are the only citizens, and where you would lose yourself and starve to death, possibly within half-a-mile of your hotel, were you without the services of a guide. On lower Saranac Lake there are the Ampersand, the Algonquin, and other big hosteleries, where you will find crowds of people bent on having a good time.

In the morning, if you are a golfer, you can make the round of the links. If you want a more violent exercise, there are tennis-courts at your disposal; and if you are still more athletic, you have a chance of joining an impromptu baseball team. You can take a swim in the lake before dinner, and almost any afternoon you can witness a series of water contests—swimming, canoeing, and diving—in which guides and visitors alike take part. If you are a fisherman you can land a good catch on almost any of the lakes, and within tramping distance you will

find a trout-stream worthy of your attention. All you need is a cloudy day, a home-made pole, a five-cent line, and a can of angle-worms, and you are sure of a string of speckled beauties.

At night, if you are not tired out, you can put on your best clothes and take part in a dance, which will last till midnight.

It sounds like a laborious program, especially when varied by tramping and mountain-climbing, but it won't tire you in the Adirondacks. The thermometer never runs above eighty, and the air has a stimulating property that makes people put on weight when they are running around at a rate that would pull them down to skin and bone in the city.

On Long Lake, on Lake Placid, on Tupper Lake, there are other big hotels, like the Sagamore, the Childwold, and a score of others equally celebrated. Wherever you stay you are sure to take excursions to the neighboring mountains and lakes,

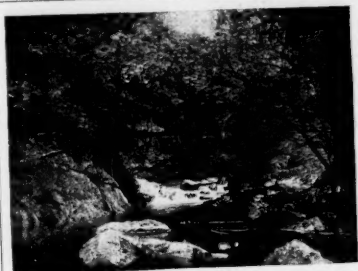
either in a rattling stage over a mountain trail, or by canoe along the lakes, with a guide to paddle and carry the canoe across the portages.

There are over a thousand lakes in the Adirondacks. Each one has its own distinctive beauties—its own personality, so to speak.

From Saranac you have a view of a wide expanse of water, with the lofty



SHOOTING AUSABLE CHASM

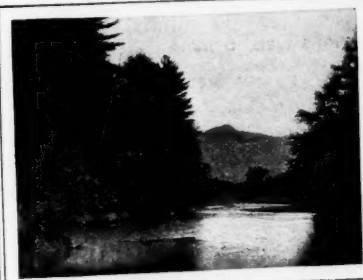


AN
ADIRONDACK
MOUNTAIN
STREAM

AUSABLE
CREEK

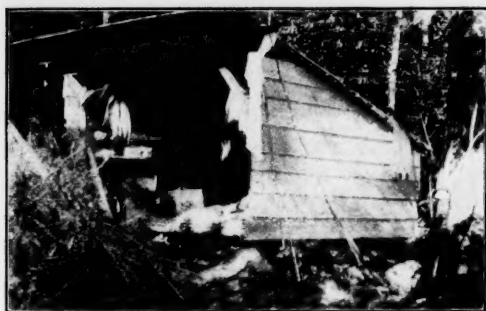


WEST CANADA CREEK



A RIVER IN KEENE VALLEY

AUSABLE RIVER KEENE VALLEY



A SAMPLE SHACK OF A HUNTER

summits of Marcy, McIntyre, and Whiteface towering behind. Others of the lakes, like Blue Mountain, are dotted with islands. Still others, like Mirror Lake, are smooth, unbroken bodies of water in a setting of lofty hills. The Cascade Lakes, situated nearly half-a-mile above the sea, are long and narrow, with steep mountains sloping to the shore on either side, giving a view that is like nothing else in its beauty.

Paul Smith's is the oldest and best-known resort for those who go to the mountains to shoot deer. There you will find old guides, and old hunters who go there year after year and know the place almost as well as the guides. Around the wood-fire on a crisp evening you can listen to stories of hunting and trailing that make you forget that you are anywhere within the bounds of civilization.

Perhaps those who go to fish and shoot and camp really get into closer touch with

the wilderness than the other visitors. From the end of April till the beginning of September you may catch trout—and if you have the least trace of the fisherman's instinct, you are sure to.

You can hire a guide for three dollars a day. He will build you at night an "open camp," where you may sleep on a bed of pine-needles; he will cook for you, and show you places where the trout are always hungry; he will row the guide-boat, and at the "carries" place it on his head, like an enormous hat, and march off with it as though it were his usual head-gear.

Your first meal of bread and bacon and coffee, eaten before a lean-to made of spruce and pine, will taste better than the most expensive dinner; and the fish you catch yourself, cooked by the guide, will bring back appetite and gusto lost since your boyhood.

The man who goes to the forest for the hunting season witnesses a marvelous transformation. In a few days,



THE HUNTER AND HIS PREY



A FOUR-DAY HUNT AT LONG POND



NEAR SARANAC INN



FOURTH LAKE, FULTON
CHAIN, DOLLAR ISLAND

LOWER SARANAC LAKE
A VIEW FROM
AMPERSON HOTEL

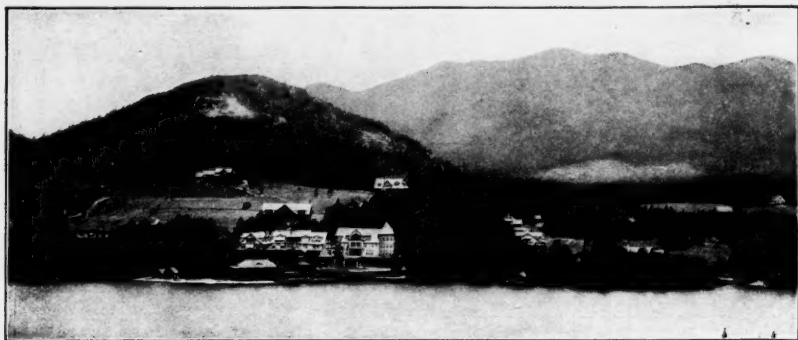


CHATEAUGUAY LAKE

RAQUETTE LAKE



ADIRONDACK CHASM



LAKE PLACID CLUB AND COBBLE MOUNTAINS, FROM GRAND VIEW HOTEL

when the first early frost reaches the woods, they change suddenly from their dark green to a medley of yellow and brown, red and gold. The leaves begin to fall, and bright shafts of sunlight shine down into the aisles of the forest. The landscape changes in a day from a dense tangle to an expanse of sunlit, rainbow-tinted trees, dazzling in their brightness. Pine, spruce, and hemlock still form a dark-green background for the gaudy autumn dress of the birches and maples.

The more you wander in the Adirondacks the more you are impressed with their wildness and their infinite variety. You can find in the chasm of the Ausable River a miniature cañon of the Colorado, the dark water dashing along between high, perpendicular walls of rock. At Hunters'

Pass, between the steep sides of Wall-Face and Mount McIntyre, you can find a scene of rugged crags and walls of rock that looks as if it was transported there entire from the Rocky Mountains. Here is a stretch of forest that looks like a view in the Schwarzwald, and here is a lake, with mountains behind, that might be a scene in the Scottish Highlands.

Impressed upon your mind, also, will be the age and unchangeability of this wilderness. Looking down from a peak, at the miles of woods, tenanted only by deer and wild creatures, you seem to be looking upon an enchanted forest, in which man, when he enters, is lost forever.

In this country nature seems to have thrown a magic wall about the wilderness, and forbidden the forces of man's



WHITEFACE AND UNDERCLIFF, TAKEN FROM LAKE PLACID IN WINTER

civilization to enter it. When America and Europe were beneath the waters of the Archaean Sea, the Adirondacks formed the only island that had risen out of the flood. Indians, French, and English have paddled through the lakes; but no towns have grown up in this country.

Every attempt that man has made to inaugurate the industries of civilization here has been mysteriously baffled.

hearthstones covered with moss; young trees poking their branches through the empty windows; the forest creeping slowly back to reassert its sovereignty over the land of which man had tried to rob it.

Here and there is a ruin where some one, long since gone, started a tannery and met with failure.

Joseph Bonaparte, brother of the great Napoleon, bought fifty thousand



THE LARGEST LOAD OF CORD WOOD EVER HAULED OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS IN WINTER

There are masses of magnetic iron-ore hidden in the forest-clad hills, but every effort at mining and smelting has been a failure.

On the summit of many of the hills you will find the long-abandoned workings of dead miners who dug there for garnets. The garnet mines were all failures.

Here and there you will find a deserted town, a few houses crumbling to decay, the bare rafters showing where the roofs have been; the fire-blackened

acres here. He hoped to make a great estate out of it. A lake named Bonaparte, in the midst of the lonely forest, marks the scene of his hopes and failure.

The only enemy that the forests need really fear is the paper-mill. It is a development of the past decade or so, and it turns trees into paper at a rate that promises to cost America the greater part of its woods within a short time.

In the Adirondacks, even the paper-mill has been checked. Before any se-



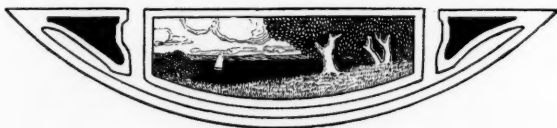
THE ECHO OF A DISTANT TRAIN

rious damage had been done to the forests, the people of the State of New York realized the danger. Within the last few years the State has appropriated almost two million dollars for the purchase of Adirondack timber land. At present, about a third of the Adirondack Park is State property, while the greater part of the remainder is in the hands of organizations for the protection of the forest. The Forest Commission has passed laws prohibiting absolutely the cutting of timber on land owned by the State. You can fish and shoot on the State lands, or camp there rent free all summer, but you must not cut timber other than the few saplings required for an open camp or the wood necessary for fuel.

Alone of all places in America, the

Adirondack forest welcomes man when he comes to play and be a child, and drives him out when he comes to work like a man. No corn nor wheat will ripen in the valleys, no cattle can graze on the hills.

The mountains and forests are doing their own work in their own way, as they have been doing it for countless ages, without help or hindrance from man. They are working to make New York the finest harbor of our coast and the Hudson the noblest river in the East. Were there no Adirondack forests there would be no Hudson River. The State government has acted wisely in passing laws to preserve the Adirondack Park in the future and allow nature to do its own work in its own way.





"WELL," asked Big Bill gruffly, "did the kid come?"

The doctor closed the door noiselessly and dropped into a chair, mopping his face.

"Yes," he said briefly; "it's come."

Big Bill pulled off his cap and fanned himself deliberately.

"It—it wouldn't be a boy," said Big Bill shyly; "would it, now?"

"Yes," said the doctor; "it's a boy."

Big Bill began to whistle indifferently, but a flush swept over the great coarse face, and the whistling stopped abruptly.

"Could I pike him off, doc?"

"Wait," said the doctor gravely; "wait a bit. The boy came rather soon, you know—too soon." Big Bill raised his eyes mutely, wondering.

"He's hardly prepared to fight for life yet—he's very small," said the doctor, "and weak. He weighed just four pounds when he was born."

Bill's eyes were wandering restless-

ly over the roof-tops, his hands crushing his cap hard between them.

"Ain't croaked, has he?"

"He's not dead—yet," said the doctor. "There's a small chance for him still—a small chance you can give him."

"Cough it up, doc," said Big Bill; "what's to do?"

"Send him to the hospital. They have incubators there for prematurely born infants."

Bill looked up suddenly. "Incubators for kids! Shucks!"

"You must persuade your wife to let him go, if you want him to live."

Big Bill opened the door and stalked across the room to the bed. Agnes lay very white among the pillows, her wisp of hair in a very slender plait beside her, a tiny bundle on a pillow in her arms. As he came toward the bed, she raised her bright eyes swiftly, and a smile swept over the thin, starved face.

"That it!" said Big Bill disgustedly,

looking down at the struggling, red child. "That my kid! Looks like a little ole man." Agnes smiled tenderly and pressed the baby close.

"He looks like you, Bill," she whispered happily; "just like. It's good he's a boy, ain't it? We'll call him Little Bill."

"Bah!" said Big Bill gruffly, "he ain't as big as my arm. Such a sized kid!"

"You don't know anything about children, Bill. They're all little—ain't they, doctor?"

"Of course," said the doctor, bending over her. "Let me take him a bit?"

Big Bill gripped the foot-rail of the bed firmly and leaned toward her. "He won't live, Aggie," he said carefully.

"Yes, he will, Bill," she assured him earnestly. "When a baby cries that soon after he's born, it's a sure sign that he'll live. Honest it is."

"He's too small," said Big Bill positively; "much too small. We got to put him in a incubator to make him fit. Doc says so."

The woman clasped her hands nervously and caught her breath.

"No," she moaned, "no; he's my baby. I want him."

"Just for a month or two," said Big Bill. "You don't care if he's gone just a month or two, Aggie. You got me."

"I want *him*," she moaned, "I—want—*him*."

"But, Aggie, he'll die if we don't send him."

She whimpered weakly at that, then turned her head from him and burst into tears.

"No," she screamed hoarsely, "no—no!"

The doctor hurried in, his lips compressed sternly, laid the baby in Bill's lap, and crossed to the bedside. The woman grew delirious, crying and screaming until her voice failed; then a stupor followed.

Big Bill sat on the floor at the foot of the bed, nursing the pillow which held his son and heir.

Agnes' illness did not abate; the stupor was followed by days and nights of

delirium wherein she called unceasingly for the child. Little Bill, meanwhile, lay snug and warm in his glass case at the hospital, smiling up at the nurses and steadily gaining health. His four pounds rose gradually to five, then to seven.

With a pronounced sense of relief, Big Bill had seen the troublesome little atom pass beyond his horizon. His parental instincts had, naturally, never been developed—he hadn't ever seen so young a child before in his life, and it did not attract him. The more he thought of it, and of Agnes' strange affection for it, the more his wonder grew.

"Gettin' sick over such a little kid!" he would say to the doctor. "Lord! How'd she get if I went!"

Out of curiosity alone, he visited Little Bill at the hospital once, taking with him his own particular crony, Reddy O'Brien. The nurse led the two great awkward fellows down the ward and directed their staring eyes in the proper direction. From his nest of white and pink the infant gazed in surprise at his father, and madly waved a welcoming arm.

"Thunder!" cried Reddy in surprise; "ain't he young! Sure that little cockroach can't live."

Big Bill flushed scarlet, feeling deeply the humiliation of being father to so insignificant a babe; but Little Bill closed his lips firmly and clenched his fist.

"Well, he's got game blood in him," said Big Bill at that. "My money says he'll live."

"An' mine's of another opinion," said Reddy firmly. "How sthrong is your argiment?" Big Bill produced five dollars, Reddy doubled it, and the ten was forced into the hands of the nurse, who shyly agreed to hold the stakes. Then they took a farewell look at the baby and passed out.

Bill sauntered home, wondering at the impulse that had made him "back" his son. Never before had he knowingly placed his money on the wrong side of a bet; that was about what he had done now. Oddly enough, he took no small

satisfaction in it. When Bill reached home, the doctor was awaiting him at the top of the stairs.

Bill sat down on the top step, removed his cap, and dropped his eyes without speaking. Nothing could have forced from him the question he was burning to ask; Bill was averse to exhibiting his emotions.

"She's worse," said the doctor softly; "much worse. I don't expect her to live the night through unless we give her the child." He might have broken it more gradually, but he was curious to see of what stuff the huge fellow was made.

"It's a simple matter of choice," he went on more gently. "If we bring the child back it has small chance to live; if we don't, your wife will certainly die."

Big Bill altered not a particle, but sat there silent until the doctor had taken his cue and disappeared.

Then Bill raised his eyes indifferently and began to whistle, but the tune went off key and stopped. He twisted the cap between his big red hands, try-

ing earnestly for the thought that wouldn't come. He wanted Agnes—wanted her very badly. Did he need the kid? Yesterday or this morning he would have sacrificed the tiny squirming thing without a qualm, but now—now it seemed not quite fair.

"He's tryin' so blame' hard to live," Big Bill murmured with difficulty. "It ain't fair when he's tryin' like that." He sat there a long while turning the matter over in his mind, sat until a low broken wail from the sick-room recalled the necessity for speed. Then he rose and hurried down the stairs again.

The streets were crowded with refugees from the heat indoors. From every side greetings were roared to him, but Big Bill minded not at all, only went his way heedlessly. In his breast was a growing hate, a burning wrath against God that he was made to make this choice; he was moved as his sort rarely are. When at last he confronted the officials in the office he could form but a single sentence.

"I want my kid," he said stolidly.

The case was peculiar—a father was



He carried it exactly as the nurse placed it in his arms.

certainly able to require his child at any time, so they led him up to the ward again, amazed at his strange attitude.

"Don't take him away yet," the nurse said pleadingly; "he is doing so well here. Let us keep him just a few days more. He——"

"My kid," he said through his clenched teeth; "I want my kid."

She paled swiftly and hastened to prepare the child for the street, while Big Bill stood waiting. He carried it exactly as she placed it in his arms, never changing his position through the whole long way. He forced a path through the crush in the court with his knee, and mounted the stairs panting. The doc-

tor opened the door quickly at his kick, glanced into the man's face, and then down at the child.

"Oh," he said, "it wasn't necessary; she's very much better—but you can keep the boy at home now, anyway. He's quite strong enough, I see."

Big Bill rubbed the sweat from his forehead with his sleeve, and sat down quietly on the rickety chair by the bed.

"If she doesn't want to hold him," said Bill agreeably, "I guess I can."

As the doctor placed the sleeping bundle in his arms again, a tear crept into Big Bill's eyes, and he grinned valiantly to hide it.

"We'll win that bet, kid, anyway," said he.



GOOD JUDGMENT.

KEEGAN—I shteppeed roight up to big Casey and called him a "prevaricator"!

DUGAN—Whoi didn't ye call him a "liar."

KEEGAN—Sure, he knows phat "liar" means!



AT THE SHORE.

ETHEL—Chauncey has proposed to every girl here.

EDITH—Yes, and they've all promised to be sisters to him!

ETHEL—Goodness, he must feel like a Methodist church!



WELL TRAINED.

LADY—Does this parrot use bad language?

DEALER—Well, lady, I'll tell yer de truth about it! He wuz brought up in a family of six children whose parents was very strict with 'em!



THE SIMPLE TRUTH.

GUEST—You advertised the view from this hotel as unsurpassed—it is simply wretched!

LANDLORD—I meant unsurpassed for wretchedness.



A REPRIEVE.

"JACK don't know he's living."

"Don't, eh?"

"No; his wife got a divorce while he was in Europe, and Jack don't know it yet."



ONLY POSTPONED.

PAT—Phat was Rooney's last words?

MIKE—He s'id he was dying to hov' a good long smoke.

PAT—Begobs, he'll have ut!



CHANNING POLLOCK

JONES had never before seen a circus. Brown had never missed one.

I confess to being absolutely blasé when it comes to tent shows. The infinite variety of the theater makes me an ardent playgoer, but Madison Square Garden attracts me but little during the annual stay of the greatest on earth. It does not seem possible that I have outgrown the circus; I prefer to believe only that the circus has outgrown me, and that if I might sit on a horizontal board, with a sun-baked canvas over my head and the smell of fresh-turned earth in my nostrils, there would not be a more delighted urchin than I within a mile of "the lot." Some fine day I'm going to pursue Barnum & Bailey's to Brooklyn, and see if I can't enjoy it there. Until then I can but envy the barefoot boy in Portland, whose hoarded half-dollar will purchase for him all the delights at which I have just hinted.

Jones, who drew the accompanying pictures, is a Scotchman. They don't have circuses in Scotland—at least, not real ones—and an early trip to London had

left in his mind an impression that a circus was a round bit of pavement with the statue of a naval hero in the middle, and yellow plaster buildings all about it. Brown communed with him in the subway and, prepared him partially for what was to come. Brown never has lived farther from New York than One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, and honestly believes that it is possible to extract the fullest measure of enjoyment out of the circus de luxe at Madison Square. He didn't even smile when I told him that a walled-in

circus bore the same relation to a genuine circus that a walled-in tank bears to the Atlantic Ocean.

Whether the peanut-venders gather about the Garden because of a fine Italian sense of "atmosphere," or merely to sell peanuts, I can't say. They do gather, and that is some comfort. The aroma of roasting peanuts when one is circus-bound almost accomplishes the miracle hoped for by Ponce de Leon. Brown sniffed it, and at once became all impatience. Poor Brown! Full sure he never rose at five to see



The barefoot boy at Portland.

the show come in, never followed the band-wagon two miles before standing still to let the parade pass, never dug his naked toes into the upturned loam while his eyes stared ecstatically at the inspiring spectacle of a simian flea-hunt. Brown didn't miss the bulging pictures of snake-charmers and two-headed calves; he didn't grope for the roped way to the "main entrance," nor suggest stopping for the concert announced to follow "the big show." Brown sat him comfortably in a commodious chair, hired a pair of opera-glasses, and left Jones and me to spend half an hour in the menagerie.

"The greatest show on earth" can offer little new to the Gothamite. He has inspected the animals at the zoo, avoided seeing the freaks at Huber's, and witnessed hair-raising aerial feats at Hammerstein's. Whatever pleasure he derives must come from the circus "atmosphere," which, as I

have remarked, is lacking sadly at Madison Square Garden. On the road the circus must still be a thing of wonder and a joy forever. Barnum & Bailey are *en tour* now, and I don't hesitate to recommend the performance as the best circus entertainment that has been given since Noah originated his combination of trained-animal exhibition and floating roof-garden during the rainy season at Mount Ararat.



A few clowns.

Jones took a childlike delight in the menagerie. He encountered his first giraffe, and remarked that it probably was the only animal known to science that could really get a good idea of the best paintings at the Metropolitan Museum. I told him the story of the giraffe with the sore throat, and he was still cogitating upon the possibility of such a disaster when we separated for the night. Personally, my preference is for elephants, and the Barnum & Bailey equipment of these creatures is truly remarkable. At Madison Square they stood in a row, making their mouths huge targets for a perfect fusillade of peanuts. This sight always has its share of pathos; it reminds me of a brainy man working for a salary. My musings were interrupted by the sound of hearty laughter from the neighborhood of Jones. He had come upon a cage of tigers placarded:

DANGEROUS!
DO NOT TOUCH!

"I wonder," said he, "if the circus officials thought that sign was needed to keep the populace from stroking the brutes."

Up-stairs, where one pays its weight in gold for supper when the Horse Show is at Madison Square, we found the collection of freaks. Even the glowing words of the lecturer could not make these beings anything but a bore. I can remember when I would have given my toy theater to have been the iron-headed man; but last April I could only see in him a street-railway guard gone wrong. The snake-charmer—"snake-enchantress" they call her at Barnum & Bailey's—the missing link, the lion-faced boy, the fat girl, the human

skeleton, the tattooed man, and the male and female giants, all inspired in me nothing but disgust. Jones indulged himself in facetious reflections as to whether the lion-faced boy spoke of washing his visage or of shampooing it, but the curio hall is not a favorable environment for even Scotch witticisms.

When we reached the box allotted us we found Brown in a bad humor because there was no cushion on his chair. We consoled him—or, at least, Jones did, for I had no patience with such

utter lack of the true circus spirit. While they were conversing I surveyed the crowded interior of the building—the one compensation for seeing the greatest show at Madison Square. The Garden is shaped like a collar come fresh from a Chinese laundry. It is a collar a whole block long, however; and around its edge is tier after tier of human beings. The white light shines alike on the just and the unjust, making clear so vast a crowd that its members have no more individuality than is to be discerned in a box of pins. Clean faces

and soiled, flannel shirts and evening dress—all are one when the treasurers at the Garden stop selling tickets. In the middle of the collar, directly under the arc lamps, are the traditional three rings, two stages, and hippodrome track. At the extreme end is the band, which plays so exceedingly well that one no longer pictures its members pounding stakes before the musical business of the evening begins.

The one circus innovation upon which I am inclined to look favorably is the spectacle which has taken the place of the old-time "Grand En-



Jones' idea of a circus.

trance." Ten years ago this parade around the arena was terribly monotonous—a herd of elephants, then a few performers, then a wagon bearing gilded images of Cinderella and the Prince, then a cage on wheels, and so on. The Barnum & Bailey show this year begins with a glittering pageant which is best described by "Tody" Hamilton, whose programed account of the spectacle mentions it as the "first presentation of the pretty, picturesque, poetic, prime, prink, pretentious, processional prelude to the prodigious program of performances, entitled 'Peace; America's Immortal Triumph.'"

After reading this, one goes home expecting to find his Webster thinner for so perspicacious a pilfering of P's, but even this paean is not all of Mr. Hamilton which one gets for a dime—ten cents! We are told further that the production is "a transcendently beautiful allegory, symbolizing the conclusion of peace between Russia and Japan, incidentally introducing living representatives of all the nations, together with

superb floats, triumphal cars, gorgeous and radiant costumes, elegantly caparisoned horses, elephants and camels, accompanied with bodies of infantry, cavalry, artillery, marines, etc., the whole forming a sumptuous, substantial, superb, satisfying, surprising, symbolic simile."

"Peace,"



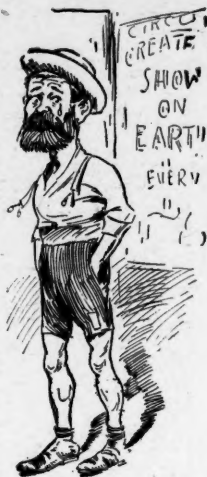
They call them Amazons, but they look like the Nile.

really is all that, and more. I don't know about the arrangement between Japan and Russia having been "America's Immortal Triumph," but it assuredly is that of Barnum & Bailey. Six hundred people appear in the allegory, which was planned by Bolossy Kiralfy, and is quite as amazing a spectacle as you are likely to see this year or next.

Brown took the thing calmly, but Jones tried to crowd it on a single sheet of paper, with results quite as startling as the procession itself.

After "America's Immortal Triumph" had gone to the property and dressing-rooms, the performance to which it was a prelude began in earnest. Circuses are like fruit-trees—they bear one season and are barren the next. Last year's show was dull and tame; this year's is full of those prime requisites of a circus—hustle, bustle, and excitement. The rings and the stages were occupied all the time, and that Teuton who insisted that he should be permitted to enter the tent three times for a single admission because he couldn't see more than a third of the show at once would have had more than ordinary justification for his claim. I can't make much more of a circus program than of a railway time-table, but I believe that the performance began with "Display No. 2—Three Champion Exhibits of Fearless Horsemanship." George Rowland, Harry Austin, and George Austin were the fearless horsemen; I don't know the names of the fearless horses.

"Display No. 3" struck a familiar chord, and was, to me, the most enjoya-



Outgrown the circus.



Since Noah originated the circus.

ble of the entertainment. The old spring-board was brought into view, together with the old hurdle of elephants, and then followed a whirling procession of twirling tumblers—pink-limbed acrobats, beskirted comics, and powder-faced clowns. Brown sniffed, but I found the exhibition much more interesting than the multiplied vaudeville bill which followed. Of this "Display" nothing was particularly astonishing except Captain Winston's Trained Seals, a collection of amazingly intelligent amphibious performers. These animals balanced long poles, blew trumpets, played ball, and did a hundred other surprising things. After seeing them I am quite willing to believe that a diet of fish is good for the brain. I mustn't forget to mention, in this connection, that when I estimated the worth of the act at about five hundred dollars, Brown offered to bet that I was at least one thousand five hundred dollars under the real figure. "Why, Brown!" I exclaimed, "what do you know about salaries in vaudeville?"

"Vaudeville!" said Brown, and then forever held his peace.

Ten minutes later the solution of the

puzzle dawned upon me. Brown is a married man, and he had translated that trained-animal act into coats!

"Display No. 5" not only filled the stages and the rings, but the air as well. Japanese jugglers juggled, and there were a dozen similar exhibitions of an acrobatic nature. Jones was most interested in the evolutions of a well-drilled company of women. The program called them Amazons, but they looked like the Nile. "Why?" inquired Jones. "Ever notice the shape of the Nile?" said I. Brown observed that they reminded him rather of the Suez Canal. At all events, they marched and countermarched with all the precision of a troop of E. E. Rice's soldiery, and I think we all found them better worth watching than the Japs. One can't live for years on a steady diet of musical comedy without wishing for feminine seasoning, even at the circus.

There was more "fearless horsemanship" in "Display No. 6," and this exhibition was followed by tight-wire walking, horizontal-bar acts, bicycle tricks, Japanese balancing, and "chaste exploits on the balancing trapeze." I confess myself a bit puzzled as to the

italicized adjective. Why should trapeze exploits be anything but chaste? Perhaps Mr. Hamilton was thinking of Charmion, in which case he strikes me as being a bit out of date. Charmion ceased to be shocking years ago; about the time, to be accurate, that Melville Stoltz concluded his engagement as her press-agent. The Japs and the chaste trapeze artiste were succeeded by three troupes of graceful dancers, who performed a pleasing diversion and were liberally applauded. When I think how two theatrical "stars" will fight as to which won the applause in a certain scene shared between them, it seems to me that the nightly discussion following the appearance of these twenty-four disciples of Terpsichore must bear a strong family likeness to a massacre.

I didn't see "Display No. 9," which consisted of three separate exhibitions of trained elephants. As I have written scores of times, I can't enjoy witnessing the cowing of wild beasts. The only thing Roman about me is my nose, and that has a trace of Semiticism. I am convinced that my nervousness as regards these things is a sort of presentiment that some day I shall be present when the worm turns, and I fear that, if this presentiment is ever realized, I sha'n't be able to muster up a feeling of decent human sympathy for the victim. Moreover, lacking a good stomach, I can't help dreading the particular incident that I always picture as the culmination of an elephant act.

I could bear to see a man shot—sometimes actors have inspired in me a desire for the spectacle—but I really shouldn't care to have one squashed in my presence. I'm sure you won't mind if I skip "Display No. 9."

"No. 10" was still more horsemanship—this time by women. The traditional gauze skirt of the lady bareback rider is to be seen nowadays only on the posters, and Jones, who has an artist's eye, says this is a blessing. The Meers Sisters did some excellent work, and Josie Demott concluded her performance by turning a somersault while the animal beneath her was galloping briskly. Shortly afterward we had an extremely fin de siècle exhibition of bareback riding—the back being that of a speedily propelled motor-car. Brown observed that this was the sort of equestrianism



Bareback riding in 1906.

which is likely to become general when the automobile has totally supplanted the horse. The Lowes furnished the act, the gentleman Lowe acting as chauffeur and the lady Lowe doing the stunts. Her feats looked dangerous, but then more people are killed in motor-cars than on top of them.

Then a revival of last year's "Dip of Death," with Isabelle Butler doing the dipping; and a variety of skilful feats by acrobats, contortionists, trapeze artists, and riders, one of whom, a chap named Rowlande, beat Young Lochinvar all hollow by taking four young women on his saddle and galloping westward. The whole performance was

everything that a circus performance should be—daring, diverting, and most rapid in motion. By the time that we came to the "Grand Hippodrome Races," the various prejudices of Brown and Jones and myself had fused into a molten mental daze, and the charm of the greatest show was strong upon us.

What need to dilate upon the hippodrome races? These contests are all alike and will be until the end of time. No one would wish it otherwise. The lady jockey ran to victory, the expert sprinter beat the running horse, and the four-horse Roman chariots cast mud into our laps, just exactly as they did ten years ago. I enjoy the races at a circus immensely, and so apparently do a great many other people, since Madison Square Garden filled perceptibly about the time they were supposed to begin. The hippodrome and the clowns are the realest part of a real circus, and both reach their fullest state of perfection with Barnum & Bailey. Never were such ingenious clowns as those carried with the big show this season. They made Jones laugh—and Jones hails from Great Britain.

"Display No. 19" is the last and the most sensational offered this season by Barnum & Bailey. "Tody" Hamilton has christened this feat "The Limit," and it is. Mr. Hamilton also says something about "a turning, twisting, twirling, tilting transposition in mid-air in an automobile. The thrilling, tumbling, tremendous, tantalizing triumph of all time. A staggering, stunning, startling, stupendous, surprising sensation. The machine, with its charming chauffeuse, describing a huge parabola of fifty feet, and when at its greatest height making a complete rev-

olution, becoming inverted, righting itself in space, and safely alighting on a platform." It is all this, too.

There, standing before us, was a long slide, much like that on which one shoots the chutes at Coney Island. Atop the inclined plane stood an automobile. Sixty feet from the bottom of the plane we saw attendants erecting a solid platform with a buffer at its end and thick cushions all over it. Finally, the "charming chauffeuse," Mademoiselle Octavia de la Tour, appeared in a second motor-car. She was driven around the arena, waving courageously to the multitude, and halted at the foot of the chute. The inventor of the device helped her upon it, and, with the aid of a rope, she began mounting to the summit. Half-way up she paused and bowed again. We thrilled. Slowly she climbed the rest of the distance; slowly and impressively she clambered into the car. The inventor examined the spring which was to throw the automobile into the air, and, retiring to a safe distance, called something in French. Mademoiselle replied in the same language. She raised both hands to the level of her head. Was it a signal? We thrilled again. One finger moved to her brow, and then—

And then she arranged her hair.

The eternal feminine; the ruling passion strong in death! A moment later the car tilted over, rushed forward, sprang into the air, turned a somersault, and, with a terrific bump, landed on the cushioned platform. Jones and Brown and I drew long breaths as we rose to our feet. Le Tourbillon de la Mort, perhaps the one feat in the world which could live up to the Hamilton adjectives, was over. So was the circus.



The chariots splashed mud.



JUDGE LINDSEY'S COURT. A GENERAL CONFERENCE WITH THE BOYS

The Best of the Children's Judges

By William Thorp

PARTISANSHIP in politics is nowhere keener than it is in Colorado, but there is one man in that State who is always sure of a practically unanimous election whenever he is put up for office.

In his way he is one of the most remarkable men in the country. He is Ben B. Lindsey, the judge of the children's court in Denver, and the best "children's judge" in the United States.

In May of last year the Republican and Democratic machines in Denver tried to prevent his renomination because he had fought political corruption as Folk fought it in Missouri and Jerome in New York. Public opinion forced them to take him. He was put on every ticket except the Socialist, and got over fifty-five thousand out of fifty-six thousand votes cast. The machines discovered a technical mistake in his election, and he had to stand again last fall. They made another attempt to "knife" him. He was re-elected by a majority of sixty-one thousand—practically all the votes recorded.

It stands to reason that a man must have done remarkable work to be re-

warded in this manner by the people. Probably there is no man who has been a better friend to the boys of Denver and the whole country than Ben Lindsey. For his work in Denver is being widely copied elsewhere.

Not more than twelve years ago he



BEN B. LINDSEY, JUDGE OF THE CHILDREN'S COURT
IN DENVER



THEY LIVE NEAR RAILROAD TRACKS AND WANDER IN THE YARDS

was a boy himself, supporting his mother and five younger children by holding three jobs at once, while he studied law in his spare time to such good purpose that he was made a judge before he was thirty. Before breakfast he sold newspapers, in the day he worked in an office, and in the evening he "did chores" at the house of a Denver judge. Years after, he was elected by the people to succeed that very judge in office.

Before Lindsey took them in hand, the bad boys of Denver used to be sent to jail in charge of policemen. Very often they were handcuffed. Now it is against the law to send them to prison under the age of fourteen—Lindsey had that law passed—and only in very rare cases are the worst little rascals sent to "Golden," the Colorado reform school. When that happens, nobody is sent with them. Lindsey buys a railway ticket, gives it to the boy, and tells him to report at

"Golden," and give his commitment papers to the superintendent. This has been done in dozens of cases, and not a single boy has failed to report.

There is something hypnotic about Lindsey where boys are concerned. The worst little street urchin is unable to resist his influence.

When a youngster is brought before him for stealing, he talks to him in his own slang, and convinces him that honesty is the best policy. After he has put him on probation and won his confidence, he asks:

"Say, Mickey, do the rest of your gang swipe things?"

"Sure, judge! All de bunch does."

"Well, I don't want you to give 'em away, but you just go and tell 'em that swiping is no good. The cops will get after 'em later on, when they do something real bad; and it's wrong, anyhow. Tell them to come along to me and 'snitch up.'"

Almost always the boy does as he is told, and brings "de gang" to the judge's chambers for a "snitching bee." "Snitching" is Denver slang for confessing, and it has become a passion among the street boys. In one case, two boys who were caught shoplifting brought in sixteen other boys, and all voluntarily joined the list of probation-



THE NEIGHBORHOODS WHICH THE LAW DOES NOT ORDINARILY REACH

ers. In another case, four boys rounded up forty-four; and in a third case, seven induced fifty-two to confess.

The wonderful influence which the judge possesses over the boys was shown some time ago, when "crap shooting" became a great nuisance in one of the principal business streets. A leader of "de gang" heard of the complaints which were being made to the police. He was a "graduate" of the juvenile court, and he went to the judge at once.

"Say, judge," he announced, "I'll get de kids toggeder an' you can give 'em a line of talk. If you want 'em ter stop shootin' craps, I guess dey'll do it. Th' cops won't never stop 'em."

The youngster called a meeting in the press room of a newspaper office that evening. The judge talked to about five hundred of the street boys, and the result was that they formed a society to put down "crap shooting." They are doing it now as the police never could.

Lindsey has succeeded in instilling such a keen sense of honor into his boys, that a probationer who "t'rows de judge down" by "swiping things" again, or by bringing in bad reports, is ostracized by the rest of "de gang." Now and then he has to intercede with the boys to make them admit such a black sheep back to their fellowship.

The great majority of the little criminals who come before him voluntarily turn themselves into unpaid officers of his court. They frequently cause the arrest of men and women for selling liquor to children, buying stolen goods from them, or otherwise offending against the very comprehensive provi-

sions of Colorado's Adult Delinquent Law.

This law, which was drawn up by Lindsey and passed through his influence, is far in advance of any similar legislation in the United States, or, indeed, in the world. Commissions have been sent to Colorado to study its working from several States and European countries.

"A mother who by negligence contributes to the delinquency of her child can be brought into court and punished or placed on probation," said the judge, speaking of this law. "I never saw or heard of a law like ours in this particular. The mothers of two boys drink beer and send them to the saloon. One of the boys has already acquired a liking for liquor. He led a raid on a wagon full of bottled beer, and stole the beer for the rest of his 'gang,' none of whom is over thirteen. Those mothers must be brought into court and punished under our law.

"One boy lives near the railroad tracks and wanders in the yards. He has already barely escaped serious injury, and committed one theft of a brass appliance, which he sold to the 'rag Sheeny.' So the rag man and the mother who let him wander on the tracks are brought in."

In a typical case, two boys were arrested. Before Lindsey got through with it, he brought into his court twenty-two persons, including parents and tradesmen, who were charged with "contributing to the delinquency" of the original offenders. Strangely enough, these people, like the boys themselves, soon swear by Lindsey.



STEP BY STEP

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELTON



CHAPTER XVIII.

DURING the week that had elapsed since Louis severed his connection with Mr. Sherburne, some interesting and even startling incidents had occurred to demand the latter's attention.

In the first place Josephine Ashton arrived, and with her advent the house began to seem a different place. It certainly was very cheery to have a pretty, breezy girl, full of life and spirits, around, and Mr. Sherburne manifested his delight in every possible way.

He had previously given orders to have two rooms, on the same floor with Miss Wellington, arranged for her use, and had exhibited far more interest in making them attractive than he had ever shown before in anything relating to his home since the loss of his wife.

Josephine was keenly appreciative of his kindness, and told him, with tears in her eyes, that it almost seemed like coming to her own home to have any one so thoughtful of her.

Mr. Sherburne did his utmost to give his ward a good time, and he never re-

turned from his business at night without bringing her some token of remembrance. Finally Josephine laughingly told him he must stop, or he would spoil her for earning her own living; since, as a hard-working schoolma'am, she could never afford to indulge in such luxuries.

"Well, I haven't got track of any school for you yet," he told her, a sly smile hovering about his lips. Then he added, as if the thought had just struck him: "You have been at your books for a long time, Josie. Suppose you rest and make me a visit for a year, and we'll—we'll 'paint the town red,' as the boys say?"

"Why, Uncle John, what a tempter you are!" she retorted in laughing reproof. "I'm afraid by the time the year was out you would have indulged me to the point where I should not want to teach at all. No, sir; I have got to be up and doing. I am getting quite anxious to know how it feels to be earning money for oneself."

One evening, at dinner, Josephine turned to Miss Wellington and remarked, her color deepening as she did so: "I have heard that Louis Arnold

has come to Chicago to live; doesn't he ever come to see you?"

A slight cloud flitted over Miss Wellington's brow at the question.

"Yes, indeed; he used to come every few days; but it is more than a week now since I have seen him, and I am beginning to feel a trifle anxious," she replied. Then, turning to Mr. Sherburne, she added: "How is he getting on?"

Whereupon Mr. Sherburne felt compelled to explain matters, which he did in a way to make it appear that Louis had been squeamish and hypercritical; and he prophesied, in conclusion, that Louis would find he had a hard row to hoe if he expected to go through life without being obliged to strain a point now and then in his contact with other business men.

He had imagined that the young man had confided in Miss Wellington before this, and had expected she would speak of the change and comment upon the stand he had taken. He was now rather surprised to learn that he had erred in this surmise.

There was an awkward silence after he concluded. Miss Wellington's face wore an inscrutable expression, and Josephine flushed sensitively upon hearing that Louis and her guardian were at variance.

She had been longing to have Louis call, wondering why he did not, and now she feared he might not feel at liberty to come at all.

"What do you mean by 'straining a point now and then'?" Miss Wellington finally inquired. "Do you mean to imply that a man cannot be successful in business without being dishonest?"

"That doesn't sound very well, does it?" Mr. Sherburne returned, with a forced laugh, and bestowing a covert glance upon his ward. "But, in these days of close competition and fierce struggles to make money, I believe—and I have heard others say the same thing—it is next to impossible to get along without using some sharp practise in business. Now, Miss Wellington will quote Scripture to me," he con-

cluded, turning to Josephine, and trying to make light of the subject.

"I certainly shall," promptly responded the housekeeper in a positive tone, yet with a gentleness which robbed her words of any intentional venom. "'And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, 'Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely, neither lie one to another. Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbor nor rob him.'" What are we going to do with such commands as these? Do they not portend to him who breaks them disaster far worse than any financial loss that could overtake him? Men may flourish for a little season on their ill-gotten gains, may think they triumph in wrong-doing, but a day of reckoning is inevitable."

The words were incisive, relentless; but the clear, gentle tones held in them a compassionate thrill which told her hearers that she was not judging and condemning individuals, but the evil that governed them.

John Sherburne, as he listened, seemed to see, as in a bird's-eye view, a panorama of his whole life and its results. In his youth he had vowed that he would be a rich man, and he had fulfilled that vow. He had become a rich man as the world estimates wealth. He spent lavishly, gratifying his every desire, yet his fortune piled up year by year; and until now he had viewed his prosperity with the utmost complacency, and himself as the wonderful magician who had achieved it.

But *how* had he attained it? That was a query which, of late, had crept into his consciousness, causing a sense of dissatisfaction and unrest; and today it had been answered in words of holy writ. He knew he had "stolen," he had "dealt falsely," had "defrauded his neighbor and robbed him." Not as a common thief, however, who could be arraigned, tried, and convicted. Oh, no! but by means of gigantic schemes, wholesale swindling, and shrewd manipulation, and by numerous other devices which the world winks at, so long as the operator or promoter makes no false moves and evades the law.

He could recall men ruined in busi-

ness, and so robbed of the ability to make an honest living; of widows defrauded by bogus investments; of clerks and laborers rendered penniless, their hard earnings swallowed up by diabolical "methods" and "systems," cunningly devised to feed his own insatiable greed and that of others like him.

It was not a pleasant retrospective view, and a sickening inward trembling seized him as Miss Wellington's last words, "a day of reckoning is inevitable," continued to beat their ominous refrain upon his brain.

"You are very uncompromising in your attitude, Miss Wellington," John Sherburne remarked, in a would-be-tolerant tone. Then, to avoid meeting her clear, grave eyes, he turned to his niece and smilingly inquired: "What have you to say upon the subject, Josie?"

Josephine colored at the question, then gravely replied: "It was sharp practise that ruined papa. Those agents just mesmerized him into buying a lot of that mining stock, and he lost every dollar he put into it."

"Yes, that was a very unfortunate experience, Josie," Mr. Sherburne returned, while he nervously crumbled a bit of bread in his fingers. "But," he added, "your father should not have trusted to his own judgment; he should have had advice."

"He realized that when it was too late; but he never got over it," said Josephine sadly.

"It is pretty hard on you, too," said the gentleman, regarding her affectionately.

"I would rather be in my place than in the place of those agents; they can't be very happy," the girl gravely rejoined.

"They don't care a rap. They were after the money, and they got it." Mr. Sherburne did not realize the significance of his remark until it was uttered. Then it came to him with an inward shock that out of his own mouth he had condemned himself; for until the day when Louis had taken his uncompromising stand for honesty he had never

"cared a rap" about the losses of his victims so long as his own coffers were filled.

Mr. Sherburne did not pursue the subject. He changed it, after a moment or two of awkward silence, and as soon as dinner was over went directly to his library, where he spent a very uncomfortable evening, while Josephine and Miss Wellington had a delightful call from Louis, without Mr. Sherburne suspecting the young man's presence in the house.

John Sherburne did not sleep well after retiring. That ominous refrain about the "inevitable day of reckoning" haunted him all night long; and he arose the next morning nervous and irritable. It galled him exceedingly, too, to feel that he had been weighed in the balance and found wanting by Miss Wellington and Josephine. The former he thoroughly respected, the latter he loved; and he shrank from forfeiting the esteem of either, although he knew they did not dream to what extent he had carried his sharp practise.

But he had a very good day. Business was brisk, and certain stocks which he held took quite a leap. Consequently he found himself in a much better frame of mind when the hour for closing his office arrived and he started for home.

He saw his car just rounding the corner as he came out of the building, so had to wait for another. He bought a paper and began to glance over the head-lines. While thus engaged he became conscious that some one had paused beside him and was regarding him curiously.

With an impatient shrug he turned to look at the man, when suddenly everything seemed to come to a stop. His heart, his pulses, his breath, even his sight, seemed to fail him as he stared blankly into the eyes that were bent with searching scrutiny upon his face.

"By the powers, if it isn't Nate Judkins! It's many a year since you and I last saw each other, and you've changed so I hardly knew you," the stranger burst forth, and yet with a note of doubt in his tones the other was

quick to catch. The sound of his voice broke the uncanny spell that had seemed to hold the broker, and things began to move again.

John Sherburne was a man not easily thrown off his guard; he had been in too many tight places during his eventful life not to have himself pretty well under control under the most trying circumstances. Hence, while the man was speaking, he had taken a rapid survey of his situation from various points of view. His self-poise began to return, and by the time the stranger ceased speaking he was ready to cross swords and defend himself to the last thrust.

His face assumed an expression of well-bred surprise. A look of perplexity clouded his eyes as he courteously observed in his blandest tones:

"I think, sir, you have made a mistake. My name is Sherburne."

"Sherburne!" repeated the other incredulously.

"Yes. John Sherburne." Drawing forth one of his business cards, he presented it to the stranger, who, after studying it a moment, lifted his glance

and searched his companion's countenance again.

"And you are not Nate Judkins! I could have sworn you were."

"No. My card tells you who I am."

"And were you ever in England?"

John Sherburne's heart gave a startled leap. Should he admit or deny the fact? Then, as a sudden resolution took form in his mind, he replied, with an air of candor, not unmixed with pride:

"Oh, yes, several times. More than that, I am an Englishman by birth."

"Well, this beats me!" was the perplexed rejoinder. "I was sure you were the man I've been looking for this many a year."

"Such mistakes often occur; but in this instance I must resemble your friend to a marked degree," said Mr. Sherburne, with an assumption of good humor that was still more misleading.

"You do and you don't. You're stouter, and, of course, being older would change you. Your hair is white, and his was reddish brown when I last saw him; while you have the air and look of a swell, which didn't belong to him at all. Still, all these changes might have come to you, and you might be my old comrade—"

"Comrade!"

"Yes, we were soldiers in the same company in the old country."

"Really, this is growing exceedingly interesting," observed the broker, in a tone of well-assumed surprise, yet with a whitening of the lips beneath his mustache. "And—and what may be your name, if you please?"

He wondered if he could hear it and preserve his sorely tested aplomb.

"Dawson, sir; Joe Dawson."

"Dawson—Dawson? I don't think I ever knew any one by that name. So you were once an English soldier? That is a singular coincidence, for I served as captain in her majesty's Fifty-seventh more than thirty years ago."

"As captain in the Fifty-seventh!" repeated the man, with a skeptical smile. "I'll bet you are Nate Judkins, after all," he added, with sudden assurance and an ominous scowl; "and if I'm right, then you are a——"



"By the powers, if it isn't Nate Judkins!"

He leaned forward and breathed the last word in his companion's ear—a word which it took all Mr. Sherburne's fortitude to hear without making any sign.

But the next moment he remarked, with an indulgent smile: "Well, well, my friend; you seem bent upon changing my identity. What can I do to convince you that you have made a blunder? Ah!"—as if the thought had but just occurred to him—"perhaps if you could see the official discharge of Captain John Sherburne you might be convinced of your mistake."

A blank look settled upon the stranger's face at this. "If you could show me that, I suppose I should have to be," he reluctantly admitted.

"Then come home with me, Mr. Dawson, if you have the time to spare, and you shall be satisfied upon that point," said Mr. Sherburne, with persuasive candor. "This matter might as well be disposed of once for all, for that was an ugly name you hurled at me a moment ago, and it might be awkward if I should chance to meet you hereafter and still rest under the ban of your suspicion. I see an up-town car is coming, and we will take it."

He had spoken with a cheerful assurance which he was far from feeling, for there had rushed over him a sickening sense of the ruin, the shame, and ignominy that must have overtaken him if he had obeyed his recent impulse to destroy Captain John Sherburne's discharge paper, which, on the night of his introduction to Louis, he had feared might prove a witness against him, if it should ever come to light. Now he realized that upon it alone depended his salvation.

Upon arriving home, Mr. Sherburne conducted his guest directly to the library, and hospitably ordered a bottle of wine and a box of cigars to be brought. Setting these before Mr. Dawson, he told him to help himself while he looked up the document. Dawson, with the eager gleam of one who loved his cups glowing in his eyes, greedily availed himself of this opportunity, quaffing two full glasses before

his host returned to his side with the precious parchment.

"There you are," Mr. Sherburne observed in an offhand tone. "That will prove to you that Captain John Sherburne was honorably discharged from her majesty's service on the sixteenth of October, 18—. Take your time to examine it."

"Humph!—on account of disability," muttered Mr. Dawson, reading from the document. "You must have been pretty badly off to get this before your time was up."

"Yes, the surgeons said there was no hope; but for once they were mistaken, it seems, and her majesty lost the service of a soldier in his prime," said Mr. Sherburne airily, as he lighted a cigar.

"You didn't care to go back when you got well?" queried his companion.

"No, I'd had enough of it; so with that paper as my voucher I made a bee-line for this country, to try my fortune here. Not very patriotic that—eh, comrade?"

"Well, hard service does tell on a man's patriotism," Mr. Dawson admitted. "I suppose, though, there is no disputing the evidence of that," he added, glancing at the discharge, and pouring out another glass of wine; "but I swear you look enough like Nate Judkins to deceive his own mother!"

"Perhaps you will come across your comrade some time, and will then not find the resemblance so striking. At all events, you will not be likely to make the same mistake again," said Mr. Sherburne, puffing vigorously at his cigar.

Dawson did not reply, and his eyes swept the face opposite him with a look which was not wholly free from doubt and suspicion, in spite of the evidence before him.

"I'll be going now," he presently observed, setting down his empty glass and rising. "Much obliged for your hospitality, captain, and good luck to you!"

Mr. Sherburne accompanied his guest from the room and wished him "Good day" in his most affable manner.

After thankfully speeding his depart-

ing guest, John Sherburne hurried back to his library, where, locking the door to protect himself against intruders, he sank upon a chair with a face like chalk.

"Joe Dawson! Joe! Of all people in the world!" he gasped, after taking a moment to recover his breath. "Good Lord! After all these years! What if I had destroyed that discharge? I never could have allayed the man's suspicions. I'm not sure I have now, entirely; but, at least, he can prove nothing against me with that in my possession. I seem to be menaced from two different directions—what is to be the outcome?" He sat in deep thought for ten or fifteen minutes, his face darkening and hardening with every passing moment.

"I'm not going to be beaten as near the end of the trip as this," he at last affirmed through his tightly compressed lips. "I've staked altogether too much in the game I have played, and—*what I have won I am going to keep!* But how make it secure beyond the possibility of loss?"

At this instant there came a tap on the door.

"It is I—Josephine—Uncle John," said that young lady, her clear, musical tones making a pleasant break in his uncomfortable reflections.

The man started, his face lighting suddenly with a gleam of triumph.

"That's the very thing. I'll do it!" he muttered as he arose and opened the door to admit his niece.

"Come in, come in, dear," he said, in an eager voice.

"Not if you are busy, Uncle John. I merely came to tell you there is an expressman at the door who wishes you to sign for a package," Josephine explained.

"All right. I'm not busy, so come in. I will be back directly, and I want to talk to you."

Miss Ashton nodded a smiling acquiescence as she entered and paced slowly up and down the long room, while she waited for her uncle to return.

She made a very pleasing picture in



He sank upon a chair with a face like chalk

that rich room with its luxurious furniture and hangings, its costly books, pictures, rugs, and bric-à-brac. She harmonized well with her surroundings, which seemed to belong naturally to her. In figure she was tall and symmetrical and well poised; a trifle stately in carriage, yet graceful and deliberate in all her movements. Her face, too, although it might not merit the term "handsome," no one could pass without a second glance.

She had changed much in every way during her four years in college. Her experience with Margaret Lawrence during her last year in high school had proved a turning point in her life and character, while the affection which had been the outgrowth of it became as strong and tender for her new friend as her previous dislike and jealousy had been.

Then, too, misfortune and sorrow had done their share in molding her anew. They had taught her that frivol-

ity and pleasure, self-indulgence and supine dependence upon others were not calculated to prepare one for the duties and stern realities that, sooner or later, must come to every human being.

Thus higher aspirations and resolves began to take possession of her, and to broaden, deepen, and elevate her, both mentally and morally, until by the time her course at Vassar was completed she had come to be regarded by her teachers and associates as a high-minded and cultured girl, who would help to better the world in which she lived. Still, she was not yet faultless; her battles had not all been fought, nor all her victories won, as time was destined to show.

Although she had been in Chicago so short a time, she had proved that she had no intention of leading an aimless, idle life, for she had applied for a position as teacher in various schools and institutions, even though Mr. Sherburne had repeatedly urged her to be his guest for a year at least. But she possessed an independent spirit; she knew she had no special claim upon his bounty, even though he had always loved her as much as if she had been his own niece; and she would not become a pensioner upon the generosity of any one.

When Mr. Sherburne returned to the room she whirled around, with a gay smile on her lips, to meet him, but saw at once that something had gone wrong with him.

"Is anything the matter, Uncle John?" she inquired, the smile quickly fading. "It seems to me that you are looking rather pale and depressed."

"Well, I have had a pretty trying day, in some respects; but"—with a shrug of his broad shoulders as if to throw off his burdens—"we business men cannot escape our share of the worries of life. Come and sit down, Josie," he continued, slipping his hand beneath her elbow and leading her to a chair. "I have a very important project—to me, at least—upon which I wish to consult you."

"Oh! Have you heard of a position

for me?" she exclaimed, her face lighting with enthusiasm.

"No and yes," he smilingly replied as he seated himself opposite her. "Now, listen, and don't ask me any questions until I have had my say. I do not need to tell you that I am all alone in the world. I do not know that I have a single relative living. It was always a bitter disappointment to both your aunt and me that we had no children of our own. We both grew to love you about as well as if you really belonged to us. I once asked your father to give you to me; of course he wouldn't listen to such an arrangement, though he was good enough to spare you to us occasionally. Now you also have been left alone; you have been bereft of your fortune, and, having been delicately reared, you are not fitted to cope with the world single-handed. In view of this I wish to propose that you allow me to legally adopt you as my daughter."

"Uncle John!" cried Josephine in almost breathless surprise.

"Wait until you hear all," he interposed. "I will not ask you to take my name, for, at your age, that would be awkward for both you and your friends. I only ask you to give me the privilege of feeling that you really belong to me, that I may have some one to care for and love during the remainder of my life—some one who will feel an interest in and perhaps something of affection for me. Cannot you understand, Josie, that I am a lonely old man, and yearn for some one in my home to bid me 'God-speed' when I go out, and welcome when I return? I know you are proud-spirited, and ambitious to do something for yourself; but cannot you accept this as your work—your mission—at least until some one more attractive comes along to claim you and make you mistress of his home? You shall be perfectly free in every way. I will not even allow you to be burdened with household cares. Miss Wellington, who is a jewel of her kind, notwithstanding she is somewhat given to preaching, shall remain and take charge just as usual—that is, if

such an arrangement would be agreeable to you; and you two do seem to be congenial."

"I think Miss Wellington is lovely," said Josephine, with kindling eyes. "Congenial! If one could not live with her and be happy, it would be one's own fault. And I *like* her preaching, as you call it—there is something so practical and wholesome and loving about it." After an interval of silence, Josephine added thoughtfully: "You see, Uncle John, I have always been an idler and pleasure-seeker; and I have really wanted to see if I could not come down to the hard, practical facts of life and amount to something in the world by means of my own efforts. If I stay here, amid all this luxury, with you to pet and pamper me, I am afraid I shall drift back to the old aimless way of living, and I don't want to," she concluded wistfully.

"Suppose your father had not lost his money, you would not, even with your changed views, have felt that you must go into an active business or professional life in order to prove that you could amount to something in the world," argued Mr. Sherburne.

"No, I suppose not," she said hesitatingly. "Yet I think I should have wanted to have some worthy object in life."

"Exactly; and now you can have an opportunity to choose what that shall be," said her companion; "for it was only a question of time, anyway, when you would have become a wealthy girl, Josephine. Ever since misfortune overtook you, it has been my intention to leave you handsomely provided for; but, more recently, I have decided to make you my sole heir, and, whether you accede to my proposition or not, you will eventually be mistress of all I possess, which is no small amount. I am not telling you this to place you under any obligation. It is not a bribe, my dear; it is simply that I must make some disposition of my property, and, as you are nearer my heart than any one else, I have settled the matter in this way. So now, if you feel that you can remain and be a daughter to me—

a bit of sunshine in the house—it will be a great comfort to me."

Josephine was considerably agitated. This proposal and information had come as a great surprise to her, and she was made both glad and sorry by the knowledge that her future was abundantly provided for.

It was delightful to know that she need no longer feel herself alone in the world; that love and protection would henceforth be thrown around her, with plenty of money at her command, and a considerate and genial guardian to consult and rely upon in times of perplexity and trial.

And yet, back of all, there was a sense of disappointment that the opportunity to test her reserve force and prove her mettle was denied her.

It would make no difference in the end if she refused to comply with her uncle's request, for he had settled the question as to how he should dispose of his fortune, and eventually it would be forced upon her by his will and the law. Thus it would almost seem like rank ingratitude not to try to make him some return, by ministering to his comfort and happiness during the remainder of his lonely life.

Then, too, if she persisted in following out her own plans, now that there no longer existed the necessity for doing so, would she not be wilfully robbing some poor girl of a much-needed position and its compensation?

She tried to look at the matter from every point of view, and was so long silent and so deeply absorbed in her thoughts that Mr. Sherburne began to fear that he was destined to disappointment.

Finally Josephine lifted a bright face to him.

"You have clipped my wings before I had a chance to try them, Uncle John," she smilingly observed; "and since I cannot fly away, as I had planned, it behooves me to settle gracefully down in my gilded cage and try to be the good and obedient daughter you wish."

"I hope you will not feel caged,

Josie," said the man, in a doubtful tone.

"Oh, dear, no. That was only a figure of speech, Uncle John, for this beautiful home is so much better than any I ever expected to have again. It will be lovely to feel that it is really mine, and that you have taken me into your heart as well; and if, as you say, I can make your life brighter and happier, I shall feel that I am doing some good in the world, and it will be a delightful arrangement, as far as I am concerned." She was so bright and animated as she concluded that Mr. Sherburne was reassured.

"And you will consent to be legally adopted?" he inquired.

"Do you think such formalities necessary?" she asked. Somehow this phase of the plan did not quite please her; it almost seemed like signing away her identity to enter into such a compact.

"It would make everything more secure for you," he replied. "Besides, it will at once establish you in a definite position socially here in Chicago. Moreover, I am rather doubtful about wills and leaving other people to administer

them after you are gone; so, to make everything sure, I am going to settle my property upon you at once, reserving only the power of trustee for myself; thus I can make sure that all will be just as I wish, and no one can ever

deprive you of your inheritance. Not even that fine young chap who may come along some day to claim you will be able to touch it without your consent," he concluded jocosely.

Josephine flushed consciously at this little roguish fling, and then was irritated because she had done so. Like a flash her thoughts had turned to Louis Arnold, for she felt sure that he alone could ever have any claim upon her heart. He was her ideal, her model, of what a man should be. For six years she had been in the same class

with him at school, and never once, to her knowledge, had he lowered his standard.

In his opinions, in all his dealings with others, even in his sports, he was always straightforward, fair, and just; and it troubled her now to know that there had been a rupture between him and her guardian. She found that her



"The world will seem a much brighter place if I can keep you with me."

sympathies were with the former rather than the latter, although from the way Mr. Sherburne had explained the cause of their separation, Louis seemed to have been over-nice and intolerant regarding prevailing methods.

Still, she believed that if he had determined to be strictly honest in business—and she knew that to him the term meant that what was not absolutely right was absolutely wrong—he would adhere to his purpose, and, with his energy and persistence, she felt sure he would be successful in what he undertook to do. Since coming to Chicago and meeting him again, she found that her admiration and regard for him were on the increase, and she yearned to awaken a responsive chord in his estimate of her. But of course she had allowed nothing of this to become apparent to others, and now she strove to stay her rising color, and responded with ready compliance:

"Very well, Uncle John; I know nothing about legal points, but it shall be just as you wish. I certainly am very grateful and happy in view of all your kindness to me, and now I am sure I shall never again feel so sad and lonely as I have felt during the last year."

She arose and approached him with both hands extended, tears brimming her eyes.

"I can echo those last words most joyously," he replied, as he also arose, taking her hands in one of his and laying his other arm lightly about her shoulders. "The world will seem a much brighter place if I can keep you with me. And now, Josie, remember we are to be exactly like father and daughter in our relations. If you want anything, you are to ask for it, just as freely as if you had always belonged here; there is plenty of money, and the more you spend in making yourself and others—if you are inclined to charitable deeds—happy, the better I shall like it. Do you understand?"

The girl laughed to keep herself from weeping, for in this kind and generous mood he made her think of her own father, who had always been very tender with her.

"All right," she said, trying to speak lightly. "And to put you to the test I am going to begin right now."

"Good for you! What is it?"

"I want to invite a friend to spend the Christmas holidays with me, and give her the best time of her life."

"You couldn't please me better. Fill the house with young people, if you like, and be as gay as you choose."

"No, I only want one for Christmas. She is my dearest friend, and I'm not going to share her with anybody else this time. There! see how selfishness crops out with the first temptation! I told you you would spoil me!" And yet it was a happy little laugh that followed the words.

"I will risk it; but who is this dearest friend?" inquired the broker.

"Margaret Lawrence. We were classmates in high school, and I spent a week with her after I left Vassar."

"Then of course you owe her the visit. Send for her, by all means, and right away, or she may make some other engagement," said Mr. Sherburne, as eagerly as if it had been his own particular friend who was coming. "And now let us see," he added, seating himself at his desk and producing his check-book, "I must not shirk any of my responsibilities. My adopted daughter must be supplied with her first month's allowance to seal the compact." He filled in a slip for a generous amount and passed it over to her. She flushed sensitively as she glanced at it.

"I'm afraid you are too lavish, Uncle John," she began, in a repressed tone.

"Tut, tut! You are not to criticize your sire's expenditures, and he won't question yours. Put it in your purse, and, later, I'll arrange for you to have a check-book of your own."

"Thank you, Uncle John," the girl said. Then, catching sight of a paper lying spread out upon the table, she exclaimed curiously: "Oh, what is this, stamped with the English coat of arms—and on parchment, too? Why!" as her quick eye swept the sheet, "were you ever a soldier and a captain?"

John Sherburne frowned and an icy chill swept over him. He seemed to be

ill-fated of late, he thought, regarding this secret which he had preserved intact for so many years. Why should it come cropping to the surface, upon various occasions, threatening him with both danger and humiliation, when he had grown to feel himself so secure?

He berated himself soundly for not having returned the document to the safe immediately after showing it to Joe Dawson; then Josephine would never have seen it. But there was no help for it now; the girl's keen eyes had taken in the trend of the paper, and he must meet the situation as best he could.

"Yes, when I was a young man I served for a time in the English Army," he replied, as if it were a matter of no special interest. "That is my discharge. I was showing it to an old comrade this afternoon."

He gently took the parchment from her—she having lifted it to examine the stamp more closely—rolled it up, and returned it to his safe.

He then began to talk of Margaret Lawrence's coming, and of the various plans for her entertainment, and the discharge was for the time forgotten.

Very shortly after this the necessary steps were taken to legalize the adoption of Miss Josephine Ashton by Mr. John Sherburne, and the latter then proceeded to settle the bulk of his property upon his new daughter. When these important matters were closed the man experienced a sense of supreme relief, and told himself, with a feeling of secret triumph, that he had accomplished the *coup de maître* which would insure them both a life of ease and luxury—let come what would.

Meantime, a letter from Josephine went flying east to her friend, Margaret Lawrence, telling her of the wonderful change in her prospects, and pleading for the holiday visit. It also contained a through ticket from Boston to Chicago, and of this Josephine wrote:

It is my Christmas gift to you, dear, so do not disappoint me, for I am longing for you with all my heart. I know the change will do you good, and you will go back to school

feeling a hundred per cent. better prepared to finish the year.

Margaret responded with grateful acknowledgments and acceptance, and also wrote some news that was both a joy and surprise to Josephine:

Mother and Ted are going to Chicago to live, on or about the first of January. Ted has had a fine offer from a firm there, and, after considering the pros and cons, we have thought best to make our home there. I shall, of course, complete my year here at Smith, but, meantime, Ted is to be on the lookout for a position for me in or near Chicago, for we cannot be separated. Ted says his salary will be sufficient for us all, and I need not work; but, having fitted myself for teaching and loving the work, I am going to stick to it, at least for the present. But we will talk more of this when I see you. I shall leave Boston at nine via B. & A. R. R., Friday evening, December 22, and you will know at what hour and where to meet me Saturday night. Now, my dear, au revoir.

Lovingly,

MARGARET.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Margaret Lawrence coming here for a two weeks' visit!"

The speaker was Louis Arnold, who was making his usual call upon Aunt Martha.

Miss Wellington had been telling him of Josephine's invitation to her friend, with something of the plans for the approaching holidays; and the quick flush that swept to his brows, the swift gleam of joy that leaped into his eyes, together with the tender thrill in his voice as he spoke the girl's name, at once revealed to his companion the sweet, long-cherished hope of his life which he believed was as yet safely locked within the most secret recesses of his heart.

"Yes, she will arrive a fortnight from to-night, and no doubt you will be glad to meet your old classmate while she is with us," demurely observed the lady, a gleam of amusement in her eyes, which told Louis that he had betrayed more than he intended.

"I certainly shall," he said, "and, Aunt Martha"—the flush deepening on his cheek as he felt suddenly impelled to confide in her—"I am sure you will

like Miss Lawrence. I *hope* you will. I may as well tell you I think she is the finest girl I ever saw; just the kind that would make an all-around companion for life," he boldly admitted. "I have told you something about her before, you know. I was strongly tempted, during my vacation a year ago last summer, to sound her a little regarding her opinion of your humble servant, but I had no definite plans for my future in mind at that time, and I thought it would be hardly fair to make any advances until I had something besides empty hands to offer with my heart."

"That was right," said Miss Wellington, with an approving nod. "You certainly do try to govern your life by principle, dear."

"Now," Louis resumed, "I feel that I am pretty sure what I am going to do. I like the lumber business; it is a good, clean, substantial business, even though there are some rough experiences connected with it. I like Mr. Buskirk; he is queer, but he is honest to the core, and we fit in together as if we had been made for each other, and the first of January he is going to double my wages."

"Double! That is an unusual raise, isn't it?" queried Miss Wellington in surprise.

"Yes, it is; but I've tried to make myself useful—I have been to the mills twice with him, and have got a pretty thorough knowledge of how things are going there. I made a suggestion, too, that simplified the handling of some of the lumber, and which pleased him greatly; and yesterday he told me what I might expect at the beginning of the year."

"I am very much pleased," said his friend appreciatively.

"So, you see, Aunt Martha," Louis continued, "I feel that by the end of another twelve months I will be worth still more to him and get another raise; and perhaps it would not be too presumptuous of me to put my fate with Margaret to the test pretty soon. What do you think?"

Miss Wellington laid her hand af-

fectionately upon the young man's shoulder.

"Thank you, my boy, for giving me your confidence," she said. "Now, regarding Miss Lawrence, I hear nothing but good of her from Josephine; and, as I am pretty sure I can safely trust your judgment in a matter which so vitally concerns your happiness, and your prospects seem favorable, I will simply quote an old proverb to you: 'Faint heart never won fair lady.'"

Louis threw back his head with a light-hearted laugh.

"How helpful you always are! I never go away empty when I come to you for counsel," he said, giving her a bright, fond look. "And this is such acceptable advice, too," he added contentedly.

"It seems almost as if we were back in New Hampshire, and you were really 'my boy' again, to have you come to me with your hopes and fears." And Miss Wellington affectionately stroked his arm as she used to do in the old days when they had their little confidential talks.

"I am always going to be your 'boy,' Aunt Martha, and you know that you are booked for your own special niche in my home, just as soon as that coveted place is established," he eagerly affirmed.

"That is very nice of you, Louis, but you know I never encouraged you in building castles in Spain, so I think we will wait awhile before we talk about that," smilingly responded his friend.

Again he laughed buoyantly.

"We will wait just one month, Aunt Martha," he retorted, with a roguish twinkle in his eyes; "for, acting upon the spirit of your proverb, I shall have learned something definite by that time. But"—and the light suddenly faded out of his face—"if I fail to awaken a responsive chord in Margaret Lawrence, it will mean a home for you and me alone, dear friend, for I shall want my own fireside just the same, and I shall need you to help me make life as bright as may be."

There was a moment of silence, then Miss Wellington abruptly inquired:



They were being stealthily followed by a tall figure clad in a dark-gray ulster.

"Louis, have you ever looked over those old letters that belonged to your mother?"

"No; I sent for all those things after we had that other talk about them, but somehow the right time has never seemed to come, and, besides, I have felt that it isn't a very pleasant thing to do," he replied.

"But I think you ought; there may be something connected with the lives of your parents which might be to your interest to know," Miss Wellington observed.

"I wish you would go through them for me, Aunt Martha," he pleaded. "If you discover anything of importance, you can save it for me. I am inclined to think, however, they might as well be burned first as last."

"No, indeed; bring them to me and I will look them over carefully for you. You would make a great mistake to burn them," objected Miss Wellington prophetically.

"All right, I will send them around in a day or two, and you can take your time," Louis replied as he arose to take his leave.

Two weeks slipped quickly by, and late on Saturday evening John Sherburne, with his adopted daughter on his arm, paced the station platform while they waited for the arrival of the eastern train.

They appeared to be very happy—as, indeed, they were in their new relations—laughing and chatting in the most social manner, and wholly unconscious that they were being stealthily followed by a tall figure clad in a dark-gray ulster and wearing a slouch hat drawn down over his eyes.

After walking to the rear end of the platform, they turned and slowly retraced their steps, which necessitated their passing the man referred to. As they came close up with him, he suddenly tipped back his hat, revealing a flushed and bloated face, and, slapping Mr. Sherburne familiarly on the shoulder, exclaimed, in a thick, tipsy voice: "Howdy, Nate Judkins? I'm blamed if I don't believe you're my man, after all!"

John Sherburne felt a sudden contraction of his throat, as if a relentless hand had clutched him there, shutting

off his breath for a moment. But he knew that everything depended upon his maintaining his self-possession. Let him make but a single false move, and he was lost.

He turned, with an air of mild surprise, to the man, and blandly observed: "You have made a mistake, my friend. I don't know any such person. All the same, if there is anything I can do for you I shall be glad to oblige you."

The stranger searched the clean-shaven, aristocratic face for a moment, hesitated, changed the position of his hat, then meeting Josephine's wondering eyes, drew back, muttering an incoherent apology, and slunk away.

"Why, what did he mean, Uncle John, by calling you by that name?" the girl inquired, as they resumed their interrupted walk.

"I doubt if he knows himself what he meant," Mr. Sherburne replied, in a tolerant tone. "He is a poor tipsy fellow who evidently mistook me for some one else. There! I think the train is coming in, and just two minutes behind its time," he concluded, as he wheeled his companion around and hurried her toward the incoming express, but hurling mental anathemas upon the fate that had caused that delay of two minutes, and had plunged him into such an awkward predicament in the presence of his adopted daughter.

Another minute and Josephine and Margaret were in each other's arms, simultaneously voicing glad greetings and fond inquiries with characteristic girlish fervor and delight.

When these were over, Josephine introduced her uncle, who cordially expressed his pleasure in having Miss Lawrence come to them.

Space will not permit a detailed account of the two weeks that followed. Something delightful was planned for every day, while the evenings were devoted to the theater and other attractions, with now and then a pleasant little affair at home.

Two nights of every week Mr. Sherburne spent at his club, also Sunday afternoons, and upon those occasions

Josephine tactfully arranged to include Louis in their party.

True, Mr. Sherburne never objected to the young man's visits to either Miss Wellington or his ward, yet it was evident to Josephine that he did not wish to meet Louis if he could avoid doing so; hence the girl's desire to evade awkward situations.

Miss Wellington was called upon to act as chaperone upon these occasions, and was in her element, declaring that she had never had such a good time in her life.

She not only enjoyed the companionship of young people, but possessed the happy faculty of adapting herself to them, and, with a keen, though quiet, spirit of humor, she was excellent company herself.

She was the more glad to avail herself of these opportunities because she wished to study from every point of view the girl upon whom her "boy" had staked his future happiness.

Margaret Lawrence had developed into a very beautiful girl. She was not brilliant or striking, like Josephine; but one could not remain in her presence half an hour without becoming conscious of a cheeriness and sweetness of disposition, a purity of thought, and a conscientious regard for all that was good and true, that seemed to give promise of a useful and harmonious life, however and wherever she might spend it.

Miss Wellington could find no fault with her, and, as it soon became evident that the attraction between Margaret and Louis was mutual, she felt sure that, when the right opportunity presented itself, the young man would not sue in vain for the love he coveted.

At the same time she was somewhat appalled to discover that Josephine was manifesting peculiar symptoms, in view of similar convictions, even though she spared no effort or expense to make her friend's visit as delightful as possible, and bravely strove to conceal the fierce struggle which was going on within her own heart, as she realized what the probable result of Margaret's coming would be.

On New-year's morning there came a package by express to each of the three ladies in Mr. Sherburne's household. They were all the same size, and upon examination were found to contain exquisite bunches of long-stemmed roses, each a duplicate of the other except in color. Miss Wellington's were pure white, Josephine's pink, and Margaret's a rich glowing crimson; and to each was attached a card bearing the name of Louis Arnold with the compliments of the season.

"How lovely of Mr. Arnold!" exclaimed Margaret, as she buried her glowing face among the vivid blossoms. In so doing she dislodged a tiny envelope which had been adroitly concealed in their midst, and which now fell fluttering to the floor in full view of her companions.

With conscious blushes suffusing her sweet face, she stooped to recover it, while Miss Wellington, keenly observant of the situation, saw Josephine sharply catch her breath as her color suddenly faded, leaving her startlingly pale.

"Yes, Louis is always very thoughtful," Miss Wellington hastened to remark; "and see," she added, to draw attention to herself, and so cover Josephine's agitation, "he has been especially partial to me to-day." She held up a pocketbook having a gold clasp on which her initials were graven.

This little tactful ruse gave Josephine an opportunity to recover herself, and she immediately rose to the occasion.

"That is a beauty," she said, going quickly to her side, as if eager to inspect the gift. "And you needed it, dear Miss Wellington," she added, with a faint smile.

"Yes, I know it. The last time I went out with Louis he said he was ashamed of my old one, and asked me to keep it out of sight." A little burst of happy laughter rippled over the woman's lips as she opened her treasure to investigate its numerous compartments.

"And he has sent you white roses, too; nothing else would have been quite

the thing for you," murmured Margaret, as her eyes wandered from the snowy blossoms to the pure, refined face above them. "And, Josie, your pink ones are superb," she concluded, stooping to inhale the fragrance of the offering to her friend.

"Yes—and I must put them in water," replied Josephine, as she turned abruptly away to get a vase, in which, after ringing for water to fill it, she arranged her flowers, and left it for a centerpiece on the large table in the drawing-room.

Margaret, however, carried her bouquet away to her own room, and that evening, when she was dressed for the little New-year's reception which Josephine was giving in her honor, and which included the Richardses and Westons, together with some acquaintances which she had recently made, she fastened one great, perfect blossom in the front of her corsage.

"Love's answer to love's offering," said Josephine to herself, with a sickening sense of loss which held her in thrall throughout the evening, making her duties as hostess well-nigh unbearable, particularly whenever her glance chanced to rest upon the lovers' happy faces.

No one suspected the truth save Miss Wellington, whose heart yearned to comfort the suffering girl, and even she did not dream of the battle which Josephine afterward fought out alone in the silence and darkness of her own room, and which lasted until the gray dawn of morning began to creep into the eastern sky.

When the girl came resolutely face to face with the blighting fact that she and Margaret both loved Louis Arnold and asked herself what was to be the outcome of the situation, she was appalled to find herself confronted by a couple of ugly dragons, bitter jealousy and vindictiveness, which she had fondly imagined she had long since slain—dragons of that old school feud when Margaret had led the class and despoiled her of her coveted honors.

Could she bear to have her rival rob her now of what she had fondly hoped

would be the crowning glory of her life? If it had been any one else, she thought it would not have seemed quite so hard.

Could they continue to be friends, or must they become lifelong foes because of this? Should she allow resentment,

would she gain by such a course? Would it bring Louis nearer to her, or would it even help her in any way to bear this sorrow and disappointment which had come upon her so unawares?

These were some of the searching



With conscious blushes suffusing her sweet face she stooped to recover it.

hatred, and self-love to take possession of her and sweep out of existence the beautiful friendship of the last five years, thus marring the happiness of Margaret, who was guiltless of wrong toward her, and casting an even deeper blight upon her own future? What

questions which confronted her in the darkness and silence of that first night of the New-year, and there finally came to her the realization that there could be but one conclusion of the whole matter. She had once risen superior to such unworthy traits, and she could

never sink to their level again. Such a retrograde step could only result in a sense of the loss of something very dear and sweet out of her life, in losing Margaret; in a feeling of scorn from the man whom she loved, together with endless humiliation and contempt for herself—*she must conquer self again*. With this she fell asleep and did not waken until Miss Wellington tapped upon her door and inquired if she had overslept and missed hearing the breakfast-bell.

She would have been glad to remain in bed all day, for she was weary and still heavy-hearted; but her duty to her guest forbade, and then there were engagements for both afternoon and evening. So she braced herself for the ordeal before her, hurriedly dressed herself, and, assuming her jauntiest air, went below to join the family at breakfast with an apology for her tardiness.

The next few days loomed up like ages before her, for she had been too deeply wounded to find it easy to wear a brave front and make no sign. Margaret was not to leave until Friday morning, and Josephine lived in constant dread of a confidential disclosure from her.

Tuesday and Wednesday were filled pretty full and passed swiftly. Thursday morning there was shopping, and Mrs. Richards had claimed them for the afternoon and evening.

They had a very pleasant visit with her and Mrs. Weston, Miss Wellington also being one of the party.

The gentlemen joined them at dinner, after which there followed a jolly, happy time, even Josephine forcing herself to be gay, and every one appearing determined to make Margaret's last evening enjoyable, that she might take only pleasant memories away with her on the morrow.

Louis accompanied the three ladies home, where he walked in with them, as a matter of course, and, leaving his hat and coat in the hall, followed Margaret into the drawing-room with an air of quiet assurance.

Miss Wellington, as if blissfully unconscious of anything unusual in the

atmosphere, quietly mounted the stairs to the second floor. Josephine, taking the hint, slipped up after her, and with a brief good night disappeared within her own room.

An hour later she heard the hall door close, and presently there came a gentle knock upon her own.

She had been nerving herself for this last confidential interview with Margaret, and was outwardly calm as she admitted her friend and smiled archly into the sweet face that was covered with conscious blushes.

"I know what you have come to tell me, dear," Josephine exclaimed, thus forestalling the prospective confession. "I have been expecting to hear it every day for nearly a week."

"Have you, truly, Josie?" said Margaret, in surprise. "What made you suspect?"

"One didn't need to consult an oracle in order to ascertain the result of what was patent to every one from the outset," playfully responded Josephine, as Margaret paused from embarrassment.

"Well, of course I couldn't tell any one until I had written mama and Ted, to find out what they thought about it," Margaret explained apologetically.

"You see, Louis and I have been fond of each other for years, but nothing definite has ever been said until I came here. When he called New-year's afternoon—you were practising those duets with Mr. Welton—he told me, but I could give him no promise until I heard from home. This morning I had my letter, and mama and Ted are both delighted, and so—"

"So Louis came in to-night to get his final answer," supplemented Josephine, as her companion again found it difficult to proceed.

For reply Margaret held out her left hand, on which there shone a small white stone, very prettily set.

"Well, it seems he was confident of results, and came prepared to take possession of his prize," returned Josephine, forcing a light laugh to her lips.

"Yes, I suppose we both felt that writing to mama was only a matter of form, for she has known and admired

Louis for a long while; but, of course, we owed her the courtesy of asking her sanction; and now I am telling you first of all," and Margaret caught her friend to her in a loving embrace.

The die was cast, and Josephine, having herself well in hand by this time, was able to listen while the unsuspecting girl told her something of her lover's plans for their future. They would have to wait a couple of years before they could make a home for themselves, she said; until Louis was more permanently established in business. Meantime, she would continue to teach, and hoped she might secure a position there in Chicago. It was fully midnight before Margaret realized that she had a long journey before her on the morrow, and, saying "Good night," went to her own room to dream of present happiness and the joys awaiting her; while Josephine spent another night in mortal combat with the giant, Self.

CHAPTER XX.

The next morning Margaret bade an affectionate farewell to her friends, and life in John Sherburne's luxurious home settled back into its usual routine. But Josephine seemed greatly changed. Now that the necessity for dissembling was past, the reaction came, and she yielded to it for the time, having neither the courage nor the strength to resist. She had believed that on New-year's night she had fought her battle to the finish; but day after day the struggle was renewed, and she was exhausted and almost in despair.

"Did I ever really conquer self?" she would question. "Was that experience in the old school-days an actual turning from evil to good, or was it only a vision of attractive ideals superficially embraced for the time, like a pretty surface-garden built over a treacherous volcano which now threatens to demolish all that has seemed so lovely? Was the jealousy and hate and selfishness of that time really overcome, or only covered up; glossed over for awhile, to break forth with deadlier venom upon another seeming provocation?"

"Did I ever really love Margaret? Have I ever been a true friend to her—true enough to trample self under foot for her sake? Or have I only been friendly with her because of the pleasure her sweetness and dearness have afforded me? A true friend will lay down his life for his friend, will renounce all that he holds most dear to make the other happy, and in so doing reap joy for himself. Can I do that? Can I renounce my own will so completely, so thoroughly, that no sting will be left behind, and my love will be just as spontaneous as it has seemed to be during the last five or six years?"

"It must be that or nothing; for, as Miss Wellington says, 'anything short of absolute right is absolute wrong.' Am I equal to it? I do not know; I cannot think it out yet; the pain is too keen, the yearning too intense now."

And there she would leave it. The struggle went on, day after day, Josephine growing listless, morbid, and indifferent to all that was going on around her, until both Mr. Sherburne and Miss Wellington began to be much exercised over her condition.

Mr. Sherburne insisted that she was worn out with too much excitement, and proposed a trip to southern California, hoping that entire change of air and scene might be beneficial in bringing back strength, color, and spirit. But Josephine said she did not care to travel; she preferred the quiet and comforts of home.

In truth, she knew that she could never get away from the great question which, sooner or later, must be definitely settled; she must meet it there, and she only wished to be left to herself to think—until she could settle the question *whether she would conquer or be conquered*.

Miss Wellington thought she understood what was the trouble; but she felt that it was too delicate a matter for her to approach, unless the girl voluntarily gave her confidence; but she was very tender and thoughtful toward Josephine, and shielded her in every possible way when her uncle became too inquisitive and solicitous.



Burying her face in its soft folds, fell to weeping in utter abandonment.

One gloomy, stormy day, feeling more than usually depressed and out of sorts with herself, Josephine took her work-basket and went across the hall to Miss Wellington's room, with the hope of forgetting her trouble for awhile.

"Come in, dear," said the gentle voice that was always like a benediction.

Entering, Josephine found the house-keeper seated in the sunny, wide bay window, engaged in looking over a box of old letters.

"You are busy," said Josephine, hesitating upon the threshold as she saw the nature of Miss Wellington's work.

"It is nothing important, dear, so come right in. I have only one more package to go through, anyway. These are some old letters that belonged to Louis' mother, and which Louis has never felt any desire to examine. He wanted to burn them, but I thought they ought to be looked over, and he asked me to do it for him. I haven't found anything important as yet, except some correspondence which I think may have occurred between his grandfather and grandmother, on his mother's side—the letters were written in England

many years ago—and some notes from his father, evidently penned to his mother before their marriage."

"Then his mother was an English lady?" Josephine observed, with some interest; and she drew up a rocker beside the elder woman.

"Yes, she was born in England, but came to this country when quite young."

"What was her maiden name?" the girl inquired, more for the sake of saying something than because she really cared to know.

"Annie Judkins," said her companion, as she took another letter from its envelope and unfolded it.

Josephine felt as if she had received an electric shock as the name fell upon her ears; and instantly the incident which had occurred in the station while she and Mr. Sherburne had been waiting to meet Margaret flashed through her mind.

"Judkins!" she repeated musingly. "I wonder if her father's name could have been Nate, or Nathan, Judkins."

Miss Wellington looked up in surprise from the sheet she was perusing. "No, I think not," she said; "for these

letters, which I believe must have been written by Louis' grandfather, are all signed 'John,' though there is no surname attached—ah, here is one now," she concluded, glancing at the signature appended to the missive she had been reading.

Then Miss Wellington herself experienced a sudden shock as it dawned upon her that the chirography of that name "John" was very similar to, if not identical with, the one written on the back of the photograph of the English soldier which she had reclaimed from the rubbish that Mr. Sherburne had ordered to be thrown away after the cleaning of the library. But she made no comment; she simply said to herself: "I'll ask Louis to compare them;" and she was so absorbed in this new phase of the old mystery that she forgot her surprise at Josephine's question about the name of Nate, or Nathan, Judkins.

"Here is a curious old relic," she presently observed, as she lifted from the box a worn and faded, but richly embossed, leather case, about eight inches long by five wide, and held it up before Josephine. "It must have been a very handsome thing in its day, and quite expensive. It has an interlining of oil-silk between the leather and the green satin, and I think it must have been made for some one going on a sea voyage, to keep letter-paper, envelopes, stamps, etc., from becoming damp. See, the various compartments look as if intended for writing materials."

Josephine took the case from the elder woman and examined it with some manifestation of interest.

She could see that, in spite of the fact that it was badly worn and defaced, the ornamentation on the leather was very fine and rich, and it had also been very prettily made. The satin lining, though now in shreds, had been very heavy, and the color in some of the compartments was still fresh and bright.

There was a socket on the end of the flap which had evidently fastened down upon a button, although the button was now missing. But, taking the thing as

a whole, Josephine thought it was now of very little account, and she presently laid it aside, and, opening her work-box, plied her needle industriously on some fancy work, while she chatted with her companion, who was now tying up her assorted letters into various packages preparatory to putting them away.

Miss Wellington was interrupted in this occupation by a maid, who came to the door to say that the cook would like the menu for dinner, if Miss Wellington had it made out. She also begged the housekeeper to step down to the kitchen and see if the wine jelly, which had been made from a new recipe, was flavored to suit her.

"I won't be long, Josephine; so sit where you are till I come back," said Miss Wellington, as she arose to leave the room.

Josephine took a few stitches on her work after Miss Wellington had gone, then her hands dropped listlessly upon her lap, a weary sigh escaping her.

Go where she would, try hard as she might, she could not get away from her harrowing thoughts; and yet she always felt soothed and comforted when she was with Miss Wellington.

What was the secret of that dear woman's charm, she wondered! How had she ever attained to such an altitude of serenity, of invariable cheerfulness and sweetness? And what an influence for good she always carried with her wherever she went!

It was not surprising to Josephine that Louis had developed into the grand man he was after having been so intimately associated with "Aunt Martha" during the first years of his life. Then she thought she would like to know what his mother had been like.

"It seems she was an English woman, and her name was—Judkins," she murmured. "How queer! I wonder if there possibly can be any connection between her and the man Nate Judkins, of whom that tipsy stranger spoke that night!"

Her eye chanced to fall again upon the old leather case just at this point, and, reaching for it, she began to look

it over a second time, when she caught sight of something that looked like a monogram.

She bent to study it, for it was almost obliterated, but, tracing it with her needle, she finally made out the letters "J. S."

"Uncle John's initials! What a strange coincidence!" she exclaimed. "And Miss Wellington said those letters were signed 'John'!"

She was peeping into the various compartments in an aimless kind of way, when she thought she detected a slight crackle, as of a piece of paper beneath the lining of the body of the case. Turning it back, she found a slit in the oil-silk where it folded over. She inserted her fingers in the aperture, and brought to light a folded paper, closely written over, and yellow with age.

She opened it, and the first line her eyes fell upon caused a cry of amazement to burst from her.

It was the record of a marriage. Beneath it there was a record of a birth, and on the next line, beside a date ten years later, the entry of a death. Then there followed some closely written lines, which Josephine's startled eyes glanced over with almost lightninglike rapidity. By the time she reached the bottom of the sheet her face had grown colorless.

"What does it mean?" she panted. Then, throwing out her hand with a repelling gesture: "I see it all now. The whole thing is explained. Oh, why should I have been the one to find it?"

She was greatly excited, and, hastily refolding the paper, was about to slip it back into its place of concealment, when some unaccountable impulse caused her to copy the names and dates of that marriage, birth, and death. The brief history beneath she had no need to copy; she would never be able to forget it if she lived a hundred years.

The copy made, she carefully replaced the paper where she had found it, pressing the oil-silk interlining down hard upon it. Then she put the case back with the letters, but feeling strangely like a thief as she did so. When Miss Wellington returned, Josephine forced

herself to be social and cheerful, even though her mind was in a whirl, until the lunch-bell rang, when they went down-stairs together.

As soon as lunch was over Josephine went directly to her own room and locked herself in. Then, all her forced strength forsaking her, she sank in a heap upon the floor, dropping her face upon her knees. She was miserable and wildly rebellious in view of the secret which had been revealed to her that morning. Why—why had it fallen to her lot to discover it? Why had she been possessed to pry into the secret recesses of that old leather case? It was cruel, it was horrible; and now there was no escape from its menace.

She, the adopted daughter and heiress of John Sherburne, alone held in her keeping the fate of four people: Louis, Margaret, her Uncle John, and—herself. Had she not already had enough to bear without having this fearful responsibility, with its crushing shame and sacrifice, also laid upon her?

Could she ever meet what seemed to lie before her? Did she possess sufficient regard for truth and honor to go boldly to the friend to whom she owed so much, tell him that she had unearthed the secret of his life, and take her stand for the right, in the face of all that he had done for her?

How could she ever tell him? Then came the temptation to let it alone, and possibly some one else—Louis or Miss Wellington—might yet find what she had found; then let Louis face John Sherburne with it—it was his affair more than hers—and demand restitution. She would thus escape acting the part of the viper which stung the bosom that warmed it. That, to her, seemed the cruelest feature of the whole matter.

In the midst of these arguments came the appalling thought that it was beyond the power of John Sherburne to right this wrong, for had he not already endowed her with all that he possessed? And, like a blow in the face, there swiftly followed the conviction that he had done this very thing to secure his ill-gotten wealth, and so, by making her

his beneficiary, had shifted all responsibility from his shoulders to hers.

Her blood boiled with indignation as she realized that she had been made accessory, even though unconsciously, to such a plot. She saw that, as matters now stood, she could retain possession of this fortune, and no one could wrest it from her, and the future of both would be luxuriously provided for.

"Did he think I could lend myself to such a scheme?" she panted, springing to her feet and pacing the floor excitedly. "He might never have been detected but for what I found this morning; yet even if some one else had discovered it, could he believe that I would keep what I had no moral right to have? Oh, Uncle John! Uncle John! it was unworthy of you. It was unfair to me; and I loved you so; I love you now, in spite of all, for you have always been good to me," she moaned between deep sobs.

"Now what am I going to do?" she went on. "Of course I know what is the *right* thing to do, and if I do it, Louis and Margaret need not wait two long years for their home. Margaret sacrificed herself for a foe; shall I not sacrifice self to keep my friend, my honor, my self-respect, my hope of heaven?"

Just then her glance fell upon a silken scarf that hung over the foot-rail of her bed. It was one Margaret had forgotten when she went home. She caught it up with a pathetic little cry, and, burying her face in its soft folds, fell to weeping in utter abandonment. With this rain of tears there was poured forth all the bitterness that had so rankled in her heart during the last few weeks, while a flood of love and peace, together with a sense of supremacy over all that had seemed to crush her to earth, flowed in like balm and oil to soothe and heal. It was the "Peace be still" after the storm and tempest, and finally, with a little restful sigh, she lifted her head and wiped her tear-laden cheeks. But a look of dismay overspread her face as she saw the soaked and discolored scarf in her hands.

"Margaret's scarf is ruined!" she said. Then a smile chased the clouds away as she added: "But it is baptized with love, and I will keep it as long as I live."

A couple of days later Mr. Sherburne returned from his office in high spirits, and, while the family were at dinner, burst forth with almost the eagerness of a boy:

"How would you like a trip to Europe, Josie?"

"That has been a delectable prospect which I have nursed for a good many years," Josephine replied, repressing a sigh. "You know papa promised to give me a year of travel abroad as soon as I finished my college course."

"Well, you shall have it now, my girl," said her uncle cheerily. "I've about made up my mind to rest on my oars for awhile. Business has been very good of late, and there is another fat plum about ready to drop into your basket, Miss Ashton; so it has occurred to me that we may as well have a little fun for the next two or three years."

Miss Wellington found herself wondering if the "fat plum" had ripened upon the bogus mine which had been the bone of contention between Mr. Sherburne and Louis; and Josephine was also sensitively cringing under a similar thought. But the gentleman was so engrossed with his subject he went on talking of his plans, mentioning the various places he wished to visit, and questioning Josephine regarding her preferences. Thus he did not appear to observe her lack of enthusiasm in the topic. After the meal was over he asked her to come to the library and examine an itinerary which he had brought home with him to discuss with her.

Josephine followed him with a quaking heart, for she realized that the time had come when she must speak out. She listened quietly while he read aloud the attractive prospectus; and when he finally laid it aside she inquired, by way of opening the subject so near her heart:

"What will be the expense of such a trip, Uncle John?"

The man turned to her with a good-natured laugh.

"Miss Ashton, you do not need to worry yourself about the expense. You have money enough and to spare."

"But it really belongs to you," Josephine said, flushing; "and I—I suppose there is a great deal."

"Well, I don't imagine we would rank with so-called money kings; but I've always been pretty lucky in business, and I am well satisfied with the results."

"But you had a fine windfall to begin with, hadn't you? I once heard Aunt Madeline tell mama that you inherited quite a fortune."

John Sherburne frowned with annoyance.

"Well—yes; I inherited about twenty thousand pounds from—from a relative," he reluctantly admitted.

"That is about a hundred thousand dollars, I believe," thoughtfully observed the girl, with quickening heart-throbs.

"Y-es; but what are you driving at, Josie?" queried her guardian, bending a curious look upon her.

Josephine moved her chair closer to his side, and lifted a pale, grave face to him.

"Uncle John," she began tremulously, "I had an object in asking you about this; and now will you be very kind and patient while I tell you a little story that I have recently learned?"

Without waiting for a reply, she went on rapidly: "Away back in 18—, the eldest son of John Sherburne, senior, an ironmonger of England, married against his father's wishes. He was disinherited, and all the ironmonger's property was willed to the younger son, James. John Sherburne, junior, afterward enlisted as a soldier in her majesty's Fifty-seventh Regiment, where, in time, he became a captain. Later he was discharged on account of illness and disability. After lingering some time, he died. The evening previous to his burial a deserter named—wait, Uncle John"—as the man, who until that moment had sat as if frozen, gave a violent start—"a deserter named

Nathan Judkins sought refuge with Mrs. Sherburne. Upon learning of her affliction, and that she and her child were reduced to absolute want, without even the necessary money for funeral expenses, Nathan Judkins offered to buy her husband's discharge-papers—paying her a large sum for them—provided she would assume the name of Judkins, he taking that of John Sherburne. Thus protected, he would be able to evade the officers who were on his track, and so make good his escape. Half crazed with grief and her financial troubles, the widow consented. She never fully realized what a grave mistake she had made until, a few years after coming to this country, she read an advertisement for the nearest of kin to James Wilton Sherburne, —shire, England, and knew that she had sold the birthright of her only child."

"Good heavens! Josephine, what do you mean? Who told you this story? Are you crazy?" John Sherburne leaned forward and laid an almost savage grip upon her arm. There was a wild light in his eyes that made her shrink involuntarily from him.

"No, Uncle John, I am not crazy; though, during the last few days, I have been almost crushed by the burden of this secret. I learned this story from a written statement left by the widow of the real John Sherburne, who was a captain in her majesty's Fifty-seventh."

"Where did you get that statement?"

"I found it. It is a secret which I alone possess as yet, although it is liable to be found by others at any time. Here is a record of John Sherburne's family, which I copied from the statement." Drawing a slip of paper from the folds of her corsage, she laid it in his hand.

The man was greatly excited, and trembled visibly as he grasped the paper and held it up to the light to read; but he breathed easier after taking in, with one quick glance, that brief record of marriage, birth, and death.

"Humph! this doesn't amount to very much," he observed. "Where is the story that goes with it?"

"I didn't have time to copy that,"

Josephine replied. "I only read it very hurriedly. I suppose I had no right to do that; but those names so startled me that I devoured what followed almost before I knew what I was about. You say this record does not amount to very much; but it amounts to a great deal, in my opinion. John Sherburne married Mary Harworth in 18—. They had one child, Annie Sherburne, who was ten years old when her father died. She afterward became the wife of Albert Arnold; and Louis Arnold is the grandson of Captain John Sherburne and—the nearest of kin to James Wilton Sherburne; so——"

"Well?" came impatiently from between the man's tightly shut teeth as she paused.

"You remember how, the night we went to the station to meet Margaret, a man accosted you by the name of Nate Judkins——"

"Well?"

"And"—Josephine was very pale; she was finding her self-imposed task very trying—"I had seen Captain John Sherburne's discharge. You had told me it was yours——"

"And it is mine," interposed her companion, with colorless lips, and with a hunted look in his eyes.

"So"—Josephine forced herself to finish what she had to say—"after reading Mrs. Sherburne's statement, it came to me that you were—were the man who had bought her husband's discharge and——"

Her voice failed her utterly at this point, and she leaned her head wearily upon her hand.

"And you believe that I am that deserter—Nathan Judkins; that I bought John Sherburne's discharge of his widow, and afterward passed myself off as nearest of kin to James Wilton Sherburne, and appropriated his fortune! A fine character you have made out your uncle to be, Miss Ashton!" The man's tone was exceeding bitter as he concluded, but his face was distorted with pain.

"Oh, Uncle John!" breathed the girl almost inaudibly, as she laid an appealing hand upon his arm.

He did not appear to hear her. He sat straight and rigid in his chair, thinking, with every faculty of his mind alert; going over every step of his career and, while conscious that he was finally unmasked, at least to Josephine, trying to find some way of escape from the terrible tangle.

The bitterest drop in his poisoned cup, however, was the fact that this girl—the only being in the world whom he loved and who possessed any affection for him—had been the one to unearth his secret. It was with a feeling akin to despair he realized that his life would be a blank without her.

If, now that he stood revealed to her as the crafty schemer and impostor which all his life he had been, she should repudiate him, he knew that all the wealth of the world would not make up to him for such a loss.

Her pallor and evident suffering also hurt him deeply. Were they caused by her disappointment in him, or by the prospect of losing the fortune which he had settled upon her?

"You have not yet told me, Josephine, where you found this story," he at length remarked, after having forced himself to a semblance of calmness.

"In an old leather case which had been put away with some letters belonging to Louis Arnold's mother," she told him; and then related in detail just how the discovery had been made.

"Do you suppose Miss Wellington still has that case here?" he inquired.

"I cannot say, Uncle John; she may have returned it to Louis," Josephine responded, as she flashed a searching glance into his face. "I am quite sure, though, that she has not discovered what I know, for I was very careful to put the paper back just where I found it, and I—I pressed the oil-silk down close over it. My first impulse was to conceal what I had learned from every one, for your sake and for my own, too, for like a flash it rushed in upon my mind what such a discovery would mean to us both."

She paused a moment, then lifted her eyes to his, a clear and steady light shining in them.

"That shows you, Uncle John," she resumed, "that I am not, naturally, a very good person. There has always been a great deal that was arrogant, selfish, and mean in my nature, and I am going to tell you something of a terrible experience I once had because I allowed myself to be governed by those propensities. It was very humiliating, but perhaps it will help us both, now, if I tell you of it."

"Don't tell me anything, Josie, that is unpleasant for you to recall."

"It will be just between you and me," she replied, slipping her hand confidently into his. "It will show you how others can be tempted, and how one can never be happy until a wrong is made right. Margaret Lawrence and I, as you know, were classmates in high school at home during our senior year. I had led the class until she came. Then she went to the front, and I became so wildly jealous of her, I determined I would ruin her record and get the lead again. We were forbidden to use a mathematical key—she was especially brilliant in mathematics—and I hid one that belonged to Rob in her desk. It was found there by the principal, and Margaret was publicly reprimanded. But there was something found in the book which betrayed my agency, though I wouldn't admit it. Margaret, however, insisted that my name should not be known in connection with that discovery, saying she would rather never be set right than to have me publicly reprimanded as she had been, but Mr. Allyn, the principal, declared that she must be exonerated before the class. Of course I knew I ought to confess the whole thing; but I was obstinate, and I seemed to hate Margaret the more because of her goodness in shielding me. A few months later she saved me from a bad accident and my ponies from being killed—but you know all about that—and that broke my wicked spirit. I confessed everything to her, and then told the whole class about the key—"

"Great Scott, Josephine! that was pluck," Mr. Sherburne here exclaimed.

"Pluck?" she repeated scornfully. "It was but tardy justice, and I never knew a peaceful moment until I did it. I could never forget it—it was like a poisoned thorn fastened and corroding in my flesh. But she was so dear about it; and, after that, we grew to love each other, and have been the closest friends ever since, until—until she came here for her visit. And oh, Uncle John, this is worse than the other," hiding her scarlet face against his shoulder.

"Then don't tell it, my girl," he said, as he softly stroked the brown head with an unsteady hand.

"Yes, I am going to," she asserted, as she sat erect again and resolutely resumed. "Before she came—yes, even before I left high school—I was fond of—Louis."

"Josie!"

"Wait, please," she pleaded, with a catch in her breath. "After he came to Chicago the feeling grew and grew; but when Margaret came I saw, almost from the first, that they had chosen each other. Then I had all that old hate and jealousy, which I thought had been rooted out of my nature so long ago, to battle with again. I cannot tell you what a dreadful time I had, nor how I ever got through that last week of her visit."

"The last night Margaret was here," Josephine went on, "she told me of her engagement, and showed me her ring, and I have been like two individuals fighting each other ever since. Then, to cap the climax, came this revelation that—that—" She paused and lifted an appealing look to the man beside her.

"Go on," he commanded, with white lips.

"This revelation that Louis Arnold's grandfather—not you—was Captain John Sherburne, of her majesty's Fifty-seventh, and the rightful heir to the fortune left by his brother, James Wilton Sherburne, and which now legally belongs to Louis; together with a proper rate of interest for the years he has been deprived of it."



HOW TO TAKE OFF FRECKLES, SUNBURN, AND TAN, AND HOW TO REPAIR THE DAMAGES DONE BY SALT-WATER BATHING, DUST, WIND, AUTOMOBILING, AND TRAMPING IN THE SUN.

JULY sunshine is hot, and its penalties are severe. How to keep the face clear of freckles, tan, and sunburn is one of the problems of the summer woman's existence.

Theoretically it is all right; freckles are becoming, tan is something that looks healthy, and sunburn seems, somehow, to reflect a certain amount of girlishness coupled with animal spirits and good times. Actually, all are vastly unbecoming. And, taken by evening light, in a ballroom, set off by the fripperies of evening dress, they are positively disfiguring. "Show me a pretty girl—with a blistered nose!" moaned a spoiled beauty. "How can a girl be good-looking when her cheek-bones are raw, and her chin and forehead look as though they had been peppered with brown and yellow!"

The sun and the air may give a woman a legacy of health, but they take away from her a great deal that she would like to have. They rob her of complexion, of tone, of flexibility of skin, and of all powers of expression; and, in place of these pretty things,

they give her a reddened countenance which is as uncomfortable to possess as it is to gaze upon.

It was a very sensible beauty who devoted a greater part of last spring abroad to the study of the skin. "I am in society all the year," said she, "and I follow the seasons around, London to Newport, and Newport to Lenox, then home again, only to trip South for the winter. It is necessary, therefore, that I learn how to keep my skin nice and my hands and arms faultless." And so she went to Paris to learn the modes of the skin specialists.

Aside from the startling possibilities of being a society beauty, the home woman owes it to herself and her family to look nice. She wants to appear at her best, even though it be only for her own small circle. "I want to look nice, if only for my own pleasure," wrote a woman to this department some time ago; "and I want to know how to keep my complexion clear and my cheeks pink." Later she wrote: "You have solved the problem for me."

Keeping the complexion clear and the



A BOTTLE OF CUCUMBER LOTION TO REMOVE FRECKLES FROM THE ARMS AND FACE

cheeks pink is about the whole thing. The skin, no matter what color it may be, should be clear. It is foolish to think that every woman should have a white skin, for there are beauties, particularly of the French, Italian, Southern, and Spanish types, who are decided brunettes. The skin is a deep, clear olive. And to those who study color and color effects this sort of brunette is more attractive than the blonde.

No matter what shade the skin may be, it should be clear and smooth, and it should be thin. When the skin grows thick and heavy, muddy and soggy looking, it should be "treated." Pastry, too many sweets, and irregular eating will make the skin break out. But, for the woman who is ordinarily careful in her diet, there is no such fear. The skin will be smooth. The next thing is to make it clear and bright.

A bright skin is one that is treated daily, while the dull, greasy skin is one that is neglected. The shiny face is not free as to the pores, and the face that is spotted and freckled is one that is neglected as to the facial bath. These varieties and the gray, soggy-looking

skin should be treated with natural acids to wake up the cuticle.

There are many things that can be applied to the skin to clear it, but the trouble is that many of them are injurious to the cuticle. They must be repeated, and, after awhile, the skin begins to get sore. It actually wears out, and its last condition is much worse than its first.

The best way to clear the skin is with natural fruit acids. And here the toilet-table comes in for its share of attention. In every woman's dressing-room there should be a wide, low table, well exposed to the light; and on this table there should be a mirror so placed that the entire face can be seen at a glance. The light should fall at both sides of it, if possible; and there should be a chair where one can seat oneself comfortably.

The contents of the table are varied and numerous. It is impossible to have a nice skin unless one understands how to stock the dressing-table. Once stocked, the materials last a long time; and, if replenished one by one, they will cost very little and be very little trouble.

"Don't advise me to buy expensive



A RIPE TOMATO WILL TAKE OFF TAN

things," wrote a woman who reads this department every month; "but tell me how to make cheap and good things for my own self."

To make cheap and good things, be sure to supply yourself with the necessary fruits of the season. Upon the toilet-table there should be a pint bottle of cucumber lotion made by simmering a cucumber in a pint of water, which is strained and to which a teaspoon of borax powder is added. On the table there should also be a big ripe tomato for the daily removal of tan. This is particularly good for the automobile girl whose skin is windswept and broken after her hard ride in the sun and weather.

To use the ripe tomato, treat the face with very hot water until the pores are open. Then rub the tomato right on the skin, letting it remain on a few minutes. It is now washed off with warm water and soap, if necessary, and, with the rinsing, the tan will come off.

Strawberries at this time of year are of incalculable value to the woman who wants to be pretty. There is a famous Southern beauty whose name is known the world over and whose skin has been the subject of many a song. This woman makes it a practise to wash her face in strawberry juice as long as she

can get the berries. Being very fair, she dilutes it a little, as strawberries will stain a very white skin, while they can be used pure upon a skin that is olive or brunette.

The juice of a pint of berries, added to an equal amount of white wine vinegar, makes a very nice bath lotion. Use it clear upon neck, hands, and arms, and upon the face. But be careful to keep

it from smarting the eyes. The ripe berry can be rubbed right upon the face and arms, providing they will stand it without becoming stained. Otherwise dilute with water that has been softened with borax, or with water into which a handful of oatmeal is thrown.

Cold-cream is the basis of all good looks, and particularly in the summer-time should a

woman supply herself with a quantity of it to be used freely every day. Many women use it exclusively, putting nothing else upon the face; and there is a famous beauty specialist who advertises that in fifteen years she has not had a drop of water upon her face. Cold-cream, slightly warmed and softened by manipulation, keeps her skin clear.

But the average woman prefers soap and water, and for her there are facial baths which are very refreshing. The



A FRESH GRAPE FRUIT WILL WHITEN THE SKIN SPOILED BY SUN AND WIND

first of them is the soap-and-water lather, followed by a dash of cold water to tighten the skin. If the face is in bad shape, with big, open pores, a few drops of benzoin can be added to the water. Then comes the massage with cold-cream, which will feed the pores and take off the tan and relieve the face of sunburn.

The woman who has been out in the sun may omit the soap and water, and use the cold-cream, spreading it on her skin and leaving it there for an hour. It is then taken off with a bit of absorbent cotton and the skin is dusted with powder. This will protect it and cure an otherwise bad case of sunburn.

The dressing-table should have two pots of cream, one a white cream for taking off the tan, and the other a softer cream which acts as a skin food. These are very easily made at home, and for a few cents a woman can fit out her dressing-table for the entire summer. The ingredients are cheap, and very often it happens that she has them all right in the house. "My jar of skin food cost me just six cents," wrote a woman to this department, "and I have enough to last me a month." For those who do not want to go to the trouble of making it, cold-cream can be

bought—and very good ones at that—and so can all the other toilet preparations, at almost any good drug-store.

Upon the dressing-table there should be a supply of some acid fruit which just suits the skin, and here one can tell better by experimenting than in any other way. There is a certain golf girl who is always in the hot sun. She has tried lemon-juice upon her face

with poor results, for the reason that it irritates the skin. So now she uses a ripe grapefruit, which seems, somehow, to take off the tan. She cuts it, rubs it on her face, leaves it on half an hour, washes it off, and then uses a good skin food.

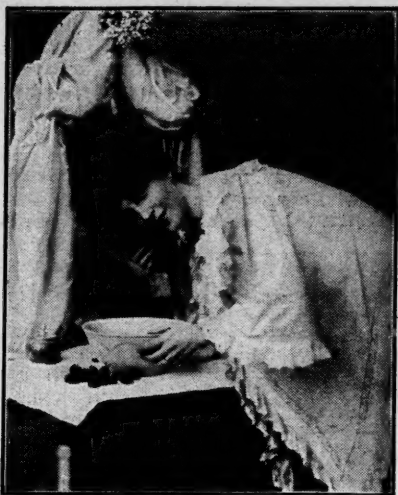
There is another girl whose face, being dark in tone, becomes almost black when exposed to the sun. And, more than that, it gets yellow in spots, break-



THE BRUNETTE CAN SOFTEN AND BLEACH HER SKIN WITH THE JUICE OF A RIPE GRAPE

ing out in the most aggravating way. This girl finds that the juice of the ripe grape is very soothing to her flesh. She breaks a grape on her face when she feels that she is tanned, and lets the juice dry on. Then she removes it with warm water, following it always with the skin food, which is absolutely necessary.

There are skin foods and skin foods, and there are some that make the hair grow on the face. The important thing



USE STRAWBERRY JUICE FREELY IN THE SUMMER-TIME

is to select something that will actually check the growth of hair, killing the roots and discouraging the growth of new hairs. A good skin food will keep the hair from coming on the face.

Very often the taking away of freckles and yellow spots is merely a matter of patience. Suppose the skin has permitted the use of lemon-juice, and suppose you were to dilute the lemon-juice one-half with water and to apply it to the skin: it should be put on with a rubber sponge, which is passed gently and slowly over the afflicted spots until they are really soaked with the lemon-juice. The acid is left on the skin an hour or so, and is then taken off with softened water made by throwing a handful of bran in a pint of boiling water. When cold it is ready for use. The skin is now anointed with skin food, and, after it is dry, is lightly dusted with powder. The result will be pretty enough to satisfy the most fastidious.

Women who do not care for powder, and who simply want a nice, pure skin, free from wrinkles and tan, can use a good wrinkle cream, which is massaged into the skin after it has been cleared

with cucumber juice. A ripe cucumber can be split and bound on the face in such a way that the juices will spread on the skin. When the face is dry the cucumber is taken off. Later the face is dashed with water, and then comes the massage with wrinkle cream. The domestic woman will see her skin lighten and her wrinkles fade away, and she will find herself losing from five to fifteen years of her apparent age. Her friends will tell her how nice she looks, while no one will hint to her that she is growing old. It is all a trick of face bleaching and face massage.

"The best bleaching lotions," said a Paris beauty expert, "are those that grow right in the garden. But the trouble is that women do not know how to use them. The juice of a ripe tomato, or the acid of a ripe strawberry, will clear a dull, muddy skin. And then comes the massage with cream to soften it and prepare it for the next treatment of fruit acid. In a week one can clear the worst skin."

The woman whose face feels stiff in the summer-time can soften it with pore food which will take away that drawn



THE BERRIES CAN BE RUBBED RIGHT ON THE BARE SKIN

feeling. The woman who is uncomfortable, and whose face threatens to break out in a rash, can make her skin nice by covering it with cold-cream, thus supplying the moisture which the skin seems to lack. And the woman who has freckles, and whose forehead has a tanned line across it, and whose chin and nose are a brilliant scarlet, can

subdue all these tendencies by the facial bath in oatmeal water, followed by the wrinkle cream, which gives the skin something to work upon.

July sunshine is all very well, but, to the woman nurtured in the house, it is very trying. Sea baths, wind



IT MUST BE THICKLY APPLIED SO AS TO SATURATE THE PORES

storms, dust, the whirl of riding and driving, and the peculiar pollen of the summer air, all bring certain defects into her delicate skin, and, unless she is very careful, she will ruin her face at this time—ruin it so that she cannot recover in all the year.

Our grandmothers wore shade hats and sunbonnets. But these have mostly gone out of style.

And the summer woman who keeps up with the summer march must study her skin, and use every effort to preserve it, or she will find herself sadly back in the beauty line—hopelessly old and utterly spoiled as far as brightness and prettiness are concerned.

NOTE.—Mrs. Prescott will be glad to answer, free of charge, all questions relating to beauty. Women who want to improve their looks may address her. She will give advice upon all matters of physical culture, beauty, deep breathing, diet, and health. Enclose a self-addressed envelope for a reply. Your letter will be confidential.

Answers to Correspondents

I have been an interested reader of SMITH's ever since the first number. But it was only recently that I addressed the beauty department. The dietary you sent me for the reduction of my weight is the best thing I ever tried. I have lost ten pounds in a month. Please send me something for wrinkles.

M. B. C.

The wrinkle formula has been mailed to you. Better reduce slowly. It is not a good plan to reduce too rapidly.

I would like to ask what it costs to write to the beauty department? I would like your wrinkle cream, but fear that it may be too expensive to consult you. Kindly advise me.

"MRS. GREY."

It costs nothing at all, dear madam. Please do not offer money. The formula for wrinkle cream has been sent to your address. All the readers

of SMITH's are free to consult the department. There is nothing whatever to pay.

I have wanted to write you, but have been afraid you would print my real name. There is something I especially want to ask you.

LAURA X.

You can rest assured that your name will not be printed. This is a hard and fast rule which has never been violated. You will recognize yourself by a fictitious name, but your real name will not be used in the magazine.

I have reddish hair, which is very becoming to me—or would be if it were lighter. I desire to make it a light red. How can I succeed in doing this?

WESTERN WOMAN.

It is never a good plan to change the color of your hair. I think if I were you I would let it

alone, if it is already a deep red—which is a good color. If, however, you are determined, you can shampoo your hair in henna tea, made from henna leaves. This should brighten it.

I must write you a little line to thank you for the formula by which I removed superfluous hair from my face. It was very inexpensive. I think it cost me less than ten cents! And now I would like a good skin food. Where can I buy one? K. P.

There are many good skin foods for sale. If you prefer to make your own you can do so by using the formula which I am sending you. You will find it very good. It keeps indefinitely.

What are the rules for writing to the beauty department? Among other things, I wish to consult you about my hair. D. H.

The only rule for writing to the beauty department is that you enclose a stamped envelope for reply. I have sent you a formula for a hair- tonic.

I wrote you for your bust-developing formula, and you sent me a prescription, which I took to my druggist. But he says he does not keep the ingredients. Can I buy them of you? You probably handle them, do you not? E. I. T.

No, I do not handle the ingredients. Your druggist must be a very poor one. Why not try another druggist—one who keeps a better stock of drugs? I have sent this prescription to over ten thousand women the past few months, and have never before heard of a druggist who does not keep the ingredients. Try another.

Thank you for the reduction dietary. I had plenty to eat, and, at the same time, I got thin. Is there such a thing as a remedy for superfluous hair? I am greatly bothered with hair upon my face. The electric needle is much too expensive. Is there anything else? W. O.

Yes, there are several ways of removing superfluous hair. Electrolysis is best. But it is, as you say, expensive. I am sending you, by mail, in the envelope which you enclosed, my own formula, which is considered very good.

I have written you several times for different formulas, and have found them all very good. Now, I have a friend who wishes to consult you about her hair, which is thin and dry. But, unfortunately, she is not a subscriber to SMITH'S, though she enjoys reading my copy. Can she write to you without actually being a subscriber? ELsie Z.

Yes, indeed. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to SMITH'S, though I think she would find it of much benefit to her if she would read it regularly. This beauty department is for all who happen to peruse its pages. It is not necessary to subscribe, though it is almost necessary to do so in order to get the full benefits of the beauty treatments which are carried out to a considerable extent every month.

Where can I buy your very good skin food? I would like to have a big pot of it to take away with me for the summer. Also tell me how to stop biting my finger-nails. I have always done it. W.

Keep your nails polished. They will feel like glass, and there will be little temptation to bite them. You cannot buy my skin food anywhere. I will mail you the recipe, and you can put it up yourself.

I have succeeded in taking out my wrinkles, which were so deep that I was in despair about

them. And now I want something for freckles. My skin is brown and spotted, and not good. Of course, I am glad to get my wrinkles massaged away. I used your wrinkle cream with the very best results. M. R. W.

I am glad you found the wrinkle cream good, and now I am sending you the skin food. About the freckles, something should be done at once, and I have decided to give a special talk upon them and other facial blemishes. Watch this department closely, and you will see your questions regarding freckles answered in the very near future.

Thank you for the hair-tonic. I received your formula by mail and took it to my druggist, who put it up, saying, as he did so, that he knew it would be good. It has brought my hair in thick, and is actually turning it black. It was gray before. Now give me the wrinkle cream, please. H. R. W.

The wrinkle cream has been sent to you. I think you can put it up yourself if you follow the formula closely. Massage your wrinkles every night with it. You will find that they disappear like dew before the sun. Never go to bed without rubbing a handful of it into your furrows. It will make you look young again.

I enjoy reading the bright pages of SMITH'S MAGAZINE very much, indeed, and we all look forward every month to its coming. We particularly enjoy the beauty department, and, as we are old readers, we feel that we have a right to consult you. We are a wrinkled family. All of us are wrinkled, from mother, who is sixty, to myself, less than half her age. Is there any cure for hereditary wrinkles? JULIET.

Yes. Try this. Breathe fresh air when you sleep. Don't read by a bad light. At night wash your face in hot water and rub in a double handful of my wrinkle cream—formula for which I send you—and when you massage always go across the furrows, not right in them. That is the only way to massage. Rub across the furrows.

I desire to reduce my weight and bleach my hair. I am going on the stage, and I shall need to be a blonde. BERNHARDT.

I am mailing you the dietary for reduction of the weight. To bleach the hair shampoo it well. Then apply the pure peroxid of hydrogen to it. But, before doing so, ponder well. It is never good taste to bleach your hair, and the fad for it has quite gone by. You know, also, that you will have to keep it up. And this means a terrible amount of hard work and a constant expense.

I long to be handsome, and my first step would be the removal of superfluous hair from the face. How can I take it off? Please send me your formula? ASPIRANT.

I am sending you my formula. I am sure you will find it very good. Accept my best wishes. I think every woman should long to be beautiful. Beauty is the greatest thing in the world.

Mrs. Prescott will be glad to answer all questions addressed to her by readers of SMITH'S MAGAZINE. Write on one side of the paper only, and enclose a self-addressed envelope for reply. Your name will not appear, and your letter will be regarded as strictly confidential. Address: "Mrs. Augusta Prescott, Beauty Department, SMITH'S MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York."

What Americans Are Thinking

Science Believes That the Dead Are Communicating.

ARE the dead communicating, and are we by such means receiving demonstrative evidence that there is life and a world beyond the grave? It is impossible for those who are familiar with the subject and with the results of the most recent investigations to doubt that science itself is tending in the direction of an affirmative answer to this question. If a certain learned reserve still characterizes official statements, it is difficult not to read between the lines and to see what the ultimate verdict is likely to be. The pronouncements of individual scientists, speaking in their private and personal capacity, can leave no room for doubt in the matter. And the cry which they have sent forth has found an echo in thousands of human minds, and has given an impulse to the spiritistic movement, the effects of which are but too plainly and painfully visible in every sphere of our social life. Indeed, so strong are the impressions created that the utmost impatience is being exhibited toward those who would raise a note of warning, and who cannot join in the exultant cry of the multitude.—J. GODFREY RAUPERT, *Magazinist*.

Ruts Kill Individuality—Do Something Unpopular.

AS civilization grows the individual shrinks. We have a great bridge forming in this country of Morganized capital on the one hand and Mitchellized labor on the other, and when they meet, what of us? We have organized capital, organized labor, organized charity, and organized stupidity. Egypt went to pieces because it was organized to death. We should lay the emphasis on the individual. Give yourselves an hour a day. Read some book you like, whether the critics speak well of it or not. Go to some play you like, whether everybody is going or not. Do what you like. Leave your relatives and family behind you and go alone. Do something unpopular and see how you grow. Don't everlastingly run on the track on schedule time. Break your schedule; ditch yourself once in a while.—H. N. CASSON, *Magazinist*.

Women Are Responsible for the Drink Evil.

AS an economic question neither the gold nor the silver issue is in it with the drink problem. New York City's drink bill is more than half the six hundred million dollars required annually to run the entire national government. Women are largely responsible for this condition. At a recent luncheon in New York twenty-four young women drank three dozen bottles of champagne, and fifteen of them smoked seven dozen cigarettes. The alarming increase of the drink habit among women of America, especially in New York, is one of the great perils, both to the home and the republic. It is a common sight in this city to see women, and often girls in their teens, drink in public as frequently and as hard as the men, often with men old enough to be their fathers.—REVEREND MADISON C. PETERS.

Congress Should Pass a Law Preventing Consumptives From Marrying.

IT is a well-known fact that consumption is a contagious disease. The offspring of a married couple afflicted with tuberculosis must necessarily be inoculated with the germs of that disease, and sooner or later it will manifest itself in the innocent children, bringing not only unhappiness, but perhaps years of misery and suffering. How much better to find the cause, and stamp out the disease at the very beginning by legislative enactment

that shall regulate and provide such procedure as will prove beyond the possibility of a doubt that applicants for a marriage license are free from contamination, than to allow, as at present, a free and unrestrained marriage license. What we seek to accomplish is that tuberculosis shall be considered a legal impediment so far as such persons that may be afflicted with consumption are concerned, and that they shall be prohibited from entering the marriage relation. A resolution setting forth that should be passed by Congress.—DOCTOR STARR PARSONS, Washington, D. C.

The Russo-Japanese Peace a Political Disaster.

RUSSIA was on the high road to emancipation from an insane and intolerable slavery. I was hoping there would be no peace until Russian liberty was safe. I think that this was a holy war in the best and noblest sense of that abused term, and that no war was ever charged with a higher mission. I think there can be no doubt that that mission is now defeated and Russia's chains riveted this time to stay. I think the czar will now withdraw the small humanities that have been forced from him, and resume his mediæval barbarisms with a relieved spirit and an immeasurable joy. I think Russian liberty has had its last chance and has lost it. I think nothing has been gained by the peace that is remotely comparable to what has been sacrificed by it. One more battle would have abolished the waiting chains of billions upon billions of unborn Russians, and I wish it could have been fought. I hope I am mistaken, yet in all sincerity I believe that this peace is entitled to rank as the most conspicuous disaster in political history.—SAMUEL M. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN).

Schools of Journalism Are of No Use.

THE only place to learn the newspaper business, is in a newspaper office, and you have to be caught tolerably young to learn it at all. But the place to acquire some of the qualifications for the work is the place where one gets the best general education the world affords. Above all, it must be an education that teaches you to see straight and to think straight. Knowledge, real knowledge, not a smattering of the history of your country, is indispensable, and no historical knowledge will come amiss. Constitutional and international law, at least, one must know, and if one can take a full course so much the better. Modern languages will be most helpful, and in our great newspapers a reading knowledge of at least three of them—French, German and Spanish—becomes every year more desirable. The literature of your own language should be studied until you learn to use the noble tongue to express to the best advantage and in the fewest words whatever you have to say. You should know your own country. You should know foreign countries, and thus chasten the notions that wisdom began with us and that liberty and intelligence hardly exist elsewhere. You should know the people, the plain, everyday, average man, the man in the street—his condition, his needs, his ideas and his notions—and you should learn early that he is not likely to be overpowered by your condescension when you attempt to reason with him. Finally, the man who succeeds is a man who has not undervalued what he is undertaking.—WHITELAW REID.

Government is Business, and the Business of Government is to Succeed.

THE business of government at the beginning of the twentieth century is much like the business of trade. It is brutally selfish business all the way through. Every government has its own interests to serve, precisely as every trader's end is to look upon a fair balance sheet at the end of the year. The proprietor of a great department store does not necessarily have to drive his competitor into bankruptcy to succeed. However, if competition becomes so keen that a competitor goes under, that is unfortunate, but one of the incidents of trade. Government is business, and it is the business of government to make its people rich and strong and prosperous. To enable them to win success it must command respect and fear.—A. MAURICE LOW.



In the House of Yesteryear

By Louis Joseph Vance

THE train swung on with drumming trucks; hurled itself recklessly down grades and along levels; stole cautiously, tentatively, over trestles that stood shivering, knee-deep, in roaring torrents; or panted raucously as it struggled up long and wearisome inclines.

An autumnal downpour held on with undiminished violence; a steady, driving, drenching rain, lusty as a summer's thunder shower. Minute by minute the gloom of twilight deepened, until within the parlor car at the end of the train it had grown too dark for reading; and for some reason the porter was negligent; the lamps remained unlighted.

Taine then put aside his book, cradled his square chin in the hollow of one palm, and gazed listlessly out through the tearful window pane. The landscape reeled past, veiled in dull mists—hill and dale and darksome woodland; an aquarelle in blurred and dismal greens, purples and rusty browns. Overhead the cloudwrack swept northward in smoke-hued masses, seeming to brush the treetops.

After a time, Taine became aware that the speed was slackening; outdoor

objects were looming more substantially through the obscurity, ere they dropped to the rear. Presently, with shrieking air brakes, the train crawled to a standstill upon a slight down grade.

When it was quite motionless, Taine rose and strolled out upon the rear platform.

Up the westward track a train hand was running, swinging a red lantern by his side; in the distance a locomotive's querulous "hoot-toot?" told of an approaching local, timidly asking if all were well.

Taine went back for his raincoat, and jumped down upon the cindered embankment that sloped sharply down from the double line of rails. He found the damp, clean-washed air grateful to his lungs, even as the sweet sweep of the south wind to his face, after his day-long imprisonment in the parlor car. He bent down the brim of his soft hat to shield his eyes against the spattering raindrops, and staggered against the wind, up toward the engine.

In the middle of the track, a little in front of the cowcatcher, he discovered the conductor, coat collar upturned to his ears, hands in pockets, glaring

wrathfully ahead to a distant point where several crimson spots of light were stationary against the darkness.

Taine shouldered his way through a crowd of anxious passengers and gained the official car.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Can't say," returned the man, shortly.

Taine repeated his question, without emphasis; something in his manner and tone caused the conductor to turn and glance into his face.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Taine," he hastened to apologize; "but you know the rules, sir. I didn't know your voice. It's a washout, sir; the Myannis bridge is down, with about twenty feet of track this side."

Taine touched his teeth with his tongue: "*Tch! tch!*" to cloak his surprise. "That's bad," he added, slowly. "The Myannis bridge, eh? Where are we, then?"

"Twenty miles west of Garrison, sir. Must be about due north of Viewport." The man waved one arm vaguely toward the south.

"Yes. And we'll be detained—how long?"

"Hard to tell, sir. They've wired for the wrecking train. It's due, but there may be more washouts between here and Northfield. Local No. 6's piling up back of us; I sent a brakeman to signal."

"All-night job, then, you think?"

"More'n likely, sir."

"Thank you."

"Yes, sir. Good-night, sir." The conductor touched the dripping visor of his cap as Taine moved away. To an inquisitive train hand he made answer, with a trace of condescension, when Taine was out of hearing: "Young Mr. Taine—owns about half the road."

Taine halted at the vestibule steps, his manner betraying indecision. His gaze seemed involuntarily, unwillingly even, drawn southward; and he stared hungrily into the night's blackness.

"Viewport?" he repeated, softly. "I—feared as much. And why not?" His tone was wistful, subdued. "Why not?"

It's just for to-night, only to-night, and—I think I'll do it."

He shook his head, doubtfully. "But you shouldn't, Brad Taine. It won't do you any good, old man. You'll only stir up old memories, you know—old memories and—hopes—and heartaches. And it's the devil of a beastly night—but you'll go. You're just fool enough to go and see once again that——"

His voice trailed off into something about "paradise." Suddenly he stepped forward, and a second later was scrambling down the embankment.

At its foot ran a little bypath, ankle-deep with yellow mud, along which he struggled until it had debouched into a road of better quality, gleaming broad and pale under the lowering skies. Furious gusts of wind assailed him; he bowed his head to their violence meekly, trudging steadily south, shaping a course as true as a homing pigeon's.

An hour passed. Two hours found him still purposefully splashing on through the wild night, in the untempered wilderness of the highway, water running in a tiny rivulet from his hat brim, his raincoat lying sodden upon his shoulders, shoes wet to the uppers. He did not complain. "I understand that these duds were not built for bathing," he commented, grimly cheerful.

Once he stepped briskly aside to give the way to a motor car that thundered past in a whirlwind of mud and rain, curtains drawn down about the tonneau, occupants invisible through the streaming glass apron. Taine was moved to wonder as to the identity of such as dared brave the storm in an automobile. But the sight cheered him. "I'm getting there," he said, aloud; and a little later he had topped the brow of a little hill and stood looking down upon the lights of Viewport.

It lay a mile or more distant, its narrow streets traced by threads of glittering lights. Beyond it, the open sea gleamed phosphorescent; its salt breath was in Taine's nostrils, and in his ears the growling of its mighty voice was strong above the screaming gale.

He lifted his head eagerly, filling his lungs with the tonic air. In all the wide

world, this was the one land, the one spot dear to him. "This," he said, almost gladly, "is home."

But the emptiness of that word, to him, struck into his heart. He hung his head, turning out of the road. "Home!" he echoed, bitterly.

His shoes crunched on the gravel of a driveway, and in a few moments he brought up short, facing a wrought-iron gateway, set in a high stone wall that extended indefinitely into the darkness on either hand. Above its spiked top showed the tossing branches of trees, some already leafless, flaunting like naked, withered arms against the pallid skies.

Taine fumbled for his keys with stiff, half-frozen fingers. The gate, by rights, should have been padlocked, but when, through sheer fatigue, he bore his weight against it, it gave inward, though on reluctant hinges. "Odd!" commented Taine, fumbling for the padlock. It was not in its place, but his toe struck against it on the drive, and he picked it up, finding the hasp broken. "Rusted through," he concluded.

Within the walls the darkness held more dense, seeming to press about him palpably, with an effect of suffocating heaviness. But not once did his step falter; it was as if instinct guided him, as though memory led him by the hand. In time he struck squarely upon the main entrance to the house.

As he crossed the broad veranda, he noticed that his footfalls were deadened by a thick carpet of leaves, dark

and reeking acridly. Groping his way more blindly, now that a thousand poignant memories were thronging in his heart, he came upon the door and inserted a key. The tumblers of the lock, rusty and set through long disuse, yielded unwillingly, grating a loud protest. But the door swung inward silently and smoothly—so easily, that the



The man covered, as though menaced by an invisible hand.

knob slipped from his moist fingers, and it crashed against the wall.

On the threshold Taine paused, irresolute. The hallway yawned wide and profoundly dark; its air, heavy and dead and close, bespoke a desolation that was like a blow in the face. The silence, absolute, seemed to speak to him with a thousand reproachful tongues. He felt himself a trespasser upon a solitude he should have held

as inviolable as that of the grave. He stepped within, shut the door softly, and struck a match. It sputtered sullenly, then flared; and the man cowered, as though menaced by an invisible hand.

In a moment, however, he had recovered; it was no more than a portrait that had started out of the darkness—as he had known it would. Her portrait, smiling down upon him, from out the darkly paneled walls, a vision of youthful loveliness, fairly a living, breathing thing in that moment. For a space she seemed truly to stand before him, vibrant with the charm, the beauty, the joy in living that had been hers, hopelessly removed from him, taunting him with that happiness which had been within his grasp, which was irrevocably lost through his own act.

The fire scorched his finger tips, and he threw the match aside, moving away from beneath the direct and searching scrutiny of those eyes from which nothing, now, could be concealed. He could not endure their silent inquiries.

He drew another match along the bottom of the box; and, as it crackled, a sound, sharp and clear in the utter stillness, brought his heart into his mouth. He fancied it a click. But when he had applied the flame to the wick of a convenient candle, and that was held above his head while he made a vigilant inspection of the adjacent rooms, he saw nothing, found nothing, was at length satisfied that his overwrought nerves had betrayed him.

Nothing was changed, nothing disturbed, he observed with moody satisfaction. His orders had been obeyed to the letter; not an article of furniture had been moved since he had left the house. The sole traces of the caretaker's faithfulness showed in the lack of dust, and in the wide fireplaces, where wood lay ready for the match.

Slowly, step by step, he ascended the broad staircase to the upper floor, treading softly in the stillness. The eyes of her portrait seemed to follow him, and he avoided them, with an averted head. Yet this was to be the sorest task of all; to go on up and move through

those rooms whose walls had known so intimately the evanescent charm of her presence, had listened to the infinite modulations of her voice in all its moods, from love and laughter to anger and sorrow.

At the top he faltered in his determination. The candlestick trembled in his hand, the flame elongating and smoking weirdly. Taine shaded his eyes, staring. "No," he whispered, and shrank from the echo of even that sound in the place so long dedicated to the gods of silence. "No—not yet. I—I couldn't bear it yet." And he turned aside, with unsteady fingers unlocking the door to the room which had been his study in the old days.

Here, too, all stood unchanged. Only at the windows the shades were drawn. A book lay open on the table, its leaves so heavy with dust that he could have traced his name thereupon with his finger tip. A lamp, near by, stood full of oil and trimmed; with the fire upon the hearth, it had waited a year for the match which he presently applied to both. As of old, his pipes rested in the rack above the desk. He took down one abstractedly, filled it from the tobacco jar, and lit it at the lamp.

But, as the smoke began to curl about his head, he seemed abruptly transfixed, staring wide of eye at an object that lay beneath his hand—an oblong of white against the dull red of the table cover.

"I did not know," he said, at length, "that I had left you here. I have often wondered what had become of you."

With a low, pained laugh he brushed the dust from the face of the envelope, gazing long and earnestly at the superscription; for that was in the handwriting of the woman he had loved—the woman that he yet loved with all the power of his soul.

He withdrew the inclosure, opening the sheet of faintly scented paper that had settled it all, forever and ever—her final words:

I am returning your communication, sealed. I do not care to know what it contains. You can add nothing to what you have said—to the sorrow you have made mine.

HELEN TAINE.

The other inclosure was his own letter, sealed. There was no need for opening it; still, upon some impulse, he slit the flap with a paper cutter and mumbled the contents over, with a lowering frown:

MY DEAR HELEN: If, at any time within the year, dating from this day, September 19th, you care to return to me, to take up your life with me as my dear wife—accepting my ways, the ways of my fathers, and, when all is said, not bad ways—and my love and honor—come. I impose no other conditions. I am waiting—shall be waiting until the year is gone. Then—it may be too late; my patience is limited. I am, your devoted husband,
BRADLEY TAINE.

His face flushed darkly with shame and contrition. "And I," he said, slowly, "was guilty of that!" In his hand the paper quivered like a leaf in a wind; his fingers relaxed, and it slanted to the floor, unheeded. Anger smoldered in his eyes as he stared into the leaping flames in the fireplace.

"I," he repeated, sullenly, "wrote that! Ah, to think that I was capable of it then. It was wrong, wrong, bitter and cruelly wrong, Helen! I am glad, glad that you refused to read it—dearest—glad that you returned it sealed. That was an unmerited kindness, Helen; but, dear heart, dear heart," he whispered into the dancing flames, "you were sometimes a bit cruel when most kind—a bit cruel, sweetheart!"

He recovered the note, folding and replacing it in the envelope. "The nineteenth," he mused, soberly; "that's a year—a year to-day. Odd! Helen, if only you had read it, we might, perhaps—but there wasn't any use waiting here for you, when you wouldn't come, ever. I'm glad—ah, but truly!—that you didn't read it, but it's growing harder and harder, day by day, to live without you. And sometimes—sometimes one wonders how much longer one can bear it, Helen!"

The fire crackled cheerfully, showering sparks up into the chimney's black maw; and Taine lounged in the worn armchair, looking steadily into the flickering lights. Outdoors the patterings of the rain and the strident voice

of the gale subsided by degrees. After a while there was no sound to be heard in the house but the creaking of its century-old timbers, and the wind sighing in the chimneys.

Taine arose, passing a hand wearily across his eyes. He smiled half-heartedly. "Either," he said, "I'm growing old and visionary, or I have dreamed. I could have sworn that I heard footsteps on the stairs just now. I could have sworn—only that were simple madness—that Helen had called to me, very gently, from her room. The wind and one's fancy play one ghostly pranks. Why, I'm shivering with cold—here, before the fire!"

He glanced across the room to the portière that masked the door to his wife's apartment; it was swaying noiselessly in a draught. Taine crossed to it, drew it aside, almost timidly, and paused, lifting his hand as though to knock.

"It's very childish," he whispered, apologetically, "only——" And he tapped gently, calling aloud: "Helen, sweetheart!"

When his heart began to beat again, Taine took his hand from above it, and the color began to ebb back into his face. "It's the ghosts of love," he whispered; "the shy, pitiful little ghosts of dead loves that make cowards of us all. It must have been a mouse scampering across the floor."

He turned the key firmly and opened the door. His study lamp threw a broad gleam of light athwart the obscurity. Taine dropped the portière and stepped swiftly to the mantelpiece, pausing to light the three tall candles that stood before the age-old mirror in its frame of tarnished gilt.

He stood with an unquiet heart, but gazing boldly. Upon the bed the pillow seemed still to retain the impression of her beloved head; beneath it, the slippers, with the jeweled buckles that caught the light, might have been discarded but the hour gone; the riding glove that lay upon her dressing table, still shapely with the mold of her hand, might have been as warm with its con-

tact; that kimono, thrown carelessly over the back of a chair, might have infolded her only the moment past.

Even the flowers in the vase by the head of the bed seemed fresh and beautiful, as she had left them upon that last morning—fresh with dew, as they had been a year ago. Taine smiled faintly at the illusion, the trick his eyes had played upon him; and thoughtlessly brushed the roses with his fingers, expecting them to crumble incontinently into dust and nothingness, like the ashes of his love.

"I think," he said, after a breathless moment, "that I must be a little mad—more than a little mad, perhaps!"

For the roses were as fresh as the day upon which they had been gathered; he bent over, inhaling their perfume, touching with his tanned cheek the blushing petals.

"They are real," he murmured, but incredulously.

For support, he rested his hand upon the disordered pillow; and then started away, fairly staggering. Glaring at his fingers, he bit his lip cruelly, that the pain might force him back to sanity, waken him from his day dream,

The linen slip of that pillow was moist and wet, as if with tears—as though a woman had sobbed out her heart there; as he had heard Helen sobbing that night—the night before she—went away.

Taine opened his lips, and closed them without speaking. With a violent effort he endeavored to regain something of his self-control, assuring himself that this was an hallucination, mere madness, the vagary of a disordered brain. It was inconceivable, impossible, preposterous; he must see a doctor, and—and yet—

One thing was certain—he must get away, and that quickly, before his longing for her drove him quite—quite mad. It was the room itself, the associations, the closeness of the atmosphere. He would go out into the open air, out into the storm-swept night, and—

He strode swiftly to the hall door, whose key rested in his pocket, and jerked violently at the knob. He him-

self had locked it carefully with his own hands that fateful morning a long year back; but now it opened without the key—opened so unexpectedly that it frightened him. Something shadowy moved in the hall, and he cried out, his voice ringing weirdly through the deserted rooms.

At once the cry was echoed. A puff of hot air, laden with the stench of burning varnish, blew into Taine's face. He was momentarily dazzled by a brilliant flash of light from the bull's-eye of a dark lantern. A second later the lamp crashed upon the flooring, and a man's figure darted past the doorway, running for the head of the stairs.

Taine was instantly after him; he could have shouted with relief. Back there, in that silent room, lurked something that had frightened him, had stolen his wits; but here, ahead of him, fled a tangible thing—a man, real, palpable and in the flesh; a housebreaker fleeing from detection and capture. The prospect of physical conflict was like wine to Taine, and there was in his heart an odd, fierce joy as he swung out into the hallway and sped after the burglar.

At the head of the stairs he was almost within reach of the fellow, who had managed to entangle himself with a lurking chair, and so to delay his flight. Taine saw him wheel about with an oath, and a spurt of scarlet flame split the shadows; the revolver's spiteful report set a hundred echoes flying through the still corridors.

There was a rumbling in Taine's ears, agony in his shoulder and rage in his heart. He threw himself headlong at the man's throat, fastened his fingers about the fellow's gullet, and gripped hard and tight. For an instant both reeled; then something struck Taine a glancing blow upon the temple, and he knew that they were falling down the broad staircase—the burglar underneath, twisting and squirming through all the long descent.

But when the bottom was reached he lay quiet, breathing stertorously. Taine disengaged himself, arose panting, and surveyed his captive calmly.

On a nearby rack hung a riding crop and a dozen or so dog leashes—than which he could desire no stronger, surer bonds. He had the man triced up to the newel-post in the twinkling of an eye.

And then—the light died in his eye; the pain was increasing as his excitement subsided. Still, he might not stop; one thing demanded to be done. It was in his mind that he had heard a cry—a scream of mortal terror—coincidentally with the shot; and he was quite certain that it had emanated neither from the burglar's throat nor from his own. To the contrary, there had been a certain quality to it, a timbre, that gave him strength to drag himself up those stairs again, slowly and with an effort that cost him dear.

The door to Helen's room stood open, as he had left it five minutes ago, candle light streaming out in a broad band of dusky gold. Within there reigned an absolute stillness. Or—was that true? Had he not heard a subdued sound—a sob?

He staggered down the hall, keeping his feet with iron determination. He *would* win to that room, he *would* know, now or never—

Panting, he supported himself against the door jamb. Before him she—Helen, his wife—knelt at the foot of the bed, her face hidden in the disordered sheets. Before his very eyes she seemed to live, to breathe. He could see the rise and fall of her shoulders, the firm pink of the flesh at the nape of her neck, where the hair curled in alluring, tremulous tendrils of spun bronze; what he could see of the cheek nearest him was warmly flushed and tremulous; and her slender hands, outstretched to the full length of her arms, were quivering as she nervously laced her fingers.

Taine took two unsteady steps forward. "Helen!" he whispered, huskily. "Helen!"

He put one hand, tentatively, upon her shoulder, half fearful that the vision would vanish at his touch. But it did not.

"Helen!" he cried, more clearly.

The woman seemed to shrink from

his touch, to become suddenly aware of his presence. Before he could speak, she sprang to her feet and had whirled across to the furthest corner of the room, where she stood, pale and breathless, with a hand tight above her heart.

"Don't!" she cried, pleadingly. "Don't touch me! Don't come near me! Take what you will and go—go! But don't, don't!"

Taine moved slowly toward her. "Helen!" he implored. "Is it you? Is it you?"

The defiant, affrighted stare left her eyes. She gazed at him in growing wonder; the hand left her bosom, strayed toward her face, the fingers resting lightly upon one cheek.

"Bradley?" she breathed. His heart leaped in him at that voice of gold. "Bradley! Why, I thought—I thought you—" She believed abruptly, and came toward him, her arms wide and ready.

"Bradley," she said, "aren't you glad to see me, dear? The year's not up yet, if to-day was the last day, Bradley, and I've come back, dear heart—I have come back!"

But darkness was closing down upon Taine, the pain in his shoulder growing intolerable. He took one step forward, and felt himself swinging to and fro, as if through leagues of space—darkened space. And then he toppled forward, unconscious, into her arms.

A cold, grayish light was glimmering in at the windows, and the candles were sputtering and smoking in their sockets, when Taine came to himself. He stared blankly up into the woman's eyes, trying to collect his faculties, and she smiled down brightly upon him.

He found himself lying upon her bed, his head upon that pillow which was still damp with her tears. His coat and shirt had been deftly cut away from about his wound, and that had been bandaged with a skillful, tender care.

He tried to rise, and sank back again with a swimming head and a little, hushed cry of pain and joy.

"It," he said, haltingly—"it—is—true, then?"

His hand groped upon the counterpane, and found hers. Her fingers closed upon his own, and they were firm and cool to his fevered flesh.

"It is true," she whispered.

"You are——"

"I have been, and I shall be," she told him. "I am your wife."

"I know, I know," he murmured. "I didn't mean—that. I meant, are you real? You see, there were times last night when I fancied myself mad, deluded by the longing of my heart for you——"

She bent and put her lips to his. "It is no dream," she said, gently. "I have come back, dear heart. It was the year's end—and I could not live without you. I had to come."

"But," he contended, happiness lending him strength, "how did you know—about the year, I mean? You sent my letter——"

"Ah! not unread, dear, but sealed." She slipped to her knees by the bedside. After a moment she went on: "It was not right, I know, but I did it in the heat of my anger and resentment, in the passion of youth and inexperience. Your note came to me all but open; it had not been properly sealed. I read it, and—I was angry because of it, and did not wish you to know that I knew its contents. So I—I lied to you by deed, putting your letter back in the envelope and sealing it securely. I am sorry, but, ah! Bradley, I have suffered for the suffering I inflicted; I have expiated with tears and an aching heart and weary, sleepless nights——"

"Dearest!" he said, faintly, touching her hair with his fingers. "It was no more than my deserts. I was stubborn and wrong, and I was young and did not understand how women look at such things—women such as you, I mean. Can you forgive?"

After an interval: "Ah! but it was good to see you!" she told him. "I was so terribly frightened."

"Tell me."

"I had come, perhaps, an hour before you did, in my motor car. When it was gone I discovered that you were

not here—I had been so sure that you would be, dear. But where was I to go? I was frightened by the thought of passing the night here alone, and then—I heard your footsteps upon the veranda. By then I was convinced that you would not come. I ran upstairs quickly, fearful of what later took place—the burglar, you know. When you struck that first match I was watching over the banisters, but your hat brim hid your face, and I did not know you. More frightened than ever, I tiptoed to my room and locked myself in."

"I heard that," he affirmed, smiling wanly.

"And then I heard you come upstairs and move about in the next room; still I did not understand. You were so long quiet that I thought, perhaps, I might escape without detection. Then I heard your voice again. You came toward the door. I was afraid to wait, and slipped out into the hall, and just in time to hear some one, with light footsteps, coming stealthily up the stairs. Almost hysterical with fright, I slipped into the next room, and then, suddenly, I heard the two of you fighting in the hall, the shot, your fall and then silence. I came back here and—then I must have fainted. Your hand roused me."

"It's very sweet and wonderful," he said, gravely. "I think that a miracle—a private miracle—was ordered to bring us together, sweetheart. You'll not leave me again, dearest?" he pleaded. "Not if I promise to"—he smiled—"to be good?"

"I shan't go, ever again," she pledged him, "unless—unless you send me away."

"Till death do us part?" he said, faintly.

"Till death do us part, dear heart."

Taine sank back upon the pillow. At the open window the light curtains were bellying in the strong, fresh breeze. Beyond, over the treetops, the skies were clear and wonderfully blue and soft; between heaven and earth a clear light trembled, heralding the dawn; and the wide world waited, hushed and reverent, for the coming day.

The LATEST FASHIONS for LIMITED INCOMES



IT is not always a simple matter for the summer girl to live up to her reputation. Whether she remains in town, with just an occasional week-end trip, or flits away to the mountains or the sea, it is not always easy for her to play the part expected of her. It is not just playing the part, however, that troubles her, but dressing to suit the part.

The girl with a limited income really has to be a genius these days in order to make her few gowns serve duty for the many she needs. Not for many years has she required her wits as much as this summer; for to-day she is expected to be the picturesque, altogether dainty summer girl. It takes money to get these effects.

Much, however, can be done with little, if one only knows how. Take the ribbons this year; they have never been lovelier, and never possessed more possibilities in the way of adding to the charm and transforming the effect of a gown.

The little ribbon bolero, so easy to make, can always be counted on for giving a chic touch to a plain frock. Flowered ribbon girdles, wide in the front and narrow at the back, where they are finished with many loops and dangling ends, make a pretty dress accessory. Sets of ribbon bows, in graduated sizes, will also be found useful in many ways. The little bows look charming sewed to the dangling ends of a ribbon-girdle. They may be used, too, with good effect in trimming the elbow-sleeves of any dainty lingerie waist.

One of the most effective bretelles

seen recently was made of silver ribbon, decorated with very small bows of pink ribbon, which shaded from the palest tint of pink into a vivid sunset red color. The bretelles were shaped like suspenders, narrowing in both the front and back as they neared the waistline, where they were buttoned onto a belt of silver ribbon; the buttons were very elaborate, being of tiny mock jewels in a conventional flower design, which was outlined with silver.

The lingerie boleros have a very satisfactory way of changing the effect of a gown. A pale-pink lawn dress, for instance, worn with a pink sash, will look quite different if a bolero of white batiste with little frills of Valenciennes lace is worn with it. These boleros are made with very short sleeves, and are prettily trimmed with either lace insets or raised embroidery, or both forms of decoration may be used.

A smart little touch may be introduced by having the bolero fasten in the front with narrow black velvet ribbons. The ribbons should be tied in a small bow having very long ends.

Every girl whose dress allowance is small will find it convenient to make up her thin summer dresses with two waists to one skirt. If she has an organdie dress she should have one organdie waist made with long sleeves and an air of simplicity about it, and another cut a little low in the neck and made with sleeves which end just above the elbow. A white organdie with pink flowers as its design may have more than one underslip; perhaps three: one in pink, made in Princess form, another in faint green, and another in white.

A Fetching Bathing Costume



No. 5132—Lady's Bathing Suit. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for the medium size $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material.

A Young Girl's Summer Evening Gown



No. 5482—Miss's Fancy Waist. Pattern cut for 15, 16 and 17 year sizes.
 No. 5349—Miss's Five Gored Tucked Skirt. Pattern cut for 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17 year sizes.

Fancy Blouses for Summer Wear



No. 5445—Lady's Fancy Shirt-waist. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures.

IF she aims to be really well-dressed, the summer girl of 1906 must have innumerable fancy waists and blouses in her wardrobe. Perhaps never before has there been such an endless display of lovely designs from which to select, and she would indeed be difficult to please who could not find several especially appropriate for her individual figure.

Comfort is the keynote of the waists intended for warm-weather wear. If one is to be comfortable, the only kind of a high collar that can be tolerated is made of lace, and supported by invisible strips of feather-bone or the more expensive collar-extendors which come in gold and silver, set with semi-precious stones.

The waist with a rolling or turnover collar is far more becoming to the average woman than a blouse cut V-shape or square at the neck. This style is apt to prove trying, while the turndown

collar finishes the blouse nicely, and has an air of summer-time about it, too. Elbow-sleeves are far cooler than the three-quarter lengths, but any sleeve that leaves part of the lower arm bare is acceptable just now.

Sheer and almost transparent are some of the new materials intended especially for the summer waists. There are chiffon cotton voiles, highly mercerized, and made in the most charming "shadow" checks or plaids, combining several shades of some delicate color. In grays they are especially effective.

Wash fabrics are borrowing the names of silks and cloths, following the weaves so closely that they would deceive a most careful observer. Among them are chiffon pongee, crêpe Shantung, chiffon Swiss, grenadine cloth, mercerized eolienne, and taffeta cloth. They are elaborately trimmed with lace, velvet, or silk; and, needless to say, are sent to the cleaners, when soiled, instead of being laundered.



No. 5532—Lady's Blouse. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures.

For Motoring and Traveling Wear



No. 5174—Lady's Traveling Coat. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 44 inch material.



No. 5424—Lady's Surplice Blouse. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures.

No. 5389—Lady's Nine Gored Skirt in short or round length. Pattern cut for 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures.



No 5488—Lady's Shirt-waist. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures.

No. 5611—Lady's Circular Skirt. Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measures.

Fashions for Boys and Girls



No. 5510 — Girl's Dress. Pattern cut for 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 year sizes. 5059

WHEN preparations are being made for the summer vacation, it is the little folks' wardrobes that are thought of first. They must have sufficient clothing to last them through the season, for sewing in warm weather is not a pleasant task for the tired mother.

Simplicity is the first thing to be considered. The dress or suit which is easy to make, and will, above all things, launder quickly, is the one that finds most favor. There are many new and very attractive materials which really require no trimming. A simple style that proves

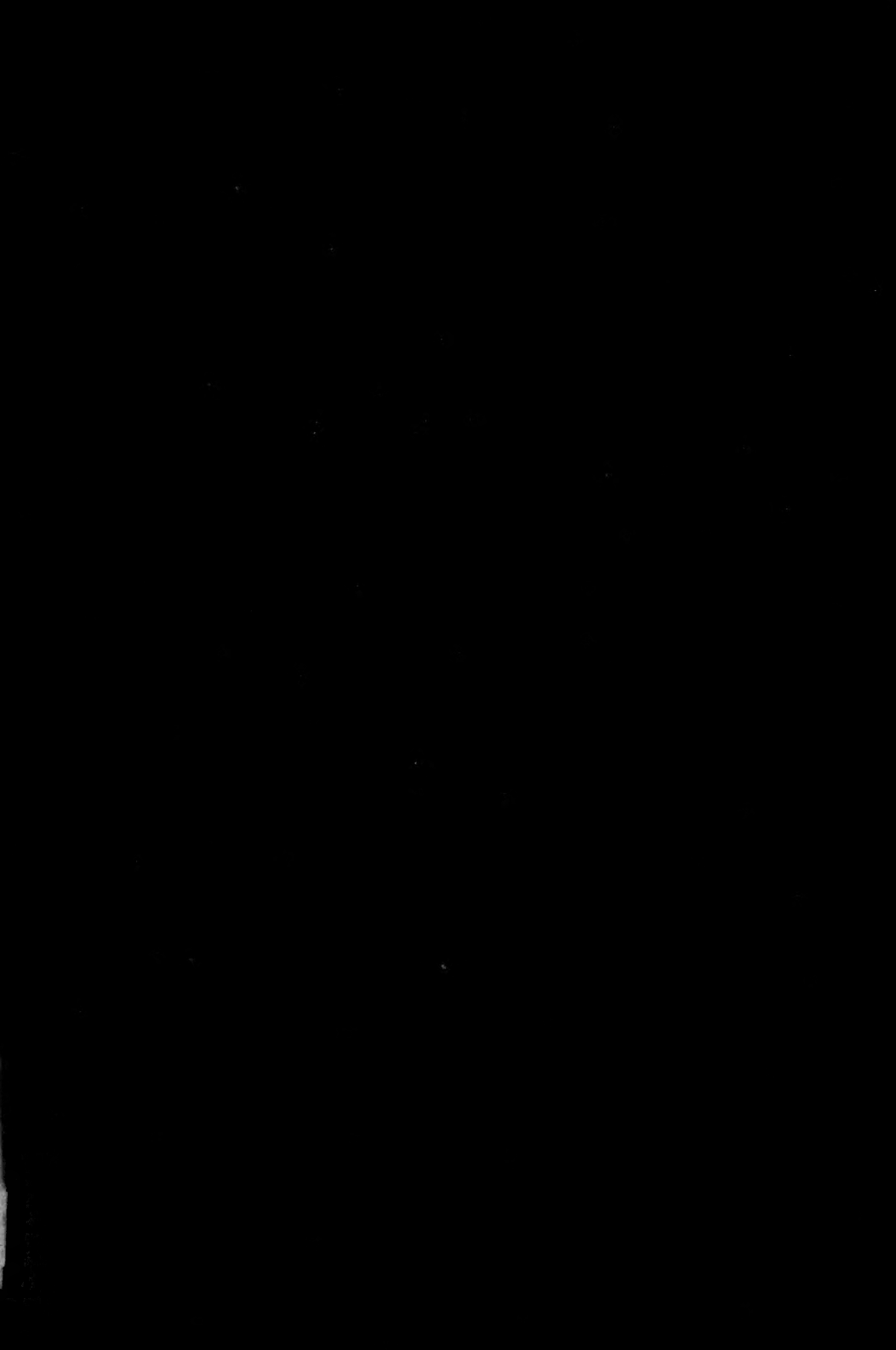
to be becoming is far more appropriate than more fancy designs. Plain or figured soisette, novelty voiles showing most charming combinations of blue and white or pink and white checks, are especially pretty, while the heavier mercerized poplins, Oxford suitings, and cotton grenadines are used for plain, one-piece dresses.

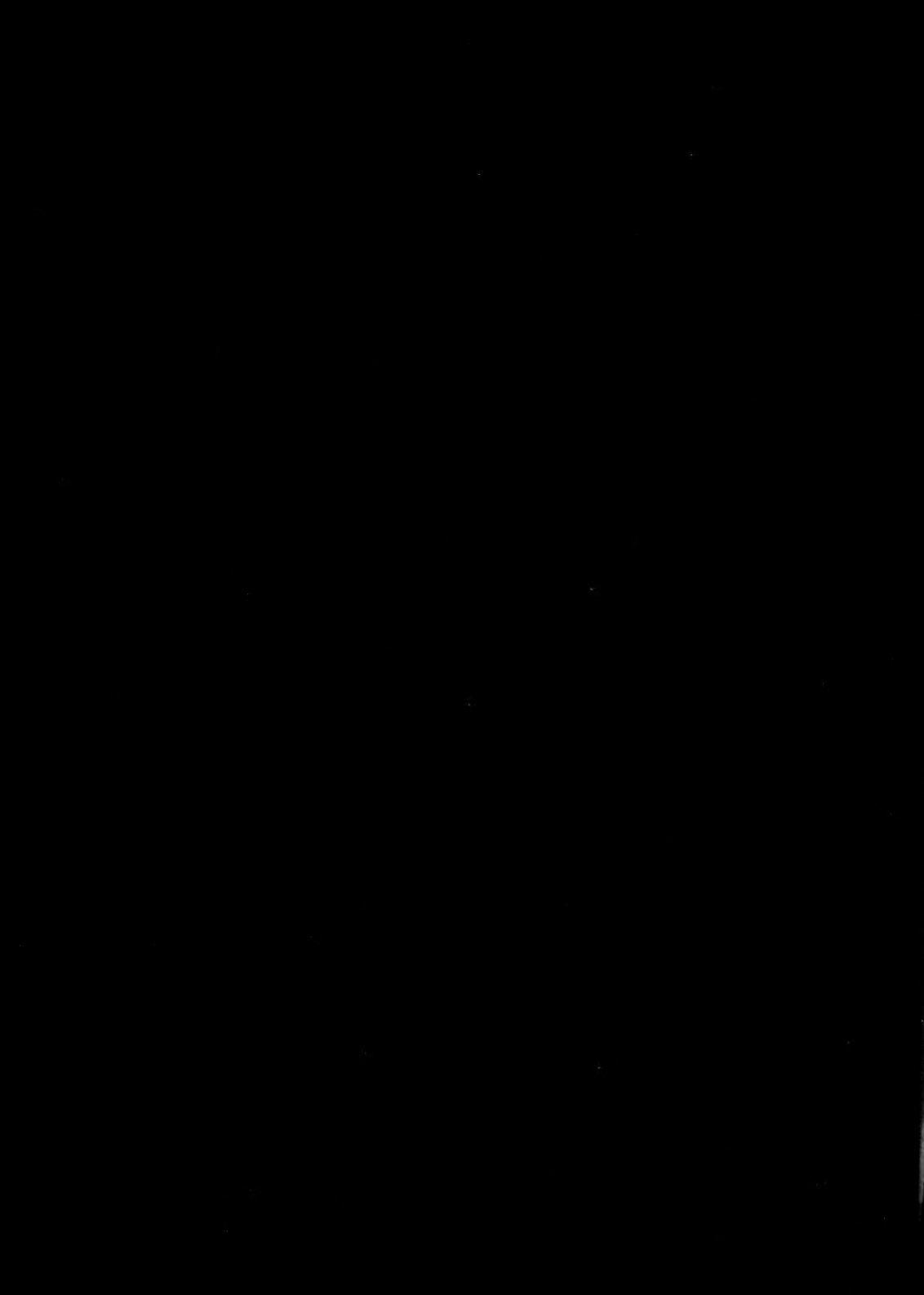
A charming design for a frock of printed madras is shown in No. 5510. Tucks on the shoulder, back, and front taper toward the waist, and are flatly stitched part way, providing additional fullness to the skirt portion. The sleeves are tucked at the wrist in cuff effect. The black belt has a smart dip.

A touch of originality may be given to a comparatively plain frock made of white batiste or lawn in this style by



No. 5059—Girl's Night Gown. Pattern cut for 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 year sizes.







No. 5097—Little Boy's Russian Blouse. Pattern cut for 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 year sizes.

trimming it with small gilt or velvet buttons, applied to outline the stitching on the tucks. Of course they have to be removed when the dress is laundered, but the effect is charming.

Cotton cheviot, mercerized linen, or madras, in shades of old-blue, rose, or the more serviceable tan, are used for Russian dresses like No. 5097. The side closing is made with large pearl buttons. Frequently these buttons are concealed by bands of embroidery, dyed to match the dress. The belt is one of the essential features in this dress. For very little boys they may be worn over petticoats, but she is a wise mother who will make full bloomers of the same material, and use them in place of the other undergarments. Even tiny boys of two years are wearing these bloomers, and seem to be unusually proud of their new possessions.

No more acceptable gift for a youngster can be imagined than a bathing-suit—especially at this time of the year. If you want to fill the heart of any little boy or girl with delight, present a bath-

ing-suit as a summer holiday gift. You will be well rewarded when you witness the unfeigned joy of the recipient.

Children at the seashore wear their bathing-suits more than half the time, and, as they are constantly running in and out of the water, flannel is the most appropriate material for little folks' surf costumes. Blue flannel with white linen trimmings is the conventional combination. Just now, however, the wee wearers are on the alert for new suits which will be different from last year's; and white with red trimmings, gray and coral-pink, or tan suits with broad collars and shields of brown, finished with white braid, are also popular. A new style of collar, prettily scalloped, is shown in suit No. 5133.

A simple and graceful nightgown is No. 5059. The clusters of tucks, back and front, are stitched to a square yoke depth and provide additional fulness. A comfortable rolling collar finishes the neck. Full bishop sleeves are completed with narrow, lace-trimmed wristbands.



No. 5133—Girl's Bathing Suit. Pattern cut for 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 year sizes.



No. 5526—Lady's Shirt-waist. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures.

Embroidered Lingerie Waist

THERE are so many different kinds of hand-embroidery used on the season's lingerie blouses, and such varied methods of using them, that a clever needlewoman can accomplish all sorts of wonderful effects in her summer blouses.

The newest style of embroidery looks very difficult, but is really more simple than either blind or eyelet designs. It is called "shadow" embroidery, and is well named. The designs are quite large, and consist of conventional daisies, and flowers that may be easily outlined. They are made with an additional thickness of the same material as the waist, appliqued on the under side. On the right side fancy button-hole stitches secure the lawn or batiste petals. In connection with these shadow flowers are fine sprays of leaves worked in blind stitches slightly raised.

The girl who embroiders may have any number of lovely white waists, and at small cost, too, for the sheerest of wash fabrics—lingerie—is not expensive, though the imported, hand-embroidered waists are sold at almost prohibitive prices.

To obtain any of these pattern models carefully fill out coupon form herewith given and mail to us. The price of each pattern is ten cents.

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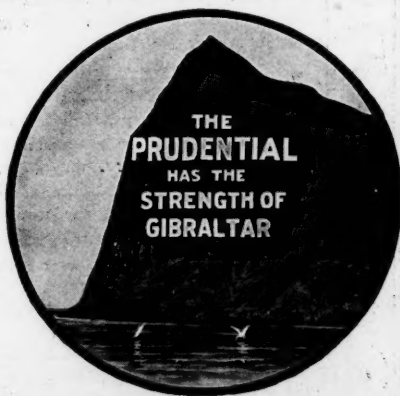
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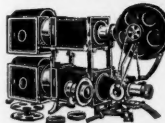
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